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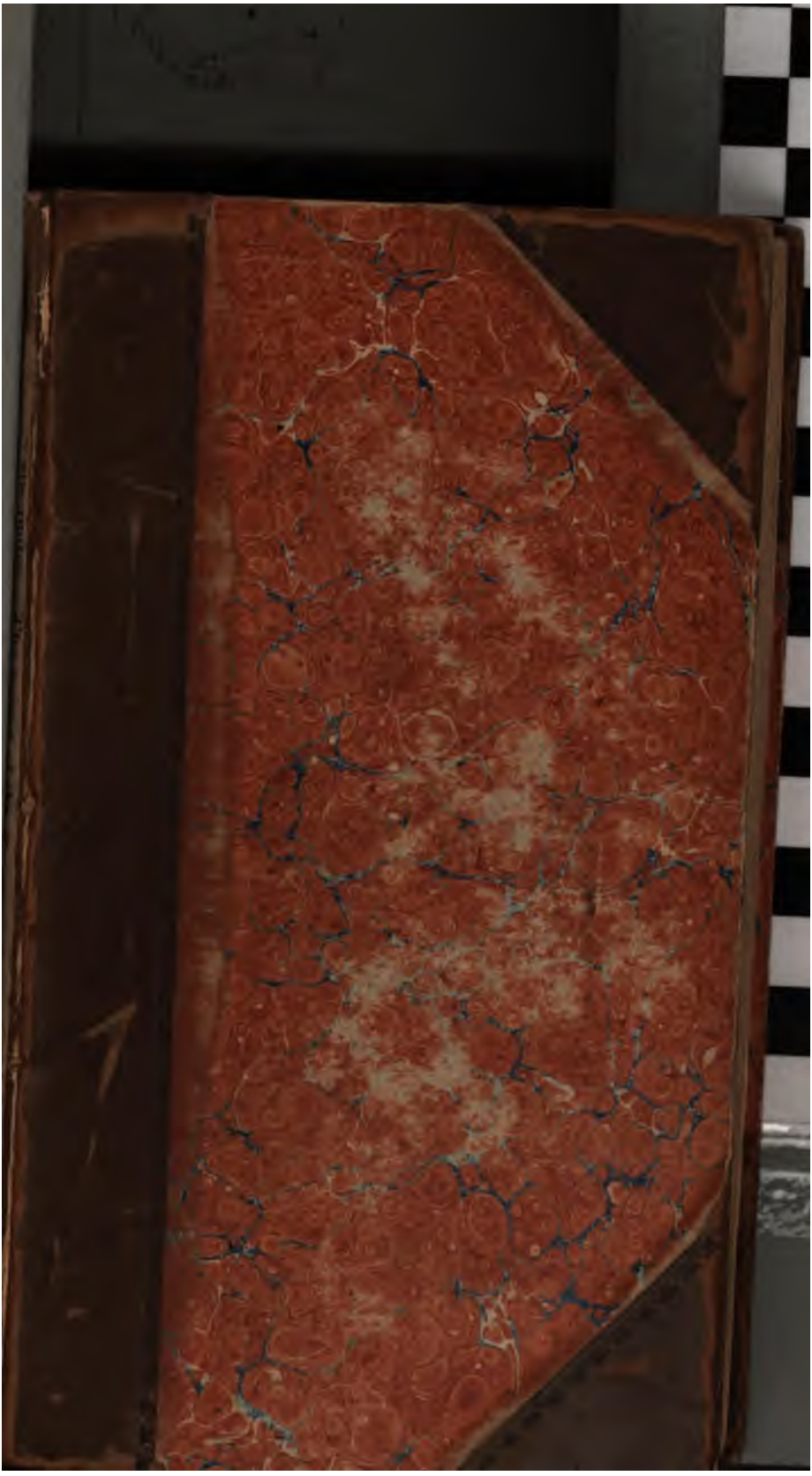

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29.

PASSION AND REASON;

OR,

THE MODERN QUINTILIAN BROTHERS.

A NOVEL.

BY

ELIZABETH CULLEN BROWN.

The bow well bent and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again. COWPER.

. . . . . .

His mind was naturally disposed to virtue; and he still farther subdued it by discipline, patience, and philosophy; persuaded that true fortitude consists in the conquest of appetites by reason. PLUTARCH'S *Life of Numa.*

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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29.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·

PREFACE.

THE circumstance of these pages being unpublished, puts me to no necessity of throwing myself on the clemency of the public, and soliciting in hackneyed phrase, its generous sufferance. But I have humbly to solicit the pardon and patience of my subscribers, in presenting to them, the first volume of my truly defective performance. To those most illustrious personages, whose royal names gild my list, I beg leave to express with the most grateful feeling, the high sense I entertain of the benevolence, that induced them so graciously, to grant my request. The most noble on my list, and another lady of the highest respectability—claim next my thanks, and everlastingly, for those favours, which a truly Chris-

tian feeling induced them repeatedly to bestow. It is now my duty, consistent with the great debt of gratitude I owe them, to thus, express my thanks, to those highly eminent and respectable medical gentlemen, whose names do me honour: and I am persuaded they will enter into my filial feelings, when I say, as the unprovisioned daughter of the celebrated Brown! I feel proud of the favours they have conferred upon me, as a tribute to his immortal genius, as well as a proof of their humanity and goodness.—With a fearful feeling of diffidence, I present this volume to my subscribers; and when the thought fastens upon me, that some of the most illustrious, noble, and learned of the realm, may cast their eyes over it, the feeling nearly amounts to dread! But, TRUTH, my best counsel, can plead for me, that the large work, was achieved under the gloom and inimical circumstances, of hopeless poverty, sickness and sorrow!

However destitute of merit the whole

may be, I beg to account to my subscribers, for obtruding upon them, only *one* volume. The humanity that induced them to honour me with their names, I am persuaded would be excited, could they possibly know, the pain of body and mind, I more or less endured, for the two last years, in endeavouring to raise the necessary number of subscribers. Life, is ever uncertain! with a sentiment of gratitude to their memory—some of my subscribers I lament, have been taken away. I despaired of being able to procure the number necessary to the printing of the whole work. My health gone—and unable to rid myself of the apprehension, that with some, I may have been conceived to feign a tale, to excite the interest of the liberal and benevolent, my acute feelings of integrity and truth, determined me if I possibly could, by the kind assistance of many of my subscribers, to offer them with an honest but diffident assurance, my first volume: and should they see any thing in it, *deserving of* countenance and

encouragement, they may graciously exert their influence to procure me subscribers, to enable me to print the whole. Should I be so aided, I should then be enabled to have it published, and the chance afforded me, of being repaid in some degree, for my mental labour, for the incredible exertions of body I have undergone, and for trials of my feelings which, at the moment, would have rendered death! less unwelcome, as a certain oblivion to the overwhelming suffering!

PASSION AND REASON.

CHAP. I.

IN the county of Devon, from the highway leading to Exeter, two gentlemen, on a pedestrian ramble, turned into a romantic lane, opening on a fine park of considerable extent. The deer lightly bounded, in social compact, from their umbrageous shelters; in mingled sounds the feathered world carolled their native harmony, and distinguished above all, the bird of eve, conscious of her varying and outvying powers, sent forth her enchanting notes upon the distant ear. It was the month of June; the sun was gently sinking to its western bed; sober twilight was preparing to proclaim its mild influence over the reflective mind, and a partial day still lingered on the hills adjacent.

"What a contrast presents itself here," said one of the ramblers, "to the turbulent and busy scenes of a great city, overgrown with luxury, wealth, and folly; while at the same time, thousands of its inhabitants are the victims of poverty, privation, and despair! What a stillness and harmony reigns! no jarring sounds strike on the ear: here the soul, unfettered from the world, recovers its sublime energies, and sees things through a true medium, without the sorcery of sense. I have never questioned what constitutes substantial happiness, that defies controversy, but by my incredulity, Edward, I protest I doubt whether *real* enjoyment ever presents her genuine form at the gay and dissipated mansions of rank and grandeur. Oh! why was I not born a simple swain upon the hills of my forefathers? the tranquillity such scenes afford, has ever affected my heart, and been congenial to my soul."

"And the sight of a pretty girl has ever affected mine: look! we are in luck, there go two before us; a bet with you they have faces worth the looking at."

"I believe the retina of your eye is so impressed with the figure of *woman*, that it

can take no other object; I see no one of the sex."

Just then from an avenue of trees two female forms glided into notice. "There they are," exclaimed Edward, seizing his brother's arm, "let us get up to them." The ladies quickened their pace, Edward determined to pursue.

"Have some respect for female fears," said Alfred, "it is evident they dread pursuit."

"Pooh, you are a perfect novice in the politics of women, they only fly to *be* pursued."

"Do you pursue then to protect them?"

"Yes, if they prove pretty."

"But as they may be quite the reverse, you had better in time give up the chase."

"Nay, I will follow; and should that be the case, I will leave the game in your hands."

"By the noble mother who bore me, I will tax every nerve, and lose my best blood in defence of a female, be her face beautiful as the promised women of the houri, or forbidding as the sable daughters of Ethiopia's burning land."

"Bravo! that is exactly the language of a *simple swain*."

"Edward, I should doubt the courage of that man, who, coward-like, could insult an unprotected woman."

The blood tinged with deep dye the cheek of Edward. Instinctively he clapped his right hand upon his left side.

"True," said his brother, smiling; "I understand you, but the badge of *honour* is wanting."

The high-mettled look instantly left the countenance of Edward, and it resumed its natural gaiety. They were now close to the ladies, when a gentle wind arose, and carried from the head of one of them, a light straw bonnet, while at the same moment, a profusion of auburn hair fell in luxuriant display over her shoulders. This was enough to convince Edward, that the *ignis-fatuus* of beauty was before him, and he resolved to follow wherever it led. The treacherous bonnet carried a considerable way off, a fair opportunity then offered to gratify the curiosity of the pursuer, and proffer his services at the same time. With the swiftness of thought, the fugitive covering was overtaken, and presenting it to the wearer, he received with her thanks, a smile and look of indescribable sensibility, from melting blue eyes.

Edward, with graceful air and respectful freedom, raised the bonnet to her head; while she twisted round her fair temples the long and beauteous tresses it had so faithlessly confined. But the gallantry of Edward ceased not here; with delicate assurance he claimed, as reward for his successful exertions, the honour of conducting her home. Till then, the face of her companion was averted, and her manner indicated reluctance if not fear, which Alfred observing, assured her that his brother had no object in offering his escort, but that of her safety. This was spoken in a tone peculiarly calculated to dissipate her fears. Raising her beautiful black eyes, "I thank you for the polite interest you take in our safety," she replied; "but I must request you, sir, to consider your protection unnecessary, as we are very near home, and only owing to some mistake, my father's servant has not attended us."

"I am sorry," cried Edward, with an air of delight, "that your house is so invidiously near; would to the powers of magic that I could lift it as the angel did the temple of Loretta! I would remove it to the utmost distance, to protract the felicity

I feel in the presence of such enchanting beauty."

A blush only was the answer of the dark-eyed lady; while a smile of irresistible sweetness played over the features of the other.

"I am not so selfish as my brother," said Alfred to the ladies; "however much I must regret parting with such charming company, I feel relieved that you will so soon be delivered from the restraint of protection thus imposed upon you."

The ladies proceeded, and their polite conductors, with emotions of pleasure, admiration, and natural curiosity, guarded them on each side.

Leaving the park, they entered an avenue of chesnut trees, terminating in the view of a white house, beautifully fitted up in the cottage style. The last rays of the effulgent orb now sunk below the horizon, still left their warmth, and tinged with mingled colours, the pure walls of this modest mansion: while an old walnut-tree branching over it in front, seemed tenacious of the proud charge of defending it from the Septentrional blast.

"I cannot be mistaken," said Edward;

"surely this is the long-remembered chesnut walk that led up to the vicarage."

"You are right, sir," said the blue-eyed sylph; "but the cottage underwent a complete repair, previous to its occupation by my father, and since, he has made what innovations he deemed necessary or consistent with his own particular taste."

Edward raised his speaking eyes to his brother with a look of pleasure, and mingling visions of future gratification, floating before his gay fancy. But a glance from Alfred of discouragement, seemed in an instant to moderate his vivacity.

"How long, madam," asked the latter, "has your father resided here?"

"About six months."

Just then arriving at the gate enclosing the aromatic grass-plot, one of the ladies touched the bell, which was speedily answered by an elderly domestic. Alfred respectfully bowing was about to take leave; but his brother, too well pleased with the casualty to be disposed to relinquish the fair objects of it, lingered unwilling to pay his final congee. In the mean time the parlour door being thrown open, the ladies requested their conductors to enter.

Here the reader, with the eye of fancy

may see all. The apartment was handsome and furnished with elegance. A pianoforte and music-books in numbers, prepared the visitor for no ordinary performers. On a drawing-table lay a portefolio and implements of painting: but the useful accomplishments seemed blended with the ornamental here. In the window stood a basket filled with work, while an open book, with a pair of scissars laid across it, conveyed the idea in a lively degree, that the laudably employed lady had alternately divided her time between the industry of her needle and the pleasures of intellect. But above all, as its most precious possession, the room was graced with an elderly gentleman, who with a table before him, covered with books and papers, was apparently reading. His head seemed silvered, more from premature age than course of years. His features bore the remains of strikingly-elegant manly beauty. His figure was tall, with a slight stoop, which gave to the gentleman-like whole, a particular interest: and to the reverend appearance of the clerical character, was united an air of courtly dignity, that evidently marked he had associated with the high-bred and polished of the world.

Upon beholding his daughters, joy

gleamed in his eyes.—" What is the reason, my dear girls, that you are alone? you know I dislike your being out at this time of evening, without protection."—" We are not alone, sir," replied Euphemia, his elder daughter; " these gentlemen on our way requested to see us home. I present them to you, to receive the thanks due to their politeness."

Till then, he had not observed the strangers. Advancing towards them with a gracious urbanity, he returned his acknowledgments, and requested them to be seated.—" This is unusual with you, Robert," he said; " how came you to neglect attending my daughters?"

" My dear papa, don't attach blame to Robert," quickly replied his younger daughter; " the fault is mine, or rather yours," with sprightly sweetness: " I came down to the summer-house to say adieu—you turned me to ridicule—you began your jests—you made me laugh, and I totally forgot that there existed the insignificant being myself—but what no lenity can pardon, I forgot also the existence of my sister: to be brief, I omitted to secure Robert's attendance, by giving him the previously ne-

cessary intelligence, that we were going to Dr. James's."

"This is a very fine rhapsody," returned her father, with a compound of seriousness and humour; "do you mean to entertain these gentlemen with it? or has the treacherous inclination of your memory caused you to overlook also *their* existence?"

The gaiety of Maryanne was instantly arrested. Smiling, blushing, her downcast eyes afforded opportunity to mark the long brown silken lashes that adorned them.

"To be sure," continued her father, with an air of raillery, turning to the strangers, "there is no less accounting for the same cause producing opposite effects, than for the same effects being produced by opposite causes. Gratitude seems to have operated very differently upon my daughters; it has taken the power of speech from one, and gifted the other with all the volubility of the faculty."

"I understand your reproof—" smilingly said Maryanne; "And I fully comprehend your *satire*, my dear papa," retorted Euphemia.

"I have ever considered gratitude one of the most painful affections of the mind," said Alfred; "how comes it then, charm-

ing Miss Maryanne, that this hostile sentiment should have produced upon you so pleasing an effect?"

"By a happy alchymy of her own, my daughter, sir, converts every thing into a source of peace and joy: and so little of the misanthrope is compounded with her sentiments, that she frequently asserts all the good must be happy—that roses strew the paths of the virtuous—that the world abounds with nought but blessings—that prospects of felicity are for ever opening—that all may bask in the sunshine or sport in the shade—in short," smilingly he concluded, "my Maryanne's cup contains not one bitter drop."

"And may one bitter drop never mingle with it—" rejoined Alfred, with energy of feeling.

"Would to the indulgent fates!" cried Edward, "I could pass through the fire of the beautiful alchymist—surely the new modification would receive from *her* process, a virtue to repel every thing in the quality of pain."

"I don't know that: I suspect her alchymy is limited to self; and for her analysis of *characters*, I cannot give her the credit I could wish—she is too apt," smiling

significantly upon her, "to mistake the qualities of the component parts."

Our chance-visitors were too happy to find it an easy matter to depart. But to the rules of decorum they were nicely alive, and too well versed in them to overlook the consideration, that if they remained longer, they must transgress those rules, the propriety of which they so perfectly understood. Still every thing around them conspired to protract the attempt to take leave. The beauteous sisters—every thing indicated their power and capacity of communicating mental delight. All was magnetism, from which our brothers had not the power to fly.—"What an exquisite piece is this!" cried Edward; "what sublimity of performance, no less than majestic scenery, does this Snowdon exhibit! Surely the hand of genius guided the pencil here."

"You are fond of the sublime, I perceive," said the divine; "And the *beautiful* too—" replied the admirer of the piece, looking with a captivated air upon the ladies; "pray, sir, may I ask, who can boast of having produced so inimitable a performance?"

"The performer never boasted in her life; but as she mingled her tears with her

colours, possibly there might have been some virtue in them to promote an appearance of merit, and produce altogether a happy effect. I leave judges in painting to pronounce upon its being an effort of skill; this I am satisfied in, filial love stimulated the hand to the achievement. The piece was presented to me on my last birthday. To please me, Maryanne exerted the little talent she possesses; and though she was not so fortunate as to please herself, she was refunded, in having succeeded in affording her father the highest gratification."

"The *little* talent she possesses," repeated Edward, who finding the piece to be the production of Maryanne, was now no longer the impartial connoisseur, but imagined every line and shade to contain a beauty he had overlooked before—"why so sparing, sir, of the praise so indisputably due to Miss Maryanne? Say rather, the performance ought to be exhibited as a masterpiece of taste and genius."

"It is a way with my daughter, when she finds her exertions fall short of that degree of excellence at which she aimed, to drop tears to the consciousness of her incapability. The rigorous self-exactions levied without mercy upon her abilities, are sel-

dom answered; and Maryanne calls to the aid of her vengeance, her auxiliary tears. Probably, sir, had she been honoured with your presence during the progress of the piece, your very liberal commendations might have inspired her with so favourable an opinion of her own merit, that Claude De Lorraine and Salvator Rosa, would scarcely have been looked up to, and the shower might have been averted that fell upon her Snowdon."

"You expose me, my dear papa," said Maryanne, covered with blushes.

"I would not arrest the tears of Miss Maryanne to be emperor of Hindostan," said Alfred: "the tear of sorrow I would gladly wipe from every eye, but the sensible drop that trembles in that of diffidence, has a charm for me."

Pleased perhaps, with the sentimentality of the speaker, Euphemia turned her eyes upon him—met his—withdrew hers, but not in time—getting up, he walked to the piano, examined the music upon the desk, and found the well-known air of "Auld Robin Gray."

"I am delighted to meet with Scotch music; wherever I find it, I attach a soul

to the performer congenial——" He stopped short.

"You are mighty liberal to the ladies," cried his lively brother; "you really admit then of their having souls?"

"Souls! Ay, Edward, souls capable of sustaining, with heroic fortitude, the evils from which man, with all his assumption of reason, has often shrunk, and sought refuge in a crime that no principle can justify nor pressure of circumstance extenuate."

"I admire your sentiments," said the clergyman; "surely the ladies must be proud of a champion, whose sense and orthodox talents so highly qualify him to advocate their cause."

"As the champion of a cause which, from the early exercise of my reason, has ever interested me, may I hope to obtain for my zeal the reward of one individual—the voice of Miss Euphemia in this simple Scotch air."

Without occasioning further solicitation, she played and sung the air. Her voice was exquisitely sweet, its compass extraordinary, and altogether calculated to touch the heart. Absorbed in the luxury of his gratified feelings, the eyes of Alfred were fixed upon her. She had ceased to play, but the

enchanting sounds still vibrated on his auricular nerves. From this reverie of delicious sensations, he was roused by the gaiety of his brother.—"What!" he exclaimed, "are you a statue without soul and feeling? The charming chorister has ended her song—where then your profusion of compliments, exclamations of rapture, admiration of talents so rare, your high-sounding eulogies on female powers and excellence——"

Alfred arrested him in the career of his wit.—"As you understand the science of superlatives and bold figure of hyperbole so much better than I, I leave such to you—and so successfully do you display your talent in the application of them, that I have no inclination to encroach upon your prerogative. I must therefore be content with thanking Miss Euphemia for her condescension, and assuring her that I have felt more gratified by the happy combination of her vocal and instrumental performance, than my inadequate powers can possibly express."

"There are two ways of conveying to the minds of others, our highly-excited feelings," said the divine; "the one collects all the flower and energy of language, and

the other rests in the irresistible eloquence of silence. The perverseness of our natures too, has often employed me; how comes it that this silence will frequently do the business, when the finest oratory spends itself in vain?"

"Silence is a species of appeal to the heart which, in certain cases, never fails to find its way to mine—" said Alfred; "it would make good its claims, when the artillery of language would be discharged without interest."

"Give me the artillery of beautiful eyes," cried Edward, directing a look at Maryanne, "*their* fire would not be discharged upon *me* in vain—" taking up a piece of music, entitled, the Surrender of Calais. "Oh, I like surrenders—favour me with this, Miss Maryanne—I anticipate the piece is quite to my taste; I delight in energetic composition; it fires my soul, and is fuel proper for the mind of a soldier."

Maryanne politely complied with his request. Her playing was brilliant, her style nervous, it suited Edward. Transported with delight, the eyes, hands, sounds of Maryanne, all leagued to excite the rebel feelings into tumult. Moderation was contemned, reason was overpowered and led

captive to the enslaving senses; a profusion of compliment burst from him, and inundated Maryanne.

"Spare your gallantry, sir," facetiously said her father; "formidably endowed as you are with powers to persuade a lady, that she possesses talents never given her, yet you must relinquish the hope of being able to raise my daughter in her own estimation. I have ever found her parsimonious in commendation to herself."

Maryanne, blushing, raised her eyes to her father's with a tender look; and Edward saw a thousand beauties new-rising to the view.

The servant announced supper: the strangers, conscious of having encroached, rose instantly to depart. The clergyman requested the honour of their company.—"I cannot *tempt* you, it is true. Here is not to be found the blandishments of fashion nor the allurements of pleasure. The revelry of the irrational is never heard in my quiet dwelling, and bursts of extravagant mirth never break in upon its repose. Sometimes, to be sure, my daughter Euphemia, notwithstanding the sober garb she wears, thinks fit to draw me from my study by so high a key of hilarity, that I have

been amazed to find my foolish girls could be so intemperately happy, with nothing to excite them but their books, work, maps and music, scattered around them."

"A prince might envy the man who should form a trio in such society, and partake of its intellectual feast—" said Alfred, in the tone of sensibility.

"It is a manœuvre of mine, papa, to draw you from that study, when your daughters, seized with the jealous fit, think you more attached to it than to them."

"You are not just there, girl; you owe much to the study—its silence and solitude have taught me, how much, how deservedly I prize my children." A drop spread over the lustre of Euphemia's eye, the filial feelings of Maryanne rushed into her face, and their father, suppressing a sensation of paternal delight, preceded to conduct his guests to the supper-room.

A simple collation, but elegantly arranged, awaited the strangers. Supremely delighted, Edward and Alfred felt none of the restraint of new acquaintance. The topics were light, brilliant, and amusive. Euphemia was placid and cheerful, Maryanne blushingly witty. A bewitching charm stole over the romantic feelings of

Alfred, and the buoyant spirits and gay sallies of Edward, were carried beyond their usual bounds. It may be said here was a party, where no malignant spirit stirred up a sentiment inimical to the felicity of the hour.—" You must be the happiest of the happy, sir," said Alfred: these few words served as exordium to more serious discourse. —" I early determined to be so, and have ever found the wisdom of abiding by my resolution."

" But who would *not* determine to be happy? who would *not* abide by a resolution that gives him happiness, consequently all he desires?" inquired Edward gaily, while his sparkling eyes wandered to Maryanne.

" That gives him nothing but an internal inheritance, of which none can dispossess him, must also be taken into the account. I have often debated which of the two betray most the least wisdom, the man who builds happiness upon the rocking foundation of wealth and grandeur, or he who reprobates them as the source of vice and destruction of that virtue, which is incontestably the base of all self-felicity; a felicity the vital principle of which, is independent of the illusions of pleasure and possessions of the

world. Human happiness is not a gift partially distributed, like the unstable goods of fortune. It may be found in all conditions and under the most unfavourable circumstances. The son of poverty, who sits down to his hard-earned meal, may sweeten with it his bitter draught; while the lordly man, surrounded by all the luxuries of his state, may infuse its divine essence into his golden cup. Being limited to no nation nor class, its principle is truly Catholic; it can neither be generated by the sun of prosperity, nor annihilated by the chilling blasts of adversity. It rests not upon externals, nor in externals will ever be found. It is real, can never be counterfeited, and celestial in its seed, will flourish in every soil where it is cultivated, and remain unimpaired by the vicissitudes of fortune and the buffetings of fate. To conclude, it is latent, self-dependent, and consequently self-existent."

"Would to Heaven, sir, this boon of celestial charity, this antidote against the evils perverted man has brought upon himself, were comprehended with wisdom such as yours, cultivated with the like industry, and felt as you feel, that it is the sovereign good," said Alfred; "but I am afraid it is

so little understood, seen through false mediums, assumes so many forms and camelion-like changes, and cheats us as we view it, that few shall be able to ascertain its real nature, and still fewer to find it."

"And yet *you* have found it—the man who can comprehend the tenet so well, must practise the doctrine upon which is grafted his own happiness."

"May I inquire, sir, in what consists this happiness you render so inviting, splendid in its principle, diffusable in its essence, and easily obtained?" with an animated air asked Edward.

"I fear you must leave out your adverb. That it may be obtained rests with ourselves: but it must be the labour of a lifetime, the fruit of virtue, the practice of wisdom, the discipline of conscience, and the conviction of reason. But it is not my aim, nor do I consider that it proves the sapience of the reasoner, to entangle an opponent in subtile definitions and logical intricacies. TRUTH is plain, independent of ornament, and her irrefragable precepts are best understood and most impressively conveyed, in simple language and demonstrated fact. The most vicious feel that they ought to be virtuous; and they most distinguished for

virtue, acknowledge that they fall far short of the goal, in their endeavours to arrive at excellence. From the omnipotence of custom, corruption of manners, and effects of habit, virtue is obscurely defined; and truth, her concomitant, decked out by false refinement, is disfigured in her native beauty and confounded in the general perversion of things. In what, you asked, consists this happiness: depend upon it, my young friend, it is only to be realized in a life of virtue! the result will be that internal peace, that sunshine of the soul which brightens the darkest prospects of our present state. This is that true felicity! philosopher's stone, in search of which thousands fly from themselves, unconscious that in self it must have its existence."

"True indeed—but by what means shall we arrive at this happiness, so decidedly the best state of our being?" inquired Alfred.

"Pardon the retort of interrogatory; what do you deem the first requisite toward this grand attainment?"

"A knowledge of ourselves."

"There you have it. Let us carefully examine, with all the rational powers given us, our physical tendencies. Let us

consider their nature and the probable result, if suffered to influence our conduct. Let us search into our motives of action. Let us study to discover our accessible weaknesses, and defend the inlets with resolution and strength. Let us find out our ruling passion—regulate it by virtue and call into order the rebel feelings. Let the energies of the mind be thrown into proper channels, and directed to proper objects. Let the minor foibles be industriously subdued, as they frequently lead to the most serious evils. Let this self-inquiry be unremittingly pursued, and none will find leisure to be vicious, while they are acquiring the knowledge to govern themselves: they will have much to learn, conquer—and do."

"So *much*," smilingly said Edward, "that unless a man can new-model himself and root out all the desires implanted in him, I am inclined to think he can never accomplish this Herculean undertaking, nor establish his supremacy over the work of the Great Intelligence, who fashioned it at first beyond mortal power to alter."

"Do you conclude then, that the perfect Intelligence created man to be vicious?"

"That he has created thousands with vi-

s propensities, I hesitate not to affirm."
Irrefragable: but human wisdom en-
s us to perceive, that those inherent
ensities are probationarily given us, for
exercise of reason and work of virtue.
Great First Cause created man for ac-
ed as well as with natural virtue. If
perfect, we would have nothing to
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is own with the divine succours of the
ighty. But let none be elated with
security of victory, nor depressed with
conviction that they have too much to
come. Radical propensities are neither
nor against us, as the best qualities have
often perverted, and vices by a labori-
culture converted into brilliant and use-
virtues. That man positively has least
ur, who has few evil longings to sub-
; it is evident, therefore, that he has
t credit, who succeeds in quelling the
passions grown with himself, and have
cherously turned their strength against
. Surely the pride of man will not
mit to the government of wild and im-
lerate passions. Man! erect in all his

glory, the lord of creation! who treads the earth the graceful image of his Creator! animated with his immortal essence! endowed with faculties, capacities, and illumined with reason approximate to Himself! Enterprising, indefatigable man! whose wisdom has dived into cause, and calculated with certainty upon effect. Whose skill and ingenuity have invaded the elements, and penetrated the regions of distant climes. Whose knowledge and discoveries have been transmitted to remote posterity, and whose magnificent labours have stood the tempests of ages and concussions of nature. Man! who has cheated time of its oblivion, and left his genius to a deathless name, when his material existence shall have passed away! Shall then this noble creature! so positively endowed with the capability of attaining all that is really great, and accomplishing all that is truly good, sink to debasement and vainly look for happiness? while truth proclaims, with incontrovertible wisdom, the grand aphorism of our immortal bard—

"Virtue alone is happiness below."

"What do you mean to do with us then, sir?" asked Edward; "render us Stoics—alike insensible to pleasure or pain; rather

than vegetate such a soulless thing, let me live with all my——" he paused, with a smile of reservation.

"With all your *virtues* in full vigour, let me help you out," said his brother, archly.

Edward gaily proceeded—"Let us look around us and observe the innumerable blessings that court us to enjoyment, the faculties fitted, and the natural impulses in man that prompt him to enjoy. Does not the Mighty Power who created know our natures, and has he not liberally provided for what they require? Would he have framed us with desires, if he had not purposed objects admirably fitted to gratify them? Did he mould us of warm and generous materials, yet expect us to act the cold phlegmatic being, calculating upon the necessity of narrowing the fund of its feelings, and prudently resolving not to draw upon it? Did he implant in us ardent affections, that they should only be the test of *virtue* and the labour of pain to extinguish? Shall the ardour be stifled that stimulates to action, and frigidity prescribe its limits and accommodate the heart to its cold, measureable rule? Shall love! that passion of the soul, be chilled, and all social

sympathies subdued? Shall the refinements of this age of the graces be contemned, and the barbarous philosophy of the ancients be revived, to extirpate, by its absurd and unnatural exactions, the feelings unextirpable in civilized man? Is it the task imposed upon His creatures by the infinite Intelligence, to undo the work *without* the power to do so, which He accomplished at once in the design? Youth is the season of gladness, enjoyment, and anticipation. Would you then wither its joys, dash the cup of its pleasures, annihilate hope, and cool the heat which is the soul of social and exquisite intercourse? Let me be removed to the planet Mercury, with all that is in me unextinguished, before I see the earth covered with joyless, passionless, frigid animals, holding all others in sovereign contempt, who have not the *ambition* to quench every spark of their innate fire. Thus the *philosopher* who labours to crush the agents of action within him, must point his mental achievement to the *laudable* mastery of becoming the most useless animal on the surface of the globe. Surely then, sir," closingly said our anomalous logician, smiling at the impassioned form of his reasoning, "you would not be so merci-

less as enjoin us to extirpate the passions?"

"I would not have you extirpate them, any more than I would have you lop off your limbs, which, being finely accommodated to the structure in beauty and use, evidently prove them necessary appendages." The natural gravity of Alfred forsook him; the intelligent looks of the ladies evinced they took a lively interest in the singular philosophy of the bewitching Edward; and the divine contemplated his interesting guests with a pleasurable feeling.

"My dear colonel," said Alfred, smilingly, "it is not obvious your motive for making so long and animated a speech, unless it was to disclose your powers of oratory to the ladies. However, you were under no necessity of marshalling your arguments as if you had had an enemy to overthrow, as it is as clear as the light of logic can make it, that our condescending friend contends only for the *command* of the passions, while you are willing to submit to the degrading condition of being commanded by them. But *I* know you too well; your gay sallies —the felicity of the hour—the forte of your talents, the heat of your heart—bear in mind that you cannot possibly deceive *me*,

though you have often found it an easy matter to deceive yourself."

The paternal tenderness between the brothers was manifest in the smile interchanged.—" We shall now," said Alfred, " marshal our arguments on the board of logic, as we do our chess-men ; and should the ladies deign to stimulate us with an indulgent smile, we shall rush to the combat fearless of danger."

" Discharge your artillery, then, my formidable foe—" cried his sparkling brother, darting to pick up a comb which, too feeble to sustain the luxuriant bow, had dropped from the dark auburn hair of Euphemia. Alfred commenced the attack.

" You have involved so many queries in your hydra-headed argument, that had not our indulgent friend been endowed with more than mortal patience, he must have evinced the inclination to cut them off at once, as the subduing Hercules the heads of the monster. But as I have early been accustomed to enter the lists with you, I presume upon being versed in your *subtleties*, and should you, sir," turning to the clergyman, " be pleased to appoint me your deputy-antagonist, I will engage to vanquish,

if not *silence*, this our sophistry-armed opponent."

"I shall take an interest in the battle: disputation whets the energies, and however militating the causes of truth and error, something must be gained on either side. The human mind is a curious thing. It becomes dormant by inaction, spoils from indulgence to its favourite theories, sinks into inertness from want of collision, is stimulated into soundness by opposition, and charmed into enjoyment by its congenial peer. In controversy the judgment is exercised, appeal indisputable finds its way to the heart, conviction of what is right removes the prejudice of what is wrong, errors are dislodged, dispersed, and Reason, ever strong, waves her glorious banners over the virtuous mind."

Our brothers, thus emboldened by their gratified host, the debate of the *passions* was again essayed by Alfred.

"Now for the onset," exclaimed his lively brother; "let the banner of infallibility wave on high; erect your standard, my immaculate Zeno; summon around its petrifying signal all the icy virtues with measured pace, leaden eyes, and joyless aspects: lead the van hand in hand with *reason* and *rule*, let *prudence*, with her auxiliars, *self-*

mortification and the controller of the *passions*, bring up the rear, and cool, freeze, and petrify all the affections which shall dare oppose themselves to your Gorgon legion. Open the flood-gates of your sapience and overwhelm me, my virtuous Socrates, and let the ebullitions of your wisdom overflow, to astonish, convince, and reform your pupil Alcibiades."

"Exactly the man—" pacifically smiling at the rhapsody, returned his brother.

"True; but you will leave the general the virtue, at least, of loving his master?"

"If the general were *you*, I would give him as many virtues as vices—surely then he could not fail to please all the world, versatilely stored as he would be, and accommodable to the partisan of pleasure or the lover of virtue!"

"Thank your liberality; but which of the qualities do you mean shall preponderate? for I must be distinguished."

"Oh, rest satisfied; you have incontestibly *signalised* yourself; bravery wants no trumpeter; it is its own harbinger and glory its reward."—Ambiguity lurked in these words, but the good humour of Edward was invulnerable, and Alfred renewed the mutilated debate.

"In your advocacy of the passions, let us weigh the merits of your positions, and you will find that they simply amount to the extravagant conception, that the former must of a necessity have unlimited sway. Among the trite aphorisms for the conduct of life, there is not one more obviously true, than that the passions are good servants but bad masters. Every thing in extreme is wrong as it deviates from reason; even virtues must be pruned, lest their exuberance should shoot into vices, which in time might grow strong, and destroy the parent principle; and intemperance of thought endangers the just conceptions of reason. Is it not enough to possess all that can be enjoyed, but we must suppose enjoyment to consist in excess? Obvious, indeed, is the multiplicity of blessings in the objects accorded us: but blessings are only such when not perverted, and enjoyments cease to be so when immoderately pursued.

"For the accommodation of our argument, let us set virtue aside as a dream, religion as a fiction, and reason as a frosty counsellor, aiming at the destruction of every warm and generous feeling. Let us

then only be guided by human appetite, and with that philosophy inseparable from experience, we shall be obliged to perceive, that our extravagant calculations of enjoyment lie in the anticipation, beyond which there is no realization. But the solid joys of intellect, the longings sanctioned by virtue, will answer the fullest expectation of reasonable felicity, will outlive the levities of pleasure, the illusions of fancy, and the turbulence of youthful and undisciplined passions. Generous and ardent constitutionally yourself, you avert from a cold heart with the antipathy which the wretched sufferer under hydrophobia evinces at the sight of water. But is it wise to trust to the fallacy of appearances? how often have you been deceived?—how often believed that *passion* was security for the warmth you contend for, and moderation the sign of that frigidity you contemn? In the coldest hearts are frequently found violent passions. Symptoms in externals deceive alike the moral observer and physician; but in the well-regulated mind of reason and virtue, will ever be found all the warm and social affections which constitute the felicity of our present state."

"*Give* me virtue then in a *beautiful*

form—" exclaimed Edward, his eyes wandering to Maryanne.

"You must first learn to prize her."

"*Prize* her! I will worship, idolize, adore—if you give her *auburn locks* and *blue eyes*."

The fair Maryanne would have dispensed with the compliment so pointedly paid, and undiverted by his brother's levity, Alfred proceeded.

"You have protested against the barbarous philosophy of the ancients, and yet support in your positions their tenets, subversive of virtue and debasing to man. Thus you cheat him of the prerogatives of reason, and treacherously blind him to what is his sovereign good. Where then lies his supremacy? where the impenetrable darkness which for ever divides the brute from the being who presumes upon his right to lord it over him? where the use of that celestial gift, which his Creator bestowed upon him, to distinguish him from the numerous species of his animal creation?

"You confound the liberality of the Deity, with the suppositious or licentious wants of his creatures. Love—or the implication woman! the best gift of the Creator to

man, like himself a rational and accountable being, is neither meant to be the victim of his excesses, trifling toy of his idle hours, nor fearful slave of his imperious will, but the reasoning, soothing, supporting, partner of all his joys and sorrows; whose virtues, reason, and embellishments of mind, shall entitle her to be his mental companion: whose tenderness is the balm to the sufferings inseparable from his destiny, and whose sexual graces are the charm that lessens his labours and sweetens the hours of his existence. Who then, but the most degenerate, would pervert this inestimable blessing? rob it of its intrinsic worth, efface its original beauty, sink it to debasement—and confound its fair purpose with his own depravity?"

"Excellent!" exclaimed Edward; "I protest your sermon entitles you to lawn-sleeves; true orthodox: I presume Miss Euphemia is taking it down in short-hand; oh, to be so honoured, flattered, favoured, I would renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and turn preacher too."

"To please the ladies—I doubt not your willingness and ability too," retorted his brother; "but wear your laurels, my hero,

you will do them more credit than the *mitre*."

During the *battle* of Passion and Reason, a piece of paper and pencil found their way to Euphemia, who, perhaps unconsciously, made some characters, but whether hieroglyphic of her sentiments respecting those of the speaker, was not disclosed. Alfred got possession of the paper, and was folding it with a care that indicated the value he attached to it, by virtue of the fair hand it came from. It was creased repeatedly, decreased and uncreased insensibly with every turn of his mind. Her eye expressed concern that it had fallen into his hand, and she hoped the moment when he should resign the memorial of her undesigned cogitation. Alfred's accents, however, were again heard, but his hand more closely compressed the paper.

"You are the most insatiable sophist that ever argued a point in support of what is agreeable to *self*. You arrogate for your pleasure the supreme blessings of Heaven. All is involved and swallowed up in the gulph of passion, and misrepresented by the intoxications of sense. But what avail your subtilties? Look at man as he advances through the stages of his

being. At the commencement of his career, the vivid colouring of fancy gilds every prospect: all is brilliant, inviting, and promise to pay him amply for his reliance; but like the igneous vapour attached to legendary tales, they assume their brightest appearance, to cheat him into the *security* of disappointment! Contemplate him arrived at the meridian of reason. What then constitutes his happiness? his just estimate of the blessings adapted to him; their appropriation to the purposes designed; the sane tenor of his mind that enables him to select the permanent objects of enjoyment, from the romantic visions of hope and the phantoms of delight. His election is virtue! reason her bright halo, shewing she is the foundation of all that is truly great, either in private life or public capacity. In language that precludes dispute, she speaks conviction to the soul of man. She is the legal fountain whence flow his hallowed gratifications; the stamina of exalted love; the stimulant to laudable pursuit and the practice of duty, and the bond of all social and honourable compact; and she raises him above the evils of this life, and strengthens his hope and faith in a better life to come."

"Well preached, my labourer in the vineyard of righteousness," gaily exclaimed Edward; "don't you think, sir, this man of *virtue* deserves to be crowned with the tiara?"

The vicar, perhaps, had his own motive in taking up the *sermon*.—"Unquestionably he would have done honour to the mitre; and if dignity of rank and elevation of fortune be the deserts due to virtue and magnanimity, *I* should adjudge your brother an imperial crown. But as these accessions are hereditary, or conferred upon few, we must descend to the less elevated classes of life, and observe what apparently is the recompence of virtue. Should a high destiny be assigned the virtuous man, and fortune heap her favours with a liberal hand, it may then be said, circumstances have united to proclaim his worth, and blazon his virtues to the world. However much nature may have implanted a proneness to vice, the republic of mankind has ever been impressed, and their best passions excited, by demonstrated goodness. The popular suffrage supports the good man. His integrity, benevolence, talents, deeds! call for applause, and it is vehemently accorded him. Proud of association with distin-

guished abilities, and sharing the beams of his influence, his familiar friends unsolicited lend their voice to advance him to grandeur. Tenderly alive to his glory, his domestic ties repay his exertions with the language of affection and admiration. Honours, titles, splendour, and celebrity, are the meeds of his toils and the fruits of his virtues. In externals, this is the reward of the good man in prosperity. Happy man! lightly may he slumber in the possession of his accumulated advantages; they were conscientiously sought, and honourably obtained. Reverse the scene. Look at him in whom lie a thousand virtues, but they are not known—not sounded by the trumpet of publicity. His conduct through life has been one system of uniform duty, moderation, and virtue, with scarcely attached to him the obliquities of his nature. Notwithstanding calamities have fallen upon him. His fortunes are levelled in the dust —his prospects darkened close around; and the participators of his joys and sorrows, the objects of his fondest hopes, are severed from him for ever. This is no uncommon portrait. Where then, it may be asked, is the incitement to virtue in the many, if her rewards be only conferred upon the few.

whom fortune precedes as the precursor of their virtues, and publicly claims what is due to them? Be not deceived—Providence governs by no partial feeling, and *His* scheme is universal good. What the equitable Benefactor withholds in external gifts, is justly dealt in internal peace. The mighty plan of Omnipotence cannot be penetrated, nor his prerogative invaded, by the beings whose powers he limited to their temporal state. To the weak and ignorant mind, incapable of reasoning upon the deceitfulness of favourable or unfavourable appearances, the good man whom fortune has deserted and calamity overtaken, must be a miserable being. No, he is not the man of sorrows he appears to narrow conceptions. He feels, with all the feelings ingrafted in his nature, the situation to which he is reduced. But amid the wreck of happiness! the consciousness that the evils were uncreated by himself, bears him up with religious and philosophic firmness. His mind becomes elevated as his fortunes depress. He observes the change with a musing wisdom which his reverse of circumstances have produced. Friends no longer seeing him in the dazzling light of prosperity, a thousand qualifications vanish with her pro-

lific beams. His genius, talents, virtues, are overlooked; his acts of friendship and charity, forgotten! *they especially* whose fortunes he promoted, know him not! how should they? the sombre hue of his fate has changed his form and features! His quondam associates, once proud of his favour, disavow the acquaintance they stooped to court: and all, like the priest and Levite, shun him, and pass by on the other side. Strange metamorphosis! or is it only that he appears so to the eye distempered with the glare of worldly grandeur? No, here indeed is a paradox; this man of misfortunes rises out of himself, clothed in all the sublimity of his virtues; he assumes a new form and character—feels resources within him, and, till now, unconsciously possessed. Aware of the neglect and indignities of the beings who flutter in the sunshine of power and riches, he views them with that charitable forbearance, with which he would the studied contempt of a silly woman, a spoiled child, or the imbecility approximate to idiotism. The climax of misfortune has elicited every thing good and great within him. He becomes acquainted with the virtues that were latently in reserve for the season of affliction.

Like true and generous friends in the hour of trial, they came forward to support him. When deserted by the parasites who basked in the beams of his benevolence; when his setting sun of fortune sinks in his horizon to rise no more; when the brilliant scenes of his prosperous days vanish like the phantoms of a dream; when Hope, the enchantress, can cheat no longer; and the world, with all its tumult of cares, passions, and possessions, sleep in his memory—it is then he turns to himself and rests in the verdict of his own conscience, the beneficence of his feelings, and that self-complacency, which constitute a species of wealth that no change can diminish nor malice destroy."

"What a portrait you have drawn, sir, of the induration of human feelings!" said Edward, with unexpected seriousness; "let me hope your pencil has been guided by too sombre a sentiment. Does there exist a being so cold—heartless—soulless—despicable—dead to humanity, a disgrace to it—as to feel a revolution in his friendship for him to whom he professed to be friend, in a more fortunate condition? no, by my soul! I discredit the *fact: clay*, we may have as well remained, without the animating principle infused by the Deity, as a

tenement that contains such selfishly-worthless inhabitants. Where then the luxury of sensation arising from the reciprocation of our best affections? where the heart of a Damon ready to burst its ligatures, to fly to the relief of the Pythias of his friendship? where to be found the man who does not consider his friend in adversity, a new-modified being demanding a delicacy of feeling and address, to which the importance-bestowing ensigns of his prosperity could not entitle him?

"According to the sober rules of prudent men, I have squandered money as a mere circulating trash. Incorrigible to consequences, I never could be taught to bestow a thought upon the fugitive possession, till I saw my friend in want of it, or the miseries of my fellows demanded it of me. *Then*, I must confess, I could appreciate its real value, and felt the necessity of prudent management."

"I admire your sentiments, though they partake somewhat of the romantic," replied the ecclesiastic; "the man possessing your capacious feelings is capable of more than common virtues. You have, therefore, much to do—through you hundreds of your species await the benefit assigned them;

nd *you* will be refunded with a self-satisfaction, the rich fruit of those well-exercised virtues. Few men's sphere of action is conspicuous; but the virtues of an Alfred! may be the denizens of the humble breast, and though undistinguished, he will equally contribute in part, to the support of the whole, the general utility; and will find, in his performance, the permanent felicity of his own mind."

"*Now*, sir, you have my brother—the fellow in his *true* colours," cried Alfred; "you have accidentally touched the chord that rouses every generous feeling within him: this is the man of sophistry, caprice, and levity; of many obliquities—much eccentricity, but stop——the man who has a heart that would counterbalance a thousand errors—and grasp the whole human race in its philanthropic embrace."

"Don't heed the fellow, my dear sir; he is subject very often to aberrations of fancy: unfortunately, in his alienations, he fastens upon me for his hero, when he means to encumber him with a heart. Would to the three old destinies they had him in the moon at once." Like a zephyr among roses, a smile played over the beautiful features of the ladies; their father by no symp-

tom evinced a readiness to dismiss his guests; and they by their retarded motions to take leave, betrayed how charming to their inclinations, but incommensurate, had been the hours which a happy casualty had given them. In polite terms they acknowledged how much they were indebted for the happiness they had enjoyed, and begged to have the honour of waiting upon their entertainers, the following day. "To-morrow my daughters receive no visitors: it is my birthday, and my girls on which selfishly determine to keep me to themselves. Notwithstanding, should they be pleased to abrogate their law in your favour, I shall be glad to see you."

Miss Euphemia politely intimated, that she should consider their visit no intrusion, and requested their company to tea, if they were prepared for lack of amusement:—"As here is nothing to induce," she added, "but the welcome, wisdom, and virtues of my father!"

Suitable acknowledgments from the favoured brothers were made to Euphemia. About to depart, they presented their cards. His guests now revealed—the reverend gentleman expressed his unconsciousness of the honour he had had, and his ignorance

the earl and family were at the castle.
We have been there two days," cried
ward, in his usual tone of gaiety; "but
my computation of that precious thing
d time, two *centuries* unparalleled for
th in the annals of hundreds. The no-
Gothic residence of my forefathers,
e be to their manes! is a perfect rook-
and what with the rooks *within* and
out, the croaking of crows, frogs, and
ns, the mellifluous screech of that wise
lem of stupidity, the owl, the moral
ures of *mamma*, the impenetrable wis-
of the family legislator, *papa*, and the
derous sermons, discharged without
cy upon my organs of sound, by this
rably prudent brother of mine, you can
n no adequate idea of the miseries of my
dition: and what adds, sir, to the per-
cities of my position is, that all the co-
cy of my reasoning powers cannot draw
young man from the delusions of his
y and the obliquities of his intellect.
the horrors I have but slightly detailed,
to his distorted vision scenes calculated
answer his extravagant notions of terres-
l happiness, and to restore to mankind
primitive felicity of the golden age.
alcyon days of Arcadian memory!' he

exclaims, 'peaceful times! pure joys! unalloyed with embittered reflections, have ye left the earth for ever? Is the inborn freedom of the mind exchanged for the bondage of distinctions that destroy sincerity, and are the fetters of custom imposed upon us for the healthful exercise of our better reason? Love! exalted yet timid deity! displeased at finding thyself a guest so little understood, hast thou fled from the palaces of the wealthy, and taken up thy abode in the cottages of *sensibility*, *sentiment*, and *innocence?*' Such, ladies, are the ravings and apostrophes of his sentimentality."

"The ladies, I confess, with much reason, may decide that we are *both* labouring under alienations——" said Alfred, raising his watch to his brother's observation, who at length compelled—made his final congees.

CHAP. II.

We now introduce our brothers as the sons of the earl of Elssingham. His heir, viscount Bradport, hitherto the gay Edward,

urned twenty-six. In person he was
tall, elegantly formed, and captiva-
in appearance. Black, brilliant, his
sparkling with energy, bespoke the
soul that actuated him. The disposi-
f Bradport was more than man's, and
ps less; sweet as an angel's, but pliable
eakness. His virtues were many, his
ns warm, and his resolution to conquer
regularities of his conduct, unsteady
wind, veering to every point, but fix-
n none. To beauty he was a slave.
s the idol of his incense; and where
und it with blushing innocence, it had
esistible charm, that excited into tu-
all the uncontrolled propensities of his
t temper. In the society of the fair,
gh he might meditate naught to their
injury, he was the most dangerous of
His wit was brilliant and inexhaust-
fluent in the language of love, every
rivetted the chains with which he en-
d the female heart: and in *that* one,
e moral and religious principles were
leeply rooted, nor the impregnable for-
of virtue found, too certain, if he
ht it, was the victory of Bradport.
amid the gay scenes of splendour and

dissipation, the spirit of benevolence glowed within him. The tale of distress easily reached his ear, and when his charity was solicited, his purse was ever open. No embarrassment nor pursuit of pleasure, could contract his heart, or compress his hand. The tear of female sorrow, the infant deprived of a paternal guide, and the tremulous solicitations of palsied age, excited feelings that he never could resist; and the gay thoughtless Bradport, with unbridled propensities, was ever the friend of the wretched, and the advocate of the unfortunate. It is to be feared, however, that a disposition so amiable, may yet be traced more to constitutional impulse than the regulating fixed principle of religion. "Give me the charity of a warm heart!" exclaims the young and inexperienced, easily caught with the splendour, without weighing the substance of the act; "give me the charity arising from principle," says the wise of the world, "it is a sedate, cool, but durable sentiment, independent of the ebbs and flows of human feelings."

Thus, in the portraiture of lord Bradport, we read him the most feeling, generous, unjust of men, because, in *one* point, he was most morally criminal. From his child-

hood, a fiery courageous spirit grew with him, and placed in the highest points of view, the bewitching qualities that marked his boyish years. Truly ennobled by nature more than by the titles to which he was born, the little Edward was the advocate of distress, whether guilty or not guilty. A discarded servant, degraded offender, rejected suppliant, would rouse his infantile passions into tumult; and if any of these cases came within the redress of *his* jurisdiction, he would storm the castle in all directions, tear from his attendants, burst in upon the countess, and did he fancy that he found not sufficient there, to satisfy the demands his boisterous philanthropy exacted, he would rush to the study of the earl, and knock, entreat, and bawl, till he gained admission. With tears, then, in his brilliant eyes, with vehemence of gesture, and impatience to obtain remission or redress, for, as *he* imagined, his injured clients, he would represent, in all the exuberance of his juvenile fancy, the oppressions and injustice they had been made to endure. He pleaded, demanded, nay, if both failed, he screamed till he gained his suit. In the case of the criminal, it was in vain to ren-

der evident to him, that they were amenable to the laws of their country: he questioned the justice of such animadversion. It was a hopeless attempt to convince him they deserved their fate: it was enough to excite his ardent feelings and oratory, that they were poor, friendless, and wretched.

At this early period, a circumstance occurred, calculated to excite into a powerful interest, every sensation of compassion in his juvenile breast. Riding out one day with his father and mother, delighted with the prospect of sunny hills, green fields, and blue skies, and transported at becoming the owner of a favourite pony, which the earl had just assigned him, his heart exulted in an atmosphere of felicity, that to his enchanted conception, encircled the whole human race. At this moment of boundless joy and anticipation, a stage-coach passed, with fettered felons upon its top.

Catching the eye of the inquisitive Edward, he applied to his father for the reason why these men were confined in the liberty of their bodies and limbs. Aware of the acuteness of his boyish feelings, the earl evaded his inquiries: but the inquirer was not to be diverted from the intelligence he sought. He was then taught, that they

were taken up upon the suspicion of having committed certain crimes, and, when arraigned before a tribunal of justice, tried and found guilty, the laws of the land sentenced them, according to the nature of their misdemeanors, to imprisonment, transportation, or death. The sought-for intelligence annihilated the felicity of Edward—and called him to the wretched condition of the wicked!

Among them a very young man, with rosy cheeks and fair hair, had particularly attracted him. In all the vehemence of his heart, he exclaimed against the cruelty of laws that could condemn to die—so young and pretty a man. He was *sure* he *could* not be guilty. He maintained that it must be a great *story:* at all events, he pronounced, if even culpable, he ought to be pardoned, and then he would become *so* good, that he would never be naughty again. From that hour he was haunted with the image of the blooming youth in shackles. In his sleep he muttered the fate which, in his waking thoughts, he dreaded hung over him. His busy fancy saw him in his prison—heard his groans and repentance! The assizes came on, he was tried, convicted, and cast for death!

Vigilant to learn the destiny of the ill-fated youth, Edward entreated, promised ample rewards to his attendants, to tell him the result of the trial. Common sense may be the portion of all endowed with intellect, but the refinements of wisdom are rarely found in the dependants of household establishments. The care of the countess to divert the tender mind of her son from the awful position of the culprit, was rendered abortive by her domestics. One was too weak to withstand his entreaties; another officiously gave him a detail of the trial; and a third, with a specious commiseration, dwelt upon the shocking spectacles of executions.

The little philanthropist had learned that pardon rested with the crown: in impassioned language, therefore, he implored his father to go to the king, and solicit forgiveness for the young man. In vain it was told him that it was only in particular cases that mercy and mitigation were extended to the culprit. What were not the impetuous pangs of this child of feeling! he became restless, impatient, and unhappy. Every nobleman that entered the castle was petitioned to procure pardon for the object of his concern. "You go to the king; he

loves you very much—every body says you are very good, and do good things; but I never will believe it, unless you *make* him save the life of the poor young man with white hair," he said to the duke of ——; but was told as before, that no intercession could save him from the sentence of the law. Hope thus extinguished in the bosom of the viscount, the disorder of his feelings worked up to a high tone, had come to its crisis: he rejected food, and a fever ensued, that for ten days precluded all hope of recovery.

The biography of infancy may be uninteresting, but it is the only period of existence when the propensities appear undisguised. Inherent vices are corrected by the practice of reason, and by the uncontrolled indulgence of passion the native virtues of many decline. Thousands are more or less the characters of circumstance, biassed by interest or influenced by example. Childhood is the season of genuine nature, from whose spontaneous energies we augur the good or bad of the future being. Thus then appeared the generous and beautiful qualities strikingly conspicuous in the juvenile Bradport.

The earl of Elssingham, proud, lofty, and

tenacious of the honours of a long roll of ancestry originating in military achievements in the reign of Edward the Third, looked forward, with an ambition that governed every sentiment, to his son's signalizing himself in the battles of his country. With exultation he marked the ardent spirit of the scion, and left no means unstudied to excite heroic ardour in his youthful breast. He represented the reign of the martial Edward, as one of the longest and most glorious, that graces the annals of the English nation. He inflamed his imagination by glowing paintings of the splendid victories of Crecy and Poictiers. He magnified the prowess and military talents of his ancestors, and proudly expatiated on the immortal honours they obtained on those memorable plains. Clothed in all the glory of conquest, the youthful prince of Wales was the magnanimous precedent he set before him. He portrayed him the most accomplished hero, consummate general, and brilliant conqueror, that adorns the historic page. But better would it have been for his son, and more judicious in the earl, had he dwelt upon the virtues which constituted this prodigy of valour, so truly and incomparably great. Had he impressed the

lesson, that from his early career, till the latest hour of life, this amiable prince left a character to posterity, illustrious for every virtue, and unblemished by a single vice. Had he pointed out to his lively perception the prudence, moderation, and self-control, that marked the blooming victor amid the fury of battle, the flush of victory, and the intoxications of applause, the generous and feeling soul of Bradport might have been saved many a future pang. But, bred a soldier himself, and having destined his son to the profession of arms, the earl's ambition absorbed every finer feeling of the heart, and covered all the horrors of war with the specious doctrine of necessity, and decked her sanguinary form in all the splendour of conquest, and the pride of deathless fame. The butchery of our race, the disciplined, deliberate system of death! the field of battle manured with the blood of the brave! the heart-rending groans of thousands of the dying—and the last sighs of the premature victims cut off in the vigour of youth and flower of beauty, were reflections that never obtruded upon his philanthropy. Thus from infancy was fired the ardent spirit of Bradport, by the anticipation of

the brilliant enterprises his lively fancy depicted, and in which he believed he was destined by nature and fortune, to perform a signal part. War! not its evils! but the pomp, parade, and splendour attached to it, the glory of applause, immortal fame, and dazzling honours, conferred upon its victorious commanders—was the seductive picture held up to his fervid view.

Chivalry has ever charms for the young and ardent mind. Books of this kind composed the darling study of the young lord. They fed his enchanted imagination with the delicious food that pleased it. Courage! valour! enterprise! were the governing terms: but amid the fascinations of his subject, the ingenerate tenderness of his nature still prevailed. His favourite heroes were they who had distinguished themselves as much by the feelings of humanity, as brilliancy of their exploits and wondrous adventures. The military spirit imbued every sentiment; in his creed, honour! was the chief article, the magic word: whether it strewed with unfading flowers the soldier's grave! raised immortal trophies round his prostrate head—or crowned his temples in all the pride of triumph, with never-dying laurels. But honour, in the moral sense

had been less defined. It was not the earl's forte to inculcate ethics with the spirit that he infused his military principles. HONOUR, the juvenile Edward had been accustomed to confine in definition, and appropriate as a kind of technical word. His dazzled fancy perceived not that that honour blazing round the votary of war, and binding him to his post of danger, is a necessity as well as valour, arising from consequences inseparable from it: but, as the fundamental principle of an upright character, the bond of society, and security of domestic happiness, we shall have to disclose how obliquely it was practised by Bradport.

If *honour* was the given noun, that he had early been accustomed to deck as the idol of a soldier's worship, *coward* acted no less forcibly upon his boyish conceptions. From his babyhood it had been the terrific word! Coward! was a stigma he dreaded worse than death; and when he met it in his lessons, he could never be induced to pronounce it aloud. When about five years old, he struck in passion a female domestic, who, from the necessity of dressing him, forcibly removed him from a sick dog, over which he hung with sympathizing kindness. His mother at the moment en-

tered the room.—" None but a *coward* strikes a woman and servant." Edward stood abashed: " Why is he a——for that mamma?" he asked, with a crimsoned face: —" Because a man is stronger than a woman, and servants are afraid to raise a hand in their own defence, because their masters are rich and they poor; therefore, *he* is a *coward* who dastardly takes advantage of his superior strength and difference of fortune." Edward fled—hid himself in a remote apartment, and having secured the door, no entreaties could prevail upon him to open it. He shrunk at the idea of again encountering a human eye. Branded with the name of *coward*, the stigmatizing appellation still rung in his ear. He could never be a soldier *now*, and his *honour* and hopes of military fame, were blasted for ever. Such were the distracting reflections occupying him, when a servant scaling a window, got into the chamber. Enveloped in the multitudinous folds of a damask curtain, from which every attempt to draw him was repelled with resolution and strength, he shewed how strongly a sense of shame had taken possession of his infantile mind.

The countess neither threatened nor coaxed him from his hiding-place, by inju-

dicious promises of good things: no, she applied the balm she well knew would best heal the wound.—"Come to me, my boy; fear not, your honour is not *lost*, it is only tarnished; I will help you to wipe off the disgrace, and teach you the way to be a brave soldier, by making you a good man." The voice of his mother, at any time, was music to his ear; what magic then, did he not feel in her words, when the instantaneous charm they produced, reconciled him to himself. Rushing to the maternal shelter, he threw her muslin robe over his head, and clinging to her in the confidence that she could restore to him his lost honour, accompanied her out of the room. However trifling may appear this anecdote of his childhood, it will shew at the age of reason, how deeply indelible the early impression remained.

The period arrived to which lord Elssingham had looked forward with expectant pride, in the commencement of his son's military career. Under the auspices of the lamented sir John Moore, our tyro in arms, at the age of nineteen, bore a cornetcy. From that consummate master in the knowledge of war, and the first general said to have frustrated Buonaparte, Bradport received

impressions that fully answered his fervent expectations. His commander became his living model of all that is great and brave. Every virtue he possessed, military or private, could receive no false lustre, but was viewed by the novitiate with enthusiastic eyes. His general by day was the paragon of his admiration, and the visions of sleep still presented him the vigilant hero, undaunted by unequal struggle, and rising superior to adverse circumstance. The victories of Cyrus have not been more celebrated than his biographer is immortalized, by his famous retreat of the ten thousand! Our youthful soldier drew the parallel between his great master and the renowned Grecian. But, while success exultingly flew from rank to rank, and waved her triumphant banners over the British arms, a ball winged by fate struck their general—the brave, illustrious Moore fell! Like the immortal Wolfe, the last moments of this magnanimous hero were cheered by the acclamations of victory: and like Wolfe, he has left to posterity a name! that will be pronounced with a sacred enthusiasm, and transmitted with honour to distant times. This was a blow that checked the exulting spirits of the young warrior. His general

had been his military idol; his genius, his rule, and the ambition of his soul, was to tread the steps that led this great man, by hard-earned laurels, to immortal glory! Keenly penetrative to the merits of his officers, this memorable commander discovered the ardour that marked the opening military character of the young lord, and the no less promising talents of his still more youthful brother. Committed by their father, the earl, to the friendship of their illustrious chief, accustomed to be near him, attached to his person, and ardent in the cause in which they were engaged, they had excited his particular interest and affection. Thus, the first campaign of the young warriors, prepared them for the subsequent battles of the peninsula, in which they signalized themselves, attained rank and fame, and were witnesses to the most brilliant scenes that the theatre of war ever exhibited.

In tracing the character of lord Bradport, a commixion of virtues and errors appear conspicuous. But the pencil must be unsullied that portrays the virtues of his brother, major Mountford. Like the Quintilian brothers, beautifully illustrious on Roman record, their fraternal love was remarkable. Like Maximus and Condianus,

their pursuits and juvenile pleasures were the same. Like them they had no separate interest; what gave pleasure to the impetuous Edward, conveyed gratification to Alfred: and in the early periods of their existence, like them they seemed animated by one soul. But the soul of those celebrated brothers fitted and filled alike the corporeal mansions it actuated. Their virtues, powers of mind, talents and inclinations, gravitated to the same point. Irreconcileable then, it may appear that dispositions so dissimilar as *our* brothers, should have assimilated, mingled their opposite qualities, and tallied to each other's feelings.

Calculated by the favourable attributes of nature, Alfred represented the virtues and magnanimity, as well as bore the name of the great monarch! Grave, firm, generous, affectionate; yet his gravity, without an effort, mingled with the lively sallies of his brother; his firmness had no affinity to contumacy, and never shewed itself in ordinary occurrences; and his generosity, though kept in the back-ground, had strengthened into a munificent sentiment, governed every action, and marked the language of his soul.

As youth is the season when impressions

are formed, that no after period can altogether obliterate, the difference of hue in the characters of our brothers, may perhaps be attributed, in a considerable degree, to their habits of intimacy with the governing sentiments of their parents. Military glory was the prominent character-feature of the earl; virtue, and a life of reason, composed the precepts, and were proved in the practice of the countess. Emancipated from the hours spent with their preceptors, the ardent Edward found the study door of his father thrown open, while the mild Alfred sought the boudoir of his mother. The martial lessons of the father, to one, were contrasted by the moral and religious instructions of the mother, to both. The countess loved alike, with a mother's fondest feelings, her darling boys; no difference ever struggled in her breast, but what arose from the reflection, occasioned by their different tendencies. While his fiery passions, and the gay visions of a fervent fancy, disposed Edward to listen with avidity to the eulogies of the earl on military renown, Alfred found, in his mother's wisdom, that mental enjoyment suited to the calm of his temper and the virtue of his soul. While his lively brother offered up his incense at

the dazzling altar of glory—Alfred bowed with reverence at the Heaven-illumined shrine of reason! Thus, while glory was the magic chord that struck rapture to the impassioned Edward, reason, his monitress, step by step led the inquiring Alfred, and pointed out, by the infallible light of truth, the pre-eminent distinctions of knowledge and happiness of a life of virtue.

When only six years of age, excruciating pain of the ear, tried the patience of the suffering boy. The remedies suggested had been applied without effecting relief. The countess then, finding their inefficacy in relieving the body, sought to strengthen the mind, however preposterous might appear the application of the mental medicine. She prepared him, by saying that pain, like a bad habit, became more unsubduable, from want of effort to subdue it. She exhibited the example of the martyrs, who amid flames, and the excruciating agonies of their slowly-consuming bodies, expired, glorifying their Creator and Redeemer. She precedented the extraordinary fortitude of Mutius, who, when he entered the camp of Porsenna, and was threatened with torture, to prove his contemptuous defiance of pain, voluntarily thrust his hand into the fire,

and calmly surveyed it as it perished. In animating colours she painted the sublime sufferance of the prince, who, when stretched upon the rack, endured without a groan, while the slave by his side, in the same position, venting his agonies in pitiful exclamations, drew from his illustrious companion in torture the memorable words—"Do you think *I* am lying on a bed of roses?"

Confining herself not to these instances, the countess had recourse to the philosophy of the ancients. She borrowed the position of the Stoics, that pain was no evil; on the contrary, she shewed him that it was a kindness wisely sent upon us by Providence, to humble, prepare, and wean us from the allurements of a world, which without this friendly visitation, the rich and thoughtless would leave with gloomy regret and sinful murmuring. His attention rivetted, an impatient interjection never escaped; his cheeks flushed at his own weakness—the efforts of resolution prevailed—pain was contemned—the mind stimulated, and upon the bosom of his mother he fell asleep. On awaking, free from pain, he felt consequently convinced, that the stoical lessons of his mother had rendered him invulnerable to

its future attacks—that anguish of body was subduable by strength of mind; and he *determined* that no ear-ache, however acute, should again extort complaint from him, like the slave by the side of the magnanimous prince.

The experimental lesson of the countess, failed not to fix the effect her maternal wisdom divined. Indefatigably had she dived into the dispositions of her baby-sons. In the case of her little philosopher, she was well aware, that her mental sedative would incredibly operate in lulling corporeal anguish, and stimulating to exertion the strong though infantile powers of his mind. A mother's best views were realized. These lessons of a more rigid morality than is modernly taught, especially in the tender morn of youth, had formed, strengthened his mind, and left an efficient impression, that laid the foundation of his character.

From the commencement of his studies, the classic authors were his delight. But profound talents, heroic deeds, and magnanimous actions, however much they might excite his wonder, could produce no pleasure in the narrative, unless virtue were the motive and object of achievement. The juvenile Alfred was as fastidious in his

ings and dislikings to his heroes, as his aracter as a man was marked for decided achment and unconquerable aversion. e subject that employed his reflections— e theme he delighted to discuss with his loved mother, was the comparative and ntrasted virtues of his demigods, and the ilosophers of classic celebrity. The in- ntion of the countess, however, was not indulge the romantic propensities of his uth, but elicit the amiable qualities of heart—strengthen the powers of reason prepare him to encounter human nature her *adverse* aspects—gain him the ac- im of the good, and enable him to per- m well his part on the theatre of the rld; to abet the success of which, with- t checking the impulse of generous feel- g, cooling the glowing anticipations of uth, or detracting from the loveliness of rtue, by lowering his sublime notions of she cautioned him, without deteriora- n, against the deceitfulness of human ap- arances; and that frightful passions are o frequently concealed under the least in- lious exterior. Thus, in the frequent ha- t of implanting the seeds of virtue and ligion in their juvenile minds, lady Els- ngham, with her blooming boys on each

side of her, afforded a sight more lovely and interesting, than all the pageantries of courts and triumphs. Could any species of fashionable pleasure give her bosom the gratification she felt on such occasions? No; in the exercise of her maternal duties, she passed the most felicitous hours of her life.

The early habits of Alfred were singularly indicative of his future character. The household gods of the Pagans were not more religiously worshipped, than he venerated the virtues of the idols of his study. Though little better than a child, virtue seemed to be the election of his soul, considered the business of life, and the *summum bonum* of all attainment. His precedent was the rigid virtue of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. To adopt his maxims—to practise the severities he prescribed himself—and to arrive at that mastery of the passions, was the ambition of his juvenile imitator. It may be said indeed, he resembled that great man! *His* mildness, amiable manners, and indefatigable love of study at an early period, marked resemblingly our young enthusiast.

"Though not the emperor of Rome," he would exclaim to his mother, "cannot I attain the virtue in *these* times, at which

Marcus arrived in an early age of the world?"

"Laudably-imbued! amiable boy!" mentally replied the countess, "you are not aware that that is a problem involving disquisition beyond your tender years; and that at a future period the inquiry will be answered by the incontrovertible truth, that the defalcation of moral worth, and the false refinements of modern times, are inimical to that strength of intellect and growth of virtue, which marked to prodigy the illustrious characters of ancient history."

Like the young Aurelius, his youthful enthusiasm led him to embrace the doctrine of the Stoics; teaching him to govern the turbulent passions by the ascendancy of reason; to consider virtue the sovereign good, vice the greatest evil; to view the glittering gifts of grandeur with an indifferent eye, and to look for happiness within ourselves. These sublime aphorisms were the theory of his boyish reflections, but they nourished the germ of those virtues that constituted his character; and it may be said, as it was of his illustrious model, that his *life* was the noblest commentary on the precepts of Zeno. Like the imperial precedent, he was severe to himself, tender to the feelings of others, just and liberal to

all around him. Like him he detested war as the disgrace and calamity of the human race, and only considered it justifiable, when the necessity of defence called for its adoption.

The time came when Edward was to enter upon his military career. Alfred, with agony of heart that felt to dissever every fibre, looked forward to the separation; and even the unbounded anticipation of glory in the eager novitiate, was saddened with a gloom in the painful reflection, that it would disunite him from his brother. The bond of love between them seemed a covenant of the soul, from which it was impossible for either to depart: it was the love of Jonathan and David! it was perhaps fate.

Conscious of the unbounded influence he held over him, Alfred politically exerted it to curb the errors which, like the spots upon the sun's disk, were more visible from the luminous virtues belonging to him. When obliquity excited the gentle remonstrance of his mother, he promised, protested, her maternal bosom should not be again disquieted on his account. These promises were made with a sincere intention of reformation, but Bradport was frail! nevertheless there was one who could bind him

to rectitude, however short its duration: his brother held this magic over his soul. Hence, with poignant regret, the countess surmised the consequences likely to follow, when no longer restrained by this powerful check. She foresaw the indulgence of unbridled propensity, when without the reach of the fraternal hand, and she ventured her maternal uneasiness on the ear of her lord.

The earl loved his countess, but he had never given up to her a point in his ambition. Willing, however, to relieve her solicitude, inclusive of both sons, he offered to purchase a commission for Alfred, and send him with his brother to the field.—"He will make but a poor figure as a *soldier*, I am afraid;" he added—"the boy does not want *sense*, but he has stupified himself with books: he might do for a bishop—he has no *fire*, no spirit."

"Spirit! the most noble that ever animated the form of man—" exclaimed the countess, with a degree of energy she seldom manifested toward the earl, and which tinged with rose-pink her still-beautiful cheek. But it was a transient flush: if "nature had not done with her resentments" in the countess, the experience of twenty years re-

minded her that she might as hopefully attempt, like the astronomer in Rasselas, to influence the seasons, as oppose the earl. The countess wept.

"Come, come," he said, taking her hand; "if it had been the fortune of your boy to be a king, he would have swayed the sceptre, I make no question, with all the clemency and magnanimity of his namesake."

"Ah, indeed!" returned the countess, with emotion, "he would have been what he is, all that is good! the friend of mankind!"

"I see the boy will get *poetic justice*; what *I* am deficient in, will be amply made up by *you*."

"*Impartial* justice, indeed, my lord, has ever governed my maternal affections."

"True, my dear Almira, and am *I* not governed by impartial justice?" rejoining in rather a tone of sarcasm, "don't you see I am unwilling to cheat him out of his more appropriate sphere? he will never bring home laurels."

"O, may he bring himself—!"ejaculated the countess, with eyes directed to heaven.

"No, no," cried the earl, "we must trust to Edward for the laurels that are to add honours to the house of Mountford."

Edward, my beloved son—!"ex-
l his mother, rising, with an agony
ng she could not repress, " may the
Providence, who governs all, be thy
and salvation in the dreadful conflict
le! and in the hour of temptation."—
earl summoned to his closet his son
. He prefaced the colloquy by ob-
g that he had never destined him for
ofession of arms, but, as he was much
ed to his brother, and affected at the
ching separation, if he chose to avail
f of the *indulgence*, he would get
mmissioned, and sent with his brother
scene of glory.

ain glory I term it, my lord."

y, there your spiritless notions carry
idiculous boy; I am afraid you will
add a laurel to the splendid trophies
ave perpetuated the triumphs of your
ious ancestors."

will not engage, sir, to add a *single*
to the honours of your house—but I
ledge my word, that death in any
of danger, shall not make me desert
st."

esert your post! is your soul so
gly gifted with manly feeling, as to

be content in merely not deserving the punishment of a coward?"

"I shall be content to do my duty in any station *that* I conceive to be the purpose of my being."

"Do your duty is not enough—have you no desire to distinguish yourself on the field of fame?"

"Not as a butcher."

"Blockhead!—have you no ambition?"

"None, to slaughter my fellow-man."

"Shall the brilliant achievements that cover with glory the ancient house of Elssingham, be sullied by a scion so physically undeserving of springing from the glorious tree?"

"Fear not, my lord; the glory of your ancestry shall not be stained by me, though I confess it forms no point of *my* ambition, to add a trophy to the glory of which you dream."

"Dream! contemptuous boy! is the duty and allegiance you owe your sovereign, the glorious service of your country, and the support of the splendid honours of my illustrious house, a dream? are they to be contemned, depreciated, in the magnitude of their importance, and daringly sacrificed *to the silly* notions of a stripling?"

"Whether public or private, duties are sacred things; but the *opinions* of others do not always constitute the obligation; and you will admit, sir, that there are a variety of ways of serving our country, without spilling our best blood on the field of contention."

"Oh, these are the sentiments you have sucked from your favourite *patriots*, young man."

"Patriot! ah, there, indeed, you have touched the chord of *my* ambition, or at least admiration! A patriot is the noblest work of his Creator, the blessing of his country, and the ornament of his kind: more truly laurelled by his benefiting usefulness, than all the vain-glorious conquerors who have scourged the earth. But the nobly brave, the heroic virtues of a William Wallace, a William Tell, will live while the records of ages remain. The virtues that impelled them to take up arms in defence of their oppressed countries, entitle them as much to the glorious name of patriot, as their prodigious prowess have procured them the title of hero!"

"Pshaw, away with this boyish jargon of schools, listen——"

"Yes, my lord; these are the patriots of

a nation, men whose inborn love of liberty could not submit to see *that* of their country enslaved. These are the heroes whose names will be perpetuated on the pages of history, when the false glory upon which you found the dignities of your house, will vanish like the chivalric mania that gave rise to them."

"*False glory!*" thundered the angry earl, "audacious boy!—dare you trespass on my condescension, insult my judgment by obtruding upon me the wild crude speculations of your boyish imbecility, traverse my desire of seeing lineally perpetuated in my own family the hereditary fame of its noble origin? have you forgotten the submission due to my opinions and authority? Is there no principle consonant with the elevation of your birth? no pride impelling you to render yourself worthy of your illustrious descent?"

"*My* pride, my lord, is to render myself worthy of the acclaim of the good; and what is still more desirable than even their suffrage, the soul-soothing approval of my own conscience."

"Fool!—degenerate of my blood—disgrace of the renowned heroes of the house of Mountford—I renounce you as an ano

of that heroic fire which distinguish
n through the retrospect of centuries—"
aimed the infuriated peer, treading the
nber with hasty steps.

lfred, with his favourite Telemachus in
nand, stood in the window. Like the
long inured to storm, and in majestic
ngth stands unmoved amid its unavail-
fury, he beheld in his father, with philo-
ic calmness, the violent influence of
ng passion over a vigorous mind.—" Had
vigour in the dawn of reason received
oper bias, had the energies been first ex-
l and put into activity by just concep-
s, my father might have been a Mar-
—" thought Alfred, continuing in the
se his silent soliloquy—" what an in-
istent being is man! the only species of
animal world endowed with reason, yet
lives and acts inconsistently. The
s of the air, the fish of the sea, the
ts of the earth, perform, with a mono-
ous congruity, the instinctive impulses
their nature. The ferocious, the tame,
weak, the strong, preserve their respec-
properties from age to age—man alone
e creature of a contra-distinction."

'he earl, implacable in his resentments,
furious as the wrath of the storm, when

his inveterate prejudices were opposed, nevertheless could not rid himself of the obtruding idea that contrasted him with his son; and the contrast brought along with it the debasing conviction, that to the violence of his own temper, was opposed a calmness and self-possession, which even maturity of years and superlative wisdom rarely attain, and that in a youth of eighteen. Accustomed to undisputed submission, the haughty lord could ill brook a fearless opposition to sentiments that had, early rooted, grown with his radical and formed his characteristic defects. The violence of his temper even repelled the tenderness of his amiable countess, and few ventured to break through that boundary of repulsion in which he appeared enclosed. In the tumult of his passions, his sons each had their specific influence: Edward only could avert the storm, and the unconquerable composure of Alfred alone could stand the brunt of its fury without dismay.

"Whether it is the judgment of your head or *heart* that you pass upon me, your lordship best knows. *Fool, degeneracy, disgrace,* are serious substantives, and commonly taken in the acceptation of the terms; but with me they have a wider latitude, as

my habit of reasoning leads me to affix a meaning to the words, consistent with the character and opinions of the speaker. You must be aware, my lord, that none but yourself, could have uttered with impunity, the opprobrious expressions you have been pleased to bestow upon me. No, sir; the soul of Alfred Mountford would loathe its earthly tenement, did the sully of a disgraceful deed rest upon it. Under the disgrace that *you* attach to me I can live, happy in the consciousness of unmerited censure. It must be therefore, the verdict of my own conscience, from which I must retire guilty —or not guilty!"

The earl paced the room with cooler step, erect chest, and "immaculate boy!" escaped his lips.

"Propelled by the candour inseparable from me, I hesitate not, my lord, to declare my sentiments. War, I consider the scourge of our race, the disgrace of invading nations, the cause of unhappiness to thousands, and a source of individual suffering and moral depravement. You have *indulgently*, as you styled it, offered me the choice of this barbarous profession; I acknowledge you consult my happiness, and

much as my principles revolt at the murderous system, I will avail myself of your indulgence. I court not, however, the glory of a conqueror—the pageantry of triumphs —nor the dazzling roll of empty-sounding titles they bring: such, to me, are as the fairy narratives that amused my infancy, but that passed away like the mists of morn, before the dispelling sunshine of my reason. It is fraternal love! that induces me to the sacrifice; love for a brother whose amiable and noble qualities have entwined with the fibres of my heart; who is dearer to me than life—and whose fame, moral honour, terrene and eternal happiness, constitute the dearest interest of my soul."

What is there in length of years and experience that should demand our homage, when the reason and wisdom of a youth could stand opposed in all the dignity of self-command, to the prejudices of age? is it that it has such indisputable claims upon our respect, that its very errors become venerable, from the long term in which they have been indulged? not so thought Alfred. The pride and erroneous sentiments of the earl were repugnant to his feelings and incompatible with his reason. It would have been in vain to urge the precept that

taught the flexibility of his intellect, to the bent of those opponent notions because he was his *father:* even filial reverence, he thought, denied such supererogation. But the exalted soul of Alfred could not be justly estimated by a father so deeply imbued with the magnificence of military fame! and exclusively blind to every other species of merit. The graces of his youthful form, his countenance illumined with a mind sublimely good, the beautiful qualities of his heart—that like starry points, sparkled round a character mild as the silver orb of night, charmed and gained the admiration of all, save his father: or if he was urged to the necessity of admitting the assemblage of personal and mental endowments possessed by this favourite of nature, he only regretted that she should have been so lavish to one who so little would turn her gifts to the purpose of *true glory.*

The long-cherished darling hope, that was to crown with glory the heir of his fame and fortunes, and realize the dream of his ambition, was ever the paramount reflection in the mind of the earl, and the closing sentence of Alfred had wonderfully salved the irritation which his fearless opposition had occasioned. The almost ex-

traordinary precedent of his fraternal affection, the strong emotions that accompanied the declaration of it, and the short but beautiful eulogy it drew forth on the character of his brother, happily tallied to the governing feeling in the breast of his father, and calmed the storm effectually that so recently had raged there.

"Go, boy, follow the steps of your brother—*he* will lead you to glory! his example will inspire you with ardour: you may yet turn out a brave soldier, and spare the crimson of shame, which otherwise would cover the face of your father."

"The crimson of shame, on *my* account, will never cover the face of my father!" returned Alfred, in a lofty tone, laying his hand upon his heart, with a countenance radiant in youthful beauty and glowing with the enthusiasm of virtue and honour. Alfred did go—he cut a path for himself, and arrived at glory! Victory marked his track, the ever-green laurel, the garland of the gallant, adorned his brows; and though unoffered by him, it was proudly added by the earl to the trophies of renown, that had from age to age distinguished the noble house of Elssingham!

The memorable day arrived, that decided

the fate of Napoleon—and laid many a hero low! On the plains of Waterloo, our warriors bravely fought and escaped the dreadful carnage! That day of sanguinary victory, and previously many hard-fought fields, closed, with the belligerent confederacy of the continental powers, the military career of our illustrious brothers. Now breathing from the clangour and horrors of war, and dazzling in all the splendour of successful arms, our laurelled heroes returned to their native island, flew to their mother's tender embrace, and received their father's proud acclaim. The field of battle and death! were exchanged for the brilliant scenes of dissipation and fashion. Some months in London, they had passed the gay season of the winter solstice, amid the revelry of masks, balls, and all the variety of public amusement. For their summer residence, the family removed to the ancient castle of their forefathers. The transition was delightful to Alfred. Years had elapsed, since the blooming brothers sported in all the happy carelessness of boyhood, on its fertile and wide-spreading domains. These years had been devoted to military service, and these circumstances will account for the ardour of feelings expressed by Al-

fred on his first appearance on our stage, for the chain of reflections excited, and for the changes that appeared to both in the vicinity of the castle.

To the congenial soul of Alfred, all was harmony and heaven. His eye traced every object in the distance, and his ear drank in every melody that came on the breeze. In all its Thessalian beauties, the vale of Tempe opened before him. A sensation of delight entranced his feelings, when fate introduced him to—Euphemia and Maryanne. Since the hour of meeting, the vivid Edward could think of nothing but the sisters. All that his ardent fancy had depicted lovely, fell short of them. The auburn tresses, the blue eyes of Maryanne set his glowing heart on fire—and turning to Euphemia for more *security*, the ruby lips—the mantling blush—the mild beam of her black eye, added fuel to the flammability of this votary of Cupid: in short, since the delightful casualty, no objects were so deeply impressed upon the retina of our heroes, as the inhabitants of the vicarage.

CHAP. III.

The incumbent, the honourable Dr. Clinton, had been appointed to the living, by the earl of Elssingham, at the solicitation of a friend. With his beneficiary the earl was personally unacquainted, but with his worth and learning he was familiar; and the noble lord had too much policy, as well as principle, to reject the suit, that offered the acquisition of the universally esteemed Dr. Clinton.

This excellent man had laboured through life, to disseminate the sacred truths and duties of Christianity, the pure precepts of which, sound orthodoxy and encouraging character, are so strikingly calculated to support all ranks and conditions in the hour of affliction, and afford that happiness which the pursuits and possessions of this world without them, cannot possibly bestow. His profound learning and private character for benevolence and virtue, gave him a celebrity that stamped him an ornament to the republic of letters, and held him up as a precedent, that the frailties of humanity

may be subdued, and its best qualities sublimated, toward an attainable perfection. He was a widower. For a series of years previous to marriage, and afterward, he had educated, and sent to the universities, many of the rising branches of our nobility, and with that success which his talents and integrity so eminently united to ensure him. He was a man of small fortune, unambitious of ecclesiastic dignities, regular in his habits, rich in his own resources, supremely happy in his daughters, and turned sixty, he had, since the death of his wife, relinquished the important character of preceptor, and devoted himself to his clerical duties, and the soul-soothing tranquillity of domestic enjoyment.

As may be expected, under the tuition of Dr. Clinton, his daughters had been educated with unusual advantages, and very differently in the essential points, from the generality of modern belles. They had been taught, it is true, the branches of ornamental education: "But," wrote the doctor to a friend on the subject, "it is a position too often exemplified, that all the ornamental may be acquired, yet the mind remain in a state of barrenness and imbecility. The study of music is more calcu-

lated to enchant the feelings and melt the heart, than strengthen the energies of intellect. Every thing that excites vehemence of sensation is inimical to the vigour of reason. The knowledge of languages acquired by females is generally so imperfect, that they are seldom enabled to consult the works of genius and science. The knowledge of men and manners; the ever-inseparable cause and effect that produce correspondingly new modification of matter; the revolutions of time, and ever-fluctuating system of the universe; the records of history representing the infant ages of mankind, and the causes that have retarded or accelerated the progress of intellect; the great volume of nature in all its variety, and the philosophy that capaciously unfolds the universal grand scheme, the concatenation of the chain, and the immutable decrees of a governing Providence, are the sublime subjects fitted to employ the best faculties of the soul; are calculated to invigorate the mind, cultivate the powers of reason, and raise us above the trifles of a life that is passing swiftly on, and will leave no impression of its remembrance so indelible, as that which it engraves upon the conscience!

"Your daughters will be beautiful," continued the doctor; "how uncertain the influence—how *long* the reign of beauty? Fascinating as are its powers, to the man of sense, the superstructure must rise on the charms of the mind, the qualities of the heart—the dignity of reason, and the refinements of feeling, in order to create a permanent affection. Beauty may be met with superlatively striking, in the most repulsive state of ignorance. Must we not suppose, for the credit of his sex, that no man of delicacy and intellect would select such, to be the respectable partner of his destiny? it cannot be. Equally incapable of mental companionship, is the female whose mind is a vacuum, whose time is devoted to trifles, whose ambition is centred in becoming a leader, and subscribing unqualifiedly to the omnipotence of fashion; whose heart is vitiated by example, and seduced from duty, by the absorption of constant dissipation; but of affording and participating in that intellectual enjoyment, which is the charm, bond, and energy of matrimonial happiness, I fear that such a wife is never obtruded upon by the idea. It is a truth too often exhibiting instances to confirm it, that the conjugal alliance may sub-

sist, with all the intimacy it implies, without any reciprocal communion of sentiment. The charm of collision of ideas, the sparks of genius and knowledge elicited, the anticipation of feelings produced by converse, are denied the couple whose minds are thus disproportionate; and the enlightened husband has to deplore that dearth of intellect in his partner, which affords him no food for the exalted faculties of his soul, no solace for his cares: while *she* is excluded from the intellectual acquaintance of the man with whom she is destined to consume her life."

In all the profound departments of knowledge, the daughters of Dr. Clinton were conversant. Fluent in the French and Italian languages, and no less proficient in the Greek and Latin, they were enabled to feast upon the classic authors, in all the exuberance of their native tongues. Accustomed from infancy to the converse of their father, they had grown up, as it were, parts of himself, had imbibed his precepts, principles, and virtues, and were even imbued with his eccentricities. From the dawn of reason, learning was the object, that constantly presented itself to their minds. It had become venerable from associations inseparable from their father, and

though no task was imposed contrary to inclination, their progress was habitual, and they became learned with their years. Reason, whose infallible light illumines the intellect of man, and before whose splendid rays the prejudices of error dissipate, had been the ground-plot on which the wise and liberal Dr. Clinton erected the solid fabric of his daughters' minds. He was not forgetful of a current opinion, that his sex in general dislike learned women. But as he calculated that the generality of men are not only unlearned, but frequently deficient in the indispensible acquirement of gentlemen, he was indifferent as to the opinions they embraced.

In his views of matrimonial connection for them, he was the most ambitious of fathers. But his ambition consisted not in the magnificence of rank nor acquisitions of wealth. The omnipotence of title, pomp, and splendour, fled before his exalted estimate of the mind. He viewed with philosophic indifference these mighty objects of worldly idolatry. In respect to the happiness of his daughters, he had taught them to feel that the source of it must be in themselves: and he had enabled them to lay up a stock, that would be independent

of the elevations of fortune, and the best provision in the reverse of her contingent gifts. His ambition was, that his daughters should be the intellectual companions of their husbands! they were *his*, and no misfortune could be of greater magnitude than that which should unite the children of his dearest affections, to men whose imbecility cr depravement would render them incapable of appreciating their excellence.

The cultivated reason that illumines the mind, the generous heart that cherishes all the tender and social affections, that singleness of character, admirable at any period, but so beautiful in youth, were the peculiar attributes distinguishing the daughters of Dr. Clinton. Accustomed early to habits of attention, impressed by subjects sublime and great, that listlessness betrayed by many females, during the solid converse of sensible men, formed matter of wonder to them. Nothing frivolous could steal into their thoughts, or obtrude upon the hour that diffused knowledge. Days were hours when feasting upon the profound dogmas infused into them by a beloved father. Thus, let it not be decided that a pencil dipped in impossibilities, portrays the character of our sisters, and that youth is in-

compatible with solidity, and reason with the effervescence and vivid aberrations of early fancy. From the banquet of the mind they rose, stored and exhilarated, and the next moment exhibited them playful as the children of nature, indulging in the levity and elasticity of youthful spirits.

Though enamoured of the tranquillity of a country life, Dr. Clinton had not secluded his daughters. They usually spent, every year, some weeks of the gay season in London. But in seeking amusement for them, even amid the fleeting visions of pleasure and fashion, he never lost sight of his main object, their moral and mental instruction. A just portraiture of mankind, he considered the best lesson for them, preparing to act their parts upon the diversified theatre of life: and while he felt the perplexity in the necessity of representing to the youthful mind, human nature in its perverted state, and varied modifications of vice, he delighted to gratify its ardent and generous feelings, by no exaggerated but captivating paintings of virtue. Thus, he charmed them in infancy by the brightest colouring of what is good, and as they advanced to reason, prepared them by gradual shades to

view the sombre picture of human depravement.

"Many are of opinion," said Dr. Clinton one day, when the subject was on the *tapis*, "that only the happy side of the portrait should be held up to the view of youth. So should *I* think, could its season be perennial, its gay visions substantiated, and its brilliant scenes never shifted for the dismal reality of innumerable evils. The day-spring unfolds its bright and promising beams; young fancy's eye beholds a gilded sky; all is cheery, dazzling, and enchanting; but, alas! short the period! storms arise, and overcast this deceitful sunshine; the enthusiasm of youthful anticipation is extinguished, and the setting sun of life sinks upon the soul—never to rise in the splendour of its early morn! Through the successive stages of our being, hope still accompanies us—but how altered in her phases! like the partisans of prosperity, she assumes her gayest forms to please, when we least want her, and puts on her withering appearances, when we are sinking under the accumulating hardships of a weary pilgrimage."

But, this judicious parent and preceptor possessed a happy talent of impressing his

pupils with the miseries inseparable from humanity, yet subtracting naught from the felicity of youthful hopes. Sagaciously skilled in the business of instruction, and that theory of happiness floating in the juvenile mind, he never dwelt long upon serious points, but would make transitions from grave dissertations to lively topics of wit and humour. In these moments a peculiar vein of pleasant satire characterized him. He by a subtilty all his own, exhibited to their view the little oddities that in any way marked his pupils, without depressing or irritating their feelings: on the contrary, while the blushing cheek acknowledged the justness of his raillery, the eye sparkled with mirth, and the heart and reason felt the convictive influence of his wisdom and virtues!

CHAP. IV.

FAITHFUL to their engagement at the stated hour, the brothers on the swift wing of inclination, made their appearance. The compliments of the earl to Dr. Clinton were delivered with all the etiquette of polite-

ness; and the ladies were informed by lord Bradport, in all his flow of language, that the countess anticipated the pleasure of their acquaintance.

During tea, the topics of talk were miscellaneous. From "grave to gay," but nothing here "severe." All was charm, harmony of tone, wit and sentiment. The noble guests animadverted with good sense upon the state of public amusements. Dramatic merit consequently came under discussion. The transcendent powers of that unequalled luminary of the stage, Mrs. Siddons; the admiration acknowledged due to the talents of Miss O'Neil; the sensations excited by the vivific performance of Kean; the wonderful compass and inflection of tones displayed by Braham; the vocal enchantment of the once extravagantly-extolled Catalani; and the less brilliant attractions, but perhaps more pleasing Cecilias of the day, exerting to obtain the public favour, were commented upon by our brothers, with that judgment, informed taste, and refinement of conception, which the mind, highly cultivated in its pre-eminent powers, enables to do.

"It must be a gratification to every can-

did mind, to render unto every man what is due to his merit; but when will appear another Garrick, to redeem the honour and decency of the stage?" asked major Mountford, in a voice of moral feeling.

"O, if you look for *decency*, my good fellow, I think we may answer never—" smilingly replied the viscount.

"In these times, it is hardly to be hoped —" said Dr. Clinton; "independent of his transcendent theatric talents, Garrick was a man of genius, wit, education and character; add to these, his brilliant powers no more calculated him to charm, and rendered him a desirable acquisition at the tables of the great and the learned, than his polished manners qualified him for such society. With no small degree of pride, I should have placed this admirable man at my table, when converse, I should blush to receive some of his profession, who yet stand high in the scale of popular applause."

"Precisely so, sir," returned Mountford.

Lively subjects were rendered more lively by the gaiety and wit of Bradport, and serious and rational points, received a peculiar interest from that stamina of reason, that pervaded the language and manner of *Mount*ford. The fair sisters spoke more in

looks than words, how richly capable they were of sustaining their parts. The modest eyes of Euphemia would in a moment illumine with intelligence, and the blushing cheek of Maryanne would assume the exalted ease of mental superiority. Here was the charm! and our accomplished brothers, the pupils of their incomparable mother, deeply felt it.

Tea finished—but the repast of the soul increased with endless variety. It is no fair position for intelligent well-bred men to be in the company of frugally-informed females. They are perplexed how to entertain them. The disparity of knowledge and judgment, precludes community of mind, and good-breeding struggles between the effort and impossibility to reconcile the inequality. But though highly cultured, the sons of the proud house of Elssingham, could start no subject in literature and taste, that was not discussed with ease, by the daughters of Dr. Clinton.

"What a gay parterre smiles before us!" said lord Bradport, advancing to the window; "what an enlivening diversity of nature's loveliest hues! *loveliest* did I say?" encountering the eye and cheek of Mary-

anne, " why throw away my superlative? but I repeal it—surely paradise never exhibited such felicity as courts the senses here."

" It is Eden in all its primeval happiness! O, for such a life of nature, virtue, and peace—" said Mountford, in a tone of feeling.

" Will you make the *tour* of our garden?" smilingly asked the vicar; " confined as it is, and affording nothing but a simple specimen of nature's gaudy embroidery, you may nevertheless return from it, just as much *enlarged* in mind, and *enriched* in ideas, as hundreds who have made the tour of Europe."

" And infinitely more alive to all that is superlatively charming—you might have added, sir," returned lord Bradport.

The doctor opening the glass door, a flight of steps led down to a lawn, fantastically ornamented. A circular bed in the middle presented a cluster of select plants, enclosed with a profusion of variegated flowers, and trimmed round with a thick bordering of evergreen. Groups of small beds, containing posies of mingling sweets, and contrasting colours, with mathematic precision, bloomed in their distances, and surrounded the parent bed. The enamelled scenery was delightful. Zephyrus, with

his breath of love, kissed the balmy children of his goddess Flora, and on his soft wings wafted the aromatic fragrance to the enchanted senses. The varied notes of a thousand songsters formed a harmonious concert. Nature undisturbed seemed to enjoy a soft repose. The atmosphere exhibited a cloudless horizon, save where volumes of purple and crimson glories in fantastic forms, floated and incorporated together. The majesty of Heaven, in its dazzling luminary was sinking in European skies, yet indulgently leaving its refulgent influence behind it.

"What a lovely scene!" said Mountford, raising his eyes from earth to heaven, and from its scarlet streaming rays to the cheek of Euphemia, that received from the glowing concave an additional glow, "is it possible man can view such, without feeling devoutly the impress of the beneficence and unbounded indulgence of the Deity! to his creatures?"

"Surely the goddess Flora has conducted the creation here!" cried the enraptured Bradport; "the genius, judgment, taste, exhibited, must be the work of the diversifying goddess: is not the odour-breathing Deity, personified by her lovely pupil, Miss

Clinton?"—" Not at all; I disclaim the personification, I only *enjoy* the sweets, without having contributed my share of labour to produce them."

Breaking a rose from its stem, with a graceful blush she presented it to the viscount. Receiving the fragrant gift, he carried the fair hand to his lips, and holding the emblem of youth's blooming season near her cheek, " not half so lovely, I aver." —" True, my lord, a compliment costs you little, but remember the moral extracted from the rose, is equally emblematic of the *withering* as well as blooming stages of our being."

" Ah, rigid moralist! would you cruelly teach me, that that beauteous cheek! will ever fade? impossible!"—" Nay, then, if you dislike the moral, blame the teacher, not the pupil."

" And who taught you the frightful tale, that the rose on that fair cheek must die?" —" My sister Maryanne."

" O cruel Maryanne—"

" Will you believe it, lord Bradport, I am so tasteless a creature, that though the beauty and fragrance of flowers delight me, I never could take an interest in the study *of* botany, and am no florist."

"Lord Bradport will easily credit you," said her father, "all *great minds* contemn puerile researches; 'never heed such trifles, a blade of grass is a blade of grass, in any country,' exclaimed our profound Johnson to his friend Thrale, and surely nothing less than that which could engage the philosophy of that great man, can fix for a moment, the deep, capacious mind of Miss Clinton."

Euphemia laughed.

"We may conclude then, Miss Clinton," said major Mountford, "that the goddess Flora presides in the beauteous form of Miss Maryanne?"

"She indeed is the goddess who has hand in the economy of our little garden. But that is not all, from her floral creation a double advantage may be derived; while gratifying our senses, she contrives to admix healthful aliment to the mind. She impressed me this morning with a *blooming* lesson. 'You are fond of moral works,' she called from the garden, 'descend, I promise you subject that will speak in bright types: there is the book,' pointing to her gay parterre, 'and every flower contains a moral.' Severing a full-blown rose from its parent tree, and shaking it, its leaves strewed the

path—' There,' she cried, ' so perishes at its climax the pride of Flora, the poets' favourite flower! Does not its scattered sweets in moral truth remind Euphemia, that die also must the rose on her cheek? The lily arrayed in spotless purity, emblematic of the immaculate mind, speaks——the breath of calumny must not sully my snowy name. What says hearts-ease? if thou wouldst preserve me, a guiltless conscience must be thine! Behold the faithful flower of Phœbus! still to him she turns, and her fond eye the power adores! is her moral not ——'—" Stop, stop!" interrupted Maryanne, while a blush deepened the vermilion of her cheek, " I find too late, that the treacherous ivy is the type I ought to have selected, as possibly it might have taught my pupil not to expose her sister in the moralist."

" It is all fair, nay, it is considerate in your sister; she is desirous that instruction so eminently calculated to produce beneficial effects, should not be confined to her own advantage. That which contributes to the improvement and happiness of mankind, ought to be a sort of community: beside, your sister, actuated by a principle of justice, is anxious that you should reap the fruits of your benevolence, in receiving

the mead of acclaim, so justly your desert. Moreover, I am inclined to believe that she calculated upon the *edification* which lord Bradport and major Mountford could hardly fail to receive, from your very ingenious *flowery morals*, and—"

"Have mercy, dear sir, upon the beautiful moralist—" interruptingly cried the viscount; "I protest, in listening to the doctrine of the duties from *such* a mouth, time would fly on the wings of the wind, *ages* would be cruelly rapid."

Covered with blushes, retreating from her father's satire, Maryanne, with the rapidity of the viscount's centuries, ascended the steps. The major soliciting for music, the sisters took their place at the instrument, and, in the first style of taste, played a duet of Haydn's. Songs followed, and Scotch airs were in particular requisition by the major. Thus, with music, in viewing the productions of the pencil, and commenting upon the merits of a piece just finished by Maryanne, fled the rosy minutes, till an early supper, or rather elegant repast, placed our party at the table. The compliments of the birthday were paid to the doctor, and his health drank with all the devo-

tion of friendship and filial love. Its soft airs still vibrating on the auditory nerves of our heroes, Scotch music became the topic and exordium to the family narrative, with which the vicar gratified his guests.

"It is strange!" observed the viscount, "that at the most sterile division of our island, on a cold bleak latitude, inimical to the soft passions, should be found a people all soul, sentiment, music, and peculiarly attuned to love——"

"Not unaccountable nevertheless, colonel," replied the major, "where there is mind, and who ever denied the Scotch *that*, there will be sentiment, and with sentiment will be found music, and with music will be a disposition to the tenderest of all human passions—love."

"Most *feelingly* accounted for, my sapient philosopher," returned the colonel.

"This compels me to suspect," added his brother, that where there is no faculty alive to the charms of music, there must be a deficiency in the fine intellectual powers, and something defective in the heart; and with our immortal Shakespeare, than whom no man dived deeper into the passions of mankind, I should be disposed to think, that no such person should be *trusted*."

"In pretty direct language then," said the doctor, "the man who does not feel music must either be a fool, rascal, or heterogeneous compound of both. Nay, nay, this is bearing *too* hard upon the oustcast of harmony; beside, recollect that Nero was a fidler; what say you to that, major; would you have *trusted* the emperor?" The major, more disposed to trust to the harmony of his feelings than soundness of his position, attempted no farther to give it support, and smilingly turned inward to the happiness around him.

"What is your opinion, Miss Maryanne, respecting the strange tenets of this man of sound?" inquired lord Bradport, eager to catch the accents he anticipated from her tongue.

"Strange or not, my lord, I have known one instance that seems to justify the suspicion of the major, that where there is no suscipiency of music, there must be something obtuse, if not defective. A young lady for several years visited at my father's house. It is not sufficient to say, that she had neither ear nor inclination for music, she positively disliked it, and when in requisition, if she could with decorum, she left the room. In point of intellect she was the weakest female I have yet known,

and her subordinate position in the scale of understanding, was rendered more manifest by dearth of education. This indeed was a misfortune! as a more liberal system of instruction must have somewhat expanded the mind, given it a degree of strength, would have rendered her less incompetent in rational society, and might have possibly afforded the capability of her receiving a certain portion of intellectual enjoyment. Beside, I loved her; we were little more than children, when we first met, and however much reason and fact compel us to see their defects at a future period, the objects of early attachment must ever be remembered with tenderness."

"Admirable sentiments! evidence incontrovertibly corroborant," exclaimed the major, in a gayer tone than belonged to him, "with such a powerful auxiliar, I will marshal my tenets against a host of opposition."

Bradport's eyes, fixed upon the late speaker, appeared to mark her every look, and an unusual gravity wrapped him up, as if, for the moment, the brothers had slipped out of themselves and entered one another.

"Are you inclined to think the Scotch possess that ample portion of mind, which

my singular brother is disposed to adjudge them, Miss Clinton?" gaily himself again, asked the viscount.

"Major Mountford is not singular in that opinion, my lord. Writers and men of judgment, concur in pronouncing the Scotch a nation, peculiarly gifted with understanding, supreme in wisdom, and profound in learning. Even their singing or vibrating accent, which many attach to them as a serious disadvantage, has its admirer in a modern philosopher of transcendent genius, and whose own style and refinement of language, prove him eminently qualified to decide the point. I have remembered the words of his Fleetwood, in delineating the attributes of Macneil. 'The brogue of every country is perhaps pleasing to the ear of sensibility, especially when it falls from the lips of a man of cultivation; it seems to assure us that simplicity and the native features of mind have not been eradicated. With me the Scotch dialect is somewhat a favourite; it softens and mellows the sound of our island tongue; and the gravity which accompanies it, gives an air of sobriety and reflection to the speaker, which are particularly in accord with my serious disposition. It reminds us of the fields and not of cities.'

"I never met with a Scotchwoman who was not gifted, more or less, with strong intellectual powers and quick discernment. By a faculty apparently their own, they are peculiarly adapted for that species of converse, where much is elicited though but little spoken. Yet I am inclined to think, there is not that exuberance of genius in the Scotch female writer, which gives such brilliancy to the sister pens of France, and those of the best class with us. The mind appears too philosophic to be drawn off by the *tangents* of fancy, and too solid for extravagant flight. Nevertheless I acknowledge *one* instance, which powerfully refutes what I have ventured to advance. In her was combined the profound mind with the wildest flights of fancy; solidity of intellect with the gayest sallies of wit and humour; genius that fired with judgment that tempered; every quality of the heart that renders human nature lovely, every virtue of the soul that elevates her sex!"

As she closed her filial panegyric, a pearly drop fell from the eye of Euphemia. Tears rushed to the bright eyes of Bradport. "Excuse, my lord, the tribute I pay to the virtues of a departed mother."—Dr. Clinton raised his eyes to heaven: the appeal to

the Deity! wore no expression of sorrow, but with resignation and holy joy, looked to the haven of his best hopes and eternal rest!

"This is the return of a day that for years, my daughters have dedicated to the memory of their mother! Their chief object in so doing, is to promote the felicity of my hours, and afford me, more particularly, a treat on the anniversary of my birthday. We have all a manner peculiar to ourselves in bearing our sorrows and manifesting our feelings. Some are pained by hearing named, the departed objects of affection. It is not so here. The fond remembrance constitutes our feast. Faithful memory preserves every look, word, and act, of my sainted wife! She is present, though unseen—her angelic voice vibrates on my ear, and I see her caress her children. So soothing is the felicity which the day brings, that I hail its revolution with joy and close it with gratitude: while her daughters, early impressed with the excellence of their mother, hold it sacred, and revert with delight to the contemplation of her bright ensample, which they have ever taught themselves to imitate."

"Ah, dear sir," said lord Bradport,

"how highly are we not indebted to you and your charming daughters, for the exclusive honour we enjoy in the participation of such happiness."

"Disposed as I am to admire the Scotch, how much must the glowing painting drawn by Miss Clinton of female perfection, strengthen my sentiments and justify my opinions, respecting that interesting nation," said the major; "surely, sir, an angel was yours——"

"That we make or mar, in a great measure, our true enjoyment, I think, my young friend, in our first colloquy, we sufficiently discussed. In a wife! I lost the most incomparable of her sex! I still am happy; it is happiness to remember what I once possessed, and the cherished remembrance perpetuates the happiness."

"If I might presume then, sir, upon the gratification which the retrospect affords," returned Mountford, "I should say what pleasure would be mine to listen to the details of a life unimbittered by error, and unalloyed by the infelicities of an ill-starred union."

"The particulars of a literary life hold out no prominent incidents to awaken interest, or create a curiosity in the ordinary

mind. To such, decidedly, I address not myself, when the sons of the earl of Elssingham, are my hearers. Yet I fear you may have drawn upon you more than you will sit patiently under. My past life exhibits little more than that rational and endearing felicity arising from an union of the heart! that unlimited intercourse of mind forming the soul of intellectual enjoyment in the married state; and the exercise of our best reason looking beyond the fleeting scenes of this world, its disappointments and afflictions, toward our immortal destiny!

"I was the cadet of our noble family. My father was richer in virtues and hereditary honours, than in the means of providing for a large family. He was poor, and what is generally the case with the superior mind, proportionally lofty. He was generous, benevolent, incorruptible in his political principles, and inflexible when they were required to be maintained. My inestimable father, therefore, was perhaps not calculated for a courtier, though no courtier was put to the necessity of laying aside his integrity, in the honourable court of George the Third: nor was my noble parent capable of advancing the fortunes of

his sons, by any servile profession of sentiments he did not feel, nor the support of ministerial measures of which he did not approve, by the verdict of his conscience as a patriot and supporter of the rights and liberties of the British constitution.

"I was educated for the church. Upon leaving Cambridge, I was presented with a rectory by a nobleman, the early friend of my father, and whose son I had undertaken to prepare for his collegiate career. For many years I was engaged in the important work of education; and it is no inconsiderable gratification at this period of my life, to contemplate many of those whose juvenile minds I formed, and whose talents and virtues I indefatigably cultivated, filling, with the highest credit, their respective situations in church and state. Thus situated, I had far less time than inclination for the company of the fair, and probably might have remained unmarried, had not fate, or circumstance, snatched me from so unnatural and cheerless a mode of existence.

"I had long sighed to visit the metropolis of Scotland; and at one of the terms of vacation, I determined to realize a desire that promised me both pleasure and profit. Arrived in Edinbugh, I found the Scotch

a hospitable, courteous people. Characters of consequence, eminent for talents, flocked about me, striving who should be foremost in their flattering attentions. I visited their university, and listened with scientific thirst to their professors. I was charmed with the learning of their schoolmen, the peculiar genius of the country, and the philosophic cast and wisdom of the people. In their lovely women, I contemplated the happy unity of rare and solid acquirements with simplicity of manners. There is a charm remarkably possessed by a Scotch-woman; it is the uncommon combination of a blushing modesty with a grace and dignity that repel even the slightest encroachment. I was captivated with their frankness and colloquial powers, and somewhat astonished at the profundity of their minds: still I might have preserved my heart, had I not been introduced to the daughter of Dr. Maitland.

"It was the destined purpose of the talents of this celebrated man, to discover, by practical observation, the errors of the old school of medicine; to oppose its long-established prejudices, and elicit what was to be, for the future benefit of his race. As a classic scholar, he stood pre-eminently un-

rivalled. In his knowledge of the dead languages he had few peers; and few translators would have ventured on his Ciceronian Latin An amiable wife and many children were his portion; and his eldest daughter was his amanuensis, mental companion, proud possession and delight of his heart: but whom did Euphemia *not* delight? Cold must have been the heart that did not feel the soul-winning influence of this angelic creature! Euphemia may have been said to be intuitively learned, without being literally so. She had not gone through the regular studies, nor sustained the labour of deep and abstruse learning, yet still she was learned. In Greek or Latin, as the eccentric whim of genius dictated, her father spoke to even the infantile part of his family, and, as if by dint of habit, they seldom failed to hit his meaning. His daughter had imbibed his genius, fire, wit, and profound mind; his humour, simplicity of manners, independent spirit, and above all, his feeling, generous heart!

"With that delightful union of singleness of heart and suavity of manners, for which the doctor was strikingly distinguished, he introduced me to his still-

beautiful wife, individually to his company, and lastly to his daughter. Seemingly she was the moving spring of the youthful coterie, by whom she was surrounded, and engaged in argument with a gentleman. All in one action, she appeared laughing, blushing, writhing in fantastic gaiety, rallying, and putting to flight, the arguments of her charmed opponent. As her father led me towards her, I heard her exclaim with graceful levity—'Ay, now you have entangled yourself; don't you perceive you have confounded cause and effect?'—'*Cause* and *effect*,' thought I, 'in the disquisition, must have employed much sound logic. This is a rare subject for a girl, whose youthful appearance indicates that she has not yet seen a score of years.' Her father placed me by her side. I was curious to look into this phenomenon. The fire of a mind lit up by genius, flashed from a beautiful hazel eye, whose long sweeping lashes occasionally curtaining its blaze, relieved those whose weaker powers shrunk from the overpowering influence of its expression. A deep-spreading vermillion dyed her cheek, and was for ever receiving and returning the influx of bloom, which acute and generous feelings produced.

"A man of forty, as I then was, thought I had to encounter little more than a child on the field of controversy, and that she must accordingly be impressed with the dignity of my years. But I was as much astonished when she unfolded to my view, as her opponent had been routed when in argument with her. The girlish levity, blushing modesty, fantastic air, and playful manner, all disappeared when with a graceful dignity, she bent reply to my advance toward a mental acquaintance. We soon got into mind. With women of cultivation, there is no difficulty, no difference, in an intellectual intercourse with them, save that delicate sentiment that will ever mingle with the feelings of a man in the interchange of thought with his softer species. I pity the man who says he has no conversation for women. He can have no notion of such delight—no idea of his own loss. He must either be incapable of feeling the charm to be derived from their polishing converse, or unfurnished with the requisite qualifications, to enable him to sustain a position so essential to his character as a gentleman.

"I found Miss Maitland could adorn or unadorn—be profound or simple, adapting

her mind to the capacity with which she was in conjunction, as she dressed her person for her company, the weather, or amusements of which she partook. I started all subjects, more from curiosity than intent to entangle her, still she was fluent, strong, and invincible. The classic authors were evidently her delight, and every passage appeared familiar to her memory. The historic page supplied her with that variety of character, which afforded scope for the exercise of her exuberant fancy, wit and talents. An ingenuous mind naturally expands, when it feels a genial influence and congenial spirit, and an unsophisticated heart is incapable of disguising its feelings. So I found it with my blooming disputant. I soon read her lofty soul, strong understanding, and generous heart. I touched upon chords that vibrated with the tenderest sensations, and awoke every sentiment of humanity. I excited the striking energies of her mind, and the virtues that adorned her blazed into radiance. But I am so accustomed to indulgence in this heart-cherished theme, that I forget I am addressing myself to auditors, who cannot enter into my devoted feelings."

"Would to Heaven, sir, that you *had*

forgot we are your auditors!" exclaimed lord Bradport, "if, by the reminiscence, we are to be deprived of the pleasure you are conferring upon us."—"O, cease not, dear sir," said Mountford; "I am eagerly anticipating the disquisition and arguments of your all-subduing controvertist." —"That would be no possible anticipation—" returned the doctor, solemnly; "the language may be recorded, but how shall I attempt to transmit the fire—look—smile—captivating manner—that accompanied the words of Maitland's daughter? She was imbued with sentiments which, as I perceived they were derived from her father, it might have been considered insult to her filial affection to attack. I marked this. During our first acquaintance of mind, I scrutinized every word, and vigilantly observed every emotion that unfolded a being who, from the moment I beheld her, impressed me with the persuasion, that she was destined to cast the die of my future life, and reign with unbounded influence over my affections. I manœuvred to draw her out; she was still more charming—I opposed her purposely; she became more power-

ful. My malice did not end there: a creature I calculated, so ardent, generous, full of fire must be irritable; I was egregiously mistaken. I smiled at her sentimentality; I endeavoured to subvert her general positions; I assaulted vigorously her favourite historic characters; I artfully laboured to place in a depreciating point of view the splendid virtues that magnified them; with a sort of Machiavelian subtlety, I went about to twist the virtues she contended for into vices, or as originating in weaknesses that deserved no better nomenclature. To what purpose? With the sweetness of an angel, whose celestial temper defies the leagued powers of earthly malice, she smiled eminently superior to my artifice.

'I regret,' she said, in a rallying tone, 'that I cannot compliment the celebrated Dr. Clinton on any faculty for dissembling well—to *me* the trap was too palpable though so well covered with the flowers of rhetoric.'—'I hope Miss Maitland is equally penetrative to the motive that induced him to play the dissembler—' I replied; 'we all have our politics.'

'My father is no politician.'

'Am I not to consider Dr. Maitland and his daughter two distinct persons?'

'Distinct bodies but not *souls:* as I have not one of my own, I have always recourse to my father's.'—'You have given me a *clew*, Miss Maitland, which, should I happen to get into a labyrinth, may enable me to extricate myself.'

'Trust not to it however,' she returned laughingly, 'I must give you to know, that if I have no soul, I have a *will* of my own.' Gallantry of compliment was the sport of Euphemia, and it was evident she was accustomed to it.

"We had been canvassing the characters of a few of the most conspicuous princes from profane history, and the conquering son of Philip had last employed the subduing oratory of my disputant, who had substituted the surname of *mad* for that of *great*, as more applicable in her opinion, to the extravagance of his genius and insatiable ambition.

'You have been frugal, Miss Maitland, in adjudging the distinction of *great* to the heroes you have passed in review before us, suppose we turn to our own history?'

'Ay, there we shall find where it is incontestibly deserved. I have ever consi-

dered, Dr. Clinton, that no man can be truly great who is not eminently virtuous. Brilliant talents and heroic deeds, may astonish and excite the admiration of mankind; the former have been possessed, and the latter achieved by tyrants, who are a disgrace to the annals of humanity. But for that glorious combination of all that is good, wise, enterprising and magnanimous, are we not to acknowledge it in that dawning luminary who broke through the dense clouds of ignorance and barbarism, and threw his splendid light on the dark, illiterate ages of our island? To you, Dr. Clinton, it would be unnecessary to expatiate on the character of a monarch so universally admired as Alfred. The general suffrage of mankind has erected him the wisest legislator, most sagacious general, most learned, accomplished, and illustrious prince, that ever shed radiance on the throne of England; and when I look back to the remote age in which he shone, my breast glows with admiration; such only as this immortal monarch! are truly great.'

"I smiled.

'You smile,' she said archly, 'because you have nothing to bring against my fault-

less or rather perfect prince.'—'I am sorry for it,' I replied, 'I would wish to oppose you.'

'Then I will deprive you of your malicious sport, by just touching upon such another, had he lived to adorn the throne. Compounding for the difference of the ages in which they lived, Edward surnamed the Black Prince, is most approximate to the renowned Saxon, in the perfectability of their natures as finite beings. I worship in this prince, the personification of every virtue. Deeply imbued with the military spirit of the times, crowned with conquests, covered with glory, brilliant in every accomplishment, lovely in every youthful grace, yet with the humility of the *conquered*, he stood behind the chair of captive majesty and rode by his side, paying him every honour, and as our excellent historian observes—"In this situation, more glorious than all the insolent parade of a Roman triumph." Amiable, incomparable, beloved hero! thy name will gild the annals of England, while time transmits them to posterity.'

'Amiable, incomparable, beloved Miss Maitland!' thought I, '*thy* name will be ever dear and thy image imprinted on the

heart of Clinton—' I determined upon a few more characters, that I shrewdly selected and anticipated would call forth the singular powers of her mind.—' Every age, Miss Maitland, requires a monarch suitable to the genius of the times, and calculated by nature and sound policy, for the exigence and urgency of circumstance: and he is best entitled to be termed *great* who shall with wisdom boldly adopt the measures necessary to the accomplishment of the great end of his administration, which he knows to be the prosperity and happiness of his people.'

' Admitted,' replied Miss Maitland.

' What say you then, to that active enterprising monarch, whose mighty talents were exerted to oppose and throw off the debasing papal yoke, and who was the means of bringing about that happy reformation in religion, which dawned upon our island?'

' The *means* I grant; but what say you, Dr. Clinton, to the *motive?* I detest tyranny in any form or modification, and the mention of Henry the Eighth—freezes me with horror. There can be no abatement of censure for the vices and crimes of Henry. No monarch ever ascended the throne under

happier auspices; and there were every reason to expect a reign of distinguished splendour and felicity. Endowed with talents and capacities, they might have conduced to the glory of the nation, happiness of his subjects, and disseminating benefit of mankind. But he was a tyrant by nature, the slave of passions debasing to man—and his measures resulted more from the dictate of those passions, than a steady attention to the general good. As to his being the medium through which the blessed works of Luther found their way to our island, is somewhat curious: we see him at one time exerting his polemic ingenuity, to confute the writings and oppose the progress of that indefatigable labourer, in the work of reformation. But vanity was no inconsiderable feature in the character of Henry Tudor, and I hesitate not to say that its influence swayed him more in the display of his scholastic weapons, than the cause of religion and the interest he took in the eternal salvation of his subjects. It is still more remarkable, that we find the pope speaking of his treatise on the seven sacraments, as if dictated by immediate inspiration: and as a testimony of the gratitude of the church for his extraordinary zeal, he receives the

appellation of *defender of the faith.* Passion of a degrading nature, produces a revolution in the theological principles of this *strenuous* advocate of the faith: and because his former ally and admirer the pope, refuses him a bull of dispensation to throw from his arms a virtuous and faithful wife, his ungovernable passions ill brooking opposition, burst in a storm against the Vatican, and defied the supremacy of that vicar whom he had before supported by his polemic wrangling: and as to the *integrity* of his character, either as a monarch or man, what can justify that temporizing duplicity, which he carried on between the candid unsuspecting Francis of France, and his more crafty adversary Charles the Emperor?'

'Subtlety in politics, Miss Maitland, is allowed to prove the wisdom and is considered as defensible in the politician, as stratagem in the general.'

'Nothing can justify either but the magnitude of the necessity.'

'The balance of power, Miss Maitland, was to be considered.'

'The balance of *honour*, Dr. Clinton, ought to have prevailed. But if you mean to teach me it is a scion that grows not

with kings, statesmen and generals, I must turn to the poor outlaw—honour has been found in the breast of a bandit. Now reverend sir,' she sportively said, while a lambent flame was vivid in her eyes, 'have you any thing more to urge in illustration of this *moderate* monarch of *six-wived* memory?'

'Come, come, my merciless hypercritic, you must admit that he was generous, munificent, splendid.'

'True, I have certainly overlooked the *splendid* part of the business, *the field of the cloth of gold* justly merits particular detail, in the memoir of his *munificence.* Vanity and woman I believe, are considered terms synonymous. How much then must we be astonished, to find this female failing forming an active part of the character of one of those five illustrious monarchs, who constituted the constellation of the sixteenth century. Two of those suns meet—what to do? not to illicit what was to be for the general benefit of mankind, nor for the particular welfare of their nations, nor for the mutual advantage of Christendom, but to perform feats of chivalry, tilt and tournament, and by an emulative display of grandeur, try who should rival each other in profusion and expence: truly worthy of oc-

cupying the minds of the regal rulers of two great nations. On the part of the English monarch, the most contemptible vanity was manifest. The potentates! conclude their fete by *wrestling*. The *puissant* Henry like a ruffian seizes by the collar and endeavours to trip up the heels of his brother-king! and the magnanimous Francis in return for the honour done him, dexterously prostrates on the earth—the after defender of the faith.'

"I attempted to reply but could only laugh: she continued.

'Had the consecrated ashes of the magnanimous Alfred been resuscitated, and he had raised his illustrious head from the bed of death, what would not have been his astonishment to view the *gambols* of the kings, and the *recumbent* position of his successor.'

"At the conceit of the prostrate monarch, the native humour of Euphemia breaking forth, she laughed unreservedly.—'I hope you are not done with your portrait, Miss Maitland?'

'I shall just add a few more tints,' she replied, 'to finish the piece. What can be alleged for his *conscience* suddenly awaking

after *a sound sleep of twenty years*, to reproach him for having espoused the betrothed wife of his brother? why, it was awoke by the beautiful Ann Bullen! and *then* his conscience its own casuist, accommodatingly whispered you are tired of Catherine, she is old—get rid of her upon the plea of unlawful wedlock. The ill-starred beauty is then elevated to a throne. Unfortunate, volatile but guiltless Anna! few were the years the diadem glittered on thy beauteous head, ere he who had been thy *slave* became thy murderer—and hurried thee to the block!

'Another occupies her place in the passions of the tyrant; and it is no unfair inference that the visitation of Providence saved from the scaffold poor Jane Seymour. Luckily for the princess of Cleves, her *dimensions* did not tally to the taste of the depraved monarch; and as honour, principle, had no share in his female contracts, the poor *Flanders mare* was rejected with disgust, and it is presumed, thanked the Author of all mercies for her escape from such a destiny. The former obliquities of the unhappy Howard, though previously known to him, were the plea to doom *her* to death, and the prudent, patient, pene-

trating Catherine Parr, eluded his premeditated cruelty, and survived her tyrant. Now, Dr. Clinton, my picture is finished—have you any thing to throw over it that can possibly lighten its dark colouring?'

'If I had I would with gratitude, because it has afforded me still more reason to respect the judgment and revere the sentiments of Miss Maitland.'

"I was not yet willing to bring to a close a discussion which unlocked the rich mind, and disclosed the amiable qualities of heart, that so peculiarly distinguished this admirable creature.

'We will leave Harry,' said I, 'and look a little into the reigns of his daughters. One of them the female world may be proud to boast, swayed the sceptre of England with wisdom and talents seldom equalled, for the happy effects of her administration. The progress of knowledge and polite literature; the introduction of many of the arts and the successful cultivation of commerce; splendid superiority in the naval department; the glory of the throne and the national prosperity, flourished and by a happy conjunction, distinguished the reign of this illustrious princess.

'Instead of being *proud to boast* as an

individual of the sex, I blush when compelled to acknowledge she was woman! I am aware, Dr. Clinton,' she archly said, 'that you *design* to entangle me in the errors of my own judgment, or perhaps to draw from me my opinions of the most illustrious of mankind, with the view to elicit sentiments that more closely belong to myself. You shall not be disappointed. I have ever been accustomed to speak with independence, what has been taught me from early reason, the genuine dictates of justice, humanity, truth and virtue.

'When I read the lives of those monsters whose actions stain the annals of nations, who have glutted themselves in the blood of their kind, I ask myself, did the supreme wisdom of the unerring Ruler, the merciful Father of all! intend that one of his creatures perhaps as weak as vicious, should, as his brutal passions dictated, or his gloomy superstition and tyranny inclined, doom to death with impunity his fellow-man? my reason answers no—I disallow it.

'It is I believe the received opinion with many, that the diseases of the body are hereditary, why not then those of the

mind? they are equally inimical to *fact* if we invariably adopt the hypothesis.'

"I felt strongly inclined to involve her in speculative disquisition, but I was still unwilling that she should give up her portraits, and deprive me of my intellectual feast.

'If then,' she continued, 'we may proceed upon hereditary vices, Henry Tudor I should say, handed down his passions, deplorable weaknesses, and ferocious tyranny, to his daughters. From a severe principle of justice, the laws of Draco the Athenian, were said to be written with blood: truly may it be asserted, that the annals of Mary's reign were perpetuated with horror to posterity, and dyed in the blood of her persecuted subjects. Paradoxically speaking, little can be said and not too much. She was a gloomy bigot and monster of fanatic zeal. I shudder, nay, when I reflect upon it, I work my feelings up to incredibility, and cannot admit that such cruelties were committed in the name of woman!

'It was not enough that her unhuman agents glutted themselves with the unsparing commission of their insatiable tyrant, but she must *exhort* them to pursue the *pious* work without pity or interruption.

O God! merciful and mild in *thy* exactions! in thy blessed name were the creatures of thy wonderful creation destroyed with inexpressible tortures, by this fiendish frenzy. Folly, no less remarkable than cruelty, rendered odious this reign of blood. Not content with consuming by fire the living, vengeance and persecution extended to the dead! From their graves where they had mouldered in peace for years, they were cited with all due formality to *appear* and *answer* to the points of their faith. But let me get rid of this register of fanaticism, proscription and demoniac cruelty: my honest feelings ever accustomed to paternal indulgence, are too apt, on such topics, to carry me off: but having no such claim upon the forbearance of Dr. Clinton, it is full time I should take off the tax I have levied upon his patience.'

'Do not take off the tax I entreat you, Miss Maitland, for believe me I never paid one with such pleasure—let us throw the veil of oblivion over this dark picture of times I trust, gone by for ever, and look into the auspicious reign of her successor. I am inclined to think you will allow, that few nations in their progress in political wisdom, power and prosperity, ever made

more rapid strides than England during the administration of Elizabeth.'

'I agree with you, Dr. Clinton, but who laid the foundation of her glory? a foundation so securely laid that even the enormous proceedings of his son, however much he injured could not shake the fabric; was it not her grandfather? There indeed, was a reign of wisdom and justice, prudence and principle, clemency and glory, without that dangerous splendour which misleads more than it benefits mankind.

'Much stress has been laid upon the wisdom of this *paragon* of female monarchs; but what conduced more effectually to the success of her governance, was the native vigour and genius of the people, which burst forth at this time. Subtle, cautious, dissembling, learned, she began her reign. The sanguinary measures of her gloomy predecessor, paved the way for her making a favourable impression on the people, by their contrasting her *specious* virtues with the unrelenting bigotry of her morose and fanatic sister. Her policy taught her to court the love of the people, while her pride and tyranny were amply exercised over her courtiers. She was a very Machiavel. She could court and threaten, flatter and up-

braid, dissemble and play the hypocrite, gloss the follies of her people, and descend to blandishment, to ingratiate herself into their affection. I own, if any thing can possibly dispose me to think favourably of her heart, it is in her choice of that class, which she subjected to her tyranny. *No class* of a state ought to be oppressed, but if the evil of oppression *must* exist, let it fall upon that portion of the community best able to bear it, the opulent, powerful, voluptuous; and not the poor, humble, labouring orders of mankind, cut off from all the enjoyments so lavishly partaken of by the favourites of fortune.'

"She paused.—'Pray do not leave unfinished in *your* colouring, a portrait that for ages has excited the admiration of the political world.'

'Then I will strip it of its embellishments, and see whether like beauty in the poet's fancy, it will appear most adorned when *unadorned*. We find this prodigy of learning addressing the universities of Cambridge and Oxford, in Latin speech. Let us view her in another light, for she was endowed with a wonderful talent for versatile character, and we shall see this most august, wise and formidable sove-

reign, mingling in the gallantries of her court, and in a romantic strain well worthy of being the damsel of a chivalric knight, playing the coquette, and melting in all the *purity* of Platonic sentiment, or rather in all the heated affections of youth, certainly the unnatural inmates of the bosom of age, and absorpt profound political wisdom. But jealousy, envy, rivalry, and her extravagant, indecent attachments, proved her capable of all the weaknesses of the most weak of her sex.'

'There is something to be compounded for the prevalent custom or reigning taste of every age, Miss Maitland; gallantry was then the fashion of the times, and in those matters a sort of romantic spirit tinctured the nation.'

"Euphemia looked steadfastly at me.

'At what time was folly ever respectable?' she asked.—'Certainly when practised by kings and queens,' I returned.

'I like your answer,' she gaily said, 'as you could not find a period, you found *persons*; there is humour in that, doctor.'

'That Miss Maitland should like any thing involving the association of himself—must be a solid, lasting pleasure to Dr. Clinton—'

"She acknowledged my compliment by a deep blush—hearty laugh, and finally by replying to it.

'I thought literary men never stooped to those unmeaning flatteries generally paid to women: they are below the dignity of wisdom and talents, and are what we expect only from those of your sex who in point of intellect, are on a parallel with the weak of ours. How happens it then, that the supremely wise, deeply learned, highly gifted Dr. Clinton, should forget himself thus?'

'It is Miss Maitland's sin—' I retorted; 'I cannot help myself—the wisdom, learning and gifts, with which she so liberally endows me, she annihilates by the lightning of her eyes, and the overwhelming torrent of her mind.'

"She gave way to a fantastic fit of laughter. I had learned to touch some of the fine chords on which hung her most inveterate opinions. I was too much captivated with a heart that I found was unboundedly benevolent, and the charms of a mind of the rarest excellence, to be yet disposed to rise from this banquet of the soul. Subtilely I drew her on to the point at which I aimed. 'We have yet to discuss

the character of your queen Mary: infidelity of conjugal virtue and the murder of her husband, are heavy charges, what think you, Miss Maitland?'

'That Miss Maitland is as guilty of these charges as was her unfortunate queen: if Dr. Clinton can admit the possibility in the one case, I will no less readily subscribe to the human probability of the other.'

'This is indeed coming Machiavelian over me. Miss Maitland is a being who, from physical antipathy is infallible in herself—not less securely so, than when there exists no possibility from the nature of circumstance, of her fallibility. I must conclude then, that in a commensurate degree to the *impossibility* of these crimes having been committed by Miss Maitland, she has decided against the probability and is firm in her belief, that they were never committed by her queen.'

'Your conclusion does me justice; it is the conviction of my judgment unprejudiced; but Dr. Clinton,' she said, laying her hand upon my arm, 'be cautious how you touch upon this subject with my beloved father—it is perhaps the only one that tries his temper when opposed, or at least excites to irritation his finest feelings:

and so much is her innocence with him, a matter of truth and principle, that it is deeply rooted with his reason and entwined with the thousand virtues of his heart!'

"Had there been yet a possibility left me to escape from the chains of his daughter, her filial tenderness destroyed it in the caution she gave me.

'In point of genius, learning, transcendent talents, benevolence of character and every virtue of humanity, I esteem Dr. Maitland as the most illustrious of men: but my charming friend, in his strong attachment to the cause of Mary, will you not admit that prejudice may have found its way even into *his* liberal capacious mind?'

'I admit that it has not only found its way into, but taken deep root—for, I am acquainted with no mind so capable of giving vigorous existence to prejudice as my father's, if prejudice consists in a stubborn adherence to the love of truth, and an undiminishable detestation of every species of falsehood.'

'Several historians of credit and those of the highest eminence of your own country, have concurred in opinion, that Mary was guilty of the crimes imputed to her.'

'Opinion is a thing, Dr. Clinton, so

arising out of education, established by circumstance, and governed by feelings good or bad, that no person of reason and moral virtue would suffer themselves to be biassed by it. But truth and fact are immutable things that send back innoxious the arrows of falsehood, and defy the attacks and influence of party spirit. You then, Dr. Clinton, as a man of reason, judgment, and sound principle, can have no doubts weighing against the innocence of that persecuted, slandered, murdered princess!'

'If I have, Miss Maitland, your own historians, Buchanan, Robertson, Hume and others, have done their best to strengthen them.'

'With all due submission to the profound wisdom of Dr. Clinton, permit me to contest, it is impossible to strengthen error; it weakens daily from its own principle. Buchanan as the writer of concerted calumny and the servile instrument of supporting the forgeries of her villainous persecutors, will ever be detested by all lovers of truth. Dr. Robertson, though possessing all the requisite qualifications of an elegant historian, is frequently destitute of those still more valuable, impartiality, and the independent *freedom* of truth: but as principal

of his university and the *appointed* historiographer of his country, I ought to make perhaps, some allowance for him, though I can hardly think the doctor will thank me for the mean abatement in his favour. Even the more liberal Hume is scarcely less contemptible in his pertinacious adherence to their bad cause, and supports it with more vehemence of spirit, than strength of reasoning. You smile, Dr. Clinton, well, lest you should tire, turn your eye to the fair side of the field. Behold Goodall comes forward the soldier of truth, determined to break through the phalanx of falsehood, dauntless of difficulty and the inveteracy of party. He gains his ground, clears it of the rank weeds of calumny that had been long suffered to over-run it, and opens that fair theatre for his successors which throws immortal honour on his memory.

'From some occult cause, known alone to the Great Cause of all, truth is often slow in its progress but sure in its operations. The traitors, the slanderers of this amiable princess, who raised a monument of obloquy as they imagined, to their guiltless queen, have only perpetuated their own infamy: and while on their side accumu-

lating disgrace of more than two hundred years blackens the pile, clear and clearer, fair and fairer, bright and brighter is still becoming *that* on which is engraven in immaculate characters Mary Stuart! and long ere the third century closes in in the annals of those deeds, the phœnix of her innocence beautiful in all her virtues, will rise from her memory triumphantly bright!*

'But the work of exculpation and recrimination is already done. The general, when he quitted his well-fought field, left his glorious weapons to his followers, to perpetuate the victory he had so honourably gained. Tytler advances next. In all the strength of talents and with the light of truth, he drives from the field all who in the imbecility of prejudice and adherence to the old school of falsehood, vainly encounter him. Dr. Stuart steps forth a champion truly worthy of so honourable a cause. He challenges the principal to open combat, to recant or justify the calumnies thrown out against his injured queen. But the principal was too prudent to meet upon

* Here the sagacity of Miss Maitland appears to breathe the spirit of prophecy. No doubt, as so zealous an admirer of the Scottish queen, she would have been highly gratified with the admirable, successful, and much-approved publication of the modern champion of slandered majesty, Mr. Chalmers.

such uneven ground, so spirited a combatant, and like children playing at hide and seek, judges his safety lies in his silence. Herein Dr. Stuart, well worthy of her royal name, comes off her victorious knight, and proves he possesses all that *chivalric* as well as historic gallantry, of which the brutal nobles who surrounded her were totally destitute. So much for the champions of her own country, but though her most malignant and deadly foe lay there, I shall ever revere England for the sake of a Whitaker. He, I believe, is the first, and must ever be the foremost of her English defenders. This is a plume in the triumph of innocence over falsehood, that now proudly waves in all the conscious glory of truth, over the sacred ashes of Mary Stuart!'

'Beauty will excite an interest even in the savage breast; virtue will ever be revered by the virtuous; is it not strange then, Miss Maitland, that *your* queen so beautiful, *so virtuous*, should have been persecuted from all quarters, without regard to *her* beauty and virtue? how do you particularly account for her unparalleled misfortunes, if they originated not in her *crimes*?'

'Her champions have so irrefutably pro-

ved that they originated in the diabolic crimes of others, that Dr. Clinton cannot reasonably expect or require any elucidation from me, upon the subject.'—'The sentiments of Miss Maitland would do more toward my conversion, than all the champions put together.'

'I am afraid there will be little due to me in gaining you as *my* proselyte,' she said with an arch smile, 'for I have *shrewdly* perceived the work was before done. However, as you may meet with many who *will* not or cannot understand the eccentricities of your humour, nor see through the *subtilties* of your *policy* as I have done, promise me to give up the joke of going over to the enemy in the *disguise* of their own colours: because the illiberal and contumacious adherents of error, would be too proud, too apt to boast of such an auxiliar, as the illustrious Dr. Clinton.'

"She sportively laughed, again was serious, soon became elevated, and glowingly animated in her advocation of Mary.

'If the destiny of a creature born in one planet, can possibly be influenced by the configuration of others, we might clothe ourselves in the occult garb of astrology,

and pronounce that dire and portentous, and baneful and baleful, was the horoscope that presided at the birth, and ushered into this mortal life—Mary Stuart queen of Scots! but reason and reflection serve our purpose better. It was the fate or fortune of this admirable woman to be born to sovereignty. It was a source of after-troubles to her, not to have been educated in the country which she was destined to rule. It was the foundation-stone of her misfortunes, to have a brother allied to her by blood, but for ever distanced by reproachful birth and perfidy of character. Ambition marked this daring rebel for his own, and gave him all the flagitious requisites to enable him to mount the steep, and attain the pinnacle of that power at which he aimed. Vigorous in mind, but more in art than intellect, his genius consisted in a sagacity, that was ever provided in expedients for the exigence of circumstance. Cunning and reserved in his politics, the most cunning of his coadjutors were but the instruments of his more subtile villainy. It was also no inconsiderable infelicity in the life of this celebrated princess, that she was in person incomparably beautiful, and in intellectual excellence, ex-

traordinarily endowed. Nature and fortune indeed, seem to have quarrelled about her and to wage an implacable war. They were her good and evil genii who never left her, the latter pursuing her with unrelenting malice, while the former to be revenged on her vindicative adversary, impoverished all womankind to enrich her paragon, and proudly exhibited on her lofty pedestal, the Scottish queen!

'Thus, this bright Venus in splendid beauty from her northern horizon, excited the envy of her sister-queen. Educated in, and accustomed to the polish of the most civilized court in Europe, her fated stars suddenly reversed the scene. Seated on her father's throne, she found herself surrounded by haughty and savage nobles; menaced by a bigotted clergy, headed by their audacious leader John Knox; the terrors of popery put a scourge into the hands of this barbarous reformer, and the bastard Murray waved his rebel-banners as the signal for the insurrection of her complotting lords. Thus, they who had stained their hands in the blood of the accomplished Rizzio, whose only crime was incorruptible fidelity to his royal mistress, were ready to

imbrue them in that of the weak consort, whom they had armed as their tool.

'It is now the province of justice to mark in the letters, the slender foundation for crimination, even if they *had* come from the pen of Mary: but as they have been proved to be forgeries to the utter defeat of all her calumniators, it must ever rest a stigma on the historians of her reign, that they were suffered to remain so long undetected. Can the reasonable mind for a moment suppose, that those wretched fabrications could come from the pen of the most accomplished princess in the known world? "Letters," as Whitaker humorously observes, "were in some measure letters from the *moon*. They partook of the qualities of their native planet. They presented different *phases* at different times. And they successively *increased* and *diminished* in their sizes." Letters planned by the deep, reserved, subtle, and villainous policy of a Murray, and executed by his crafty and ever ingenious instrument Lethington. The same letters appearing in different languages, though still asserted to be the *originals;* sometimes without subscriptions, superscriptions, dates; at other times all these omissions accurately supplied, as

it suited the fluctuant forms of treachery. Is it not insult to reason and judgment, Dr. Clinton, to expect credence?'

'Many, Miss Maitland, highly distinguished for both, have not hesitated to give full belief to the guilt of Mary.'

'With *such* fallacious must be the reasoning and *bad* the heart.' I could not refrain from laughing; but Euphemia, with the sweetness of an angel, smiled my pardon, and proceeded.

'These specimens of rebel-villainy were sent for her *private* inspection, to England's queen. It has been made manifest they were too well approved of, and the treasonable cause of Murray eagerly embraced. The resignation of her crown required, or threatened by her ferocious lords with death —the young and persecuted Mary, lured by the treacherous promises of that perfidious woman, fled to her for protection. The fatal die was then cast—and her sun of freedom and royalty sunk under its horizon, never more to rise!

'If crime can *ever* admit of any extenuation, it can only be in comparing the motives that induced to the guilt, and the poor abatement must be in favour of Murray. He wanted a crown to which he had

no right but it had been his father's. What did Elizabeth want? To erase if she could, by the death of Mary, the deep impressions of admiration, which her exquisite beauty and mental accomplishments, had made upon the incorruptible nobles of three courts: to destroy effectually all comparisons which, reigning in the same island, were sure to be drawn between them; and to pluck from its rightful horizon, the fair star that so completely eclipsed her own malignant orb. Thus she who has been celebrated for her uncommon acquirements, profound wisdom, the vast, comprehensive, extraordinary powers of her deep politic, sagacious mind, sunk under the overpowering idea, that she was surpassed in beauty by the queen of Scots! such was the despicable junction of her reputed *masculine* superiority, with all the vanity, folly, and malicious rivalry, of the most inferior of her sex.

'On her mock tribunal, this *equitable* judge prevented her royal prisoner from defending herself against the forged letters, by refusing her the sight of them, and abruptly closing the false inquisition.—"Yet," says Whitaker, "she pronounced the eulogium of her innocence, and in less than three years afterwards published those very *let-*

ters, in order to eclipse her character for ever." But perfidy and Elizabeth were synonymous. She intrigued with the daring usurper Murray, supplied him with money, encouraged him with her approbation, and screened him in all his villainies. Lethington, Morton and Bothwell, were the instruments in the hand of their more subtle leader, to perpetrate the murder of his former tool, the weak, contemptible, and criminal Darnly; and they in their turn were to be the victims of their own crimes and of his dark and deeper policy: while the winding up of the iniquitous proceedings of this pandemonium-council, was to throw the regicide of the wayward king, upon their guiltless sovereign, and ultimately to close the piece with her destruction!

'I am astonished that even the virulence of *party*, should have ever given credence to such self-destroying evidence and palpable forgery. When occupied with the subject, my mind continually reverts to one question; how dared this tyrant in politics as well as private character, arraign a queen of Scotland, before a tribunal of English nobles?—"I blush," says her excellent vindicator, "as an Englishman to think it was an English queen who could do this:" and

I blush, as one of her posterior subjects, to think it was suffered—and still deeper is the glow of indignation on my cheek, when I reflect that her pusillanimous son permitted his injured, outraged, royal mother, to remain in the bondage of her illegal gaoler, and that the unprecedented death of that mother, by whom alone he possessed his realms, was not retorted with tenfold vengeance upon the head of her murderous tyrant.

'You smile, Dr. Clinton, I am aware, at the *impotence* of my wrath, the *prejudice* of my education, and perhaps at the *independence* of my opinions: but I learned them in the independent and honourable school of *my* father. I shall conclude my rooted conviction of the innocence of Mary Stuart —with the few but emphatic words of Whitaker.—"She was a heroine in prison. And even when she bowed her head under the axe of Elizabeth, she appeared with all the look and lustre of majesty; while her tyrannical cousin was trembling on her throne of blood."

'Now, doctor, pray throw off your *disguise*, and confess, as a *gallant* as well as unprejudiced Englishman, that you are an

admirer as well as defender of my Scottish queen.'

'I admire her because Miss Maitland admires her; and as *she* pronounces the verdict INNOCENT, I will echo it throughout the world.'

'Thank you, doctor, but that will not do; you must new-model your speech; I will dispense with your gallantry myself, so as that you offer up your incense on the altar of my beauteous queen! you must profess to admire Mary Stuart for that which was so admirable in herself; and pronounce her acquittal at the bar of justice, from a strict conviction of her innocence: consequently, in every ingenuous mind, her cause will become a matter of conscience from the love of moral and historical truth.'

'I have ever admired her, so much for that rare assemblage of strong intellectual endowment, feminine accomplishment, with every grace and beauty of person and heart, that I could form no analogy in perfection to her, in any of her sex, till I met with Miss Maitland—and if any thing can add to the interest I have always taken in the vindication of that most admirable unfortunate princess! it must be occasioned by my

admiration of the just sentiments of her charming defender.'

'*Now* indeed,' she exclaimed, in a voice audible to most of the company, and with a triumphant air, 'the slanderous cloud that for two hundred years vainly essayed to tarnish the purity and obscure the brightness of the most amiable and highly-gifted princess the world has yet seen, is dispersed for ever—surely if all men loved truth and principle, and detested falsehood like her literary champions, if all men had the independent spirit, justice, benevolence of a Maitland! of a Clinton—Mary Stuart would have never had a slanderer.'

"As she concluded, my eyes encountered those of Miss Maitland. The celestial fire that lit them up entered my frame. My soul, by an indescribable sympathy I felt, was united to hers forever! and as I rose from my mental feast, the last sigh from my heart of its expiring freedom—gave an aspen emotion to the feathers which gracefully waved in the hat of Euphemia! such is the enchantment effected by the converse of cultivated amiable women.

'Mary Stuart—' caught the ear of her father. 'Mary Stuart—' like the electric contact ran through the drawing-room.

Every countenance received additional animation, and the apartment itself seemed freshly lit up.

'My illustrious friend,' cried Dr. Maitland, 'I shrewdly suspect, by attacking one of the most stubbornly favoured tenets in her historical creed, you thought to try the temper of my Euphemia: but your defeat must have convinced you that it is as impossible to ruffle the benevolence of her heart, as it is to impose on her judgment and penetration. Take my word for it, she would neither have sat so long, nor spoken so much, nor admired Dr. Clinton as she does, had she not at the outset perceived that he was the *friend* of her beautiful queen.'

"I was now encompassed by the doctor and his literary friends. My fair opponent mingled among the youthful group, of whom she was the spirit and the charm: but her voice still sounded in my ear, and every sentence she had uttered from the commencement of our disquisition, were engraven on my heart! You may hesitate to give it credit, as conceiving it impossible that I should orally preserve so perfectly the language as well as sentiments of Miss Maitland. But they were too singularly

charming to be erased, too anomalously superior to suffer me to lose in remembrance, a single expression or position. Love! I found, was her amanuensis, and the characters he then so accurately and deeply traced, can only be destroyed when he on whom they were impressed, shall exist no more!"

"Ah! there it is, sir," cried Bradport, "is not love the most irresistible impulse in the human breast—which no caution can avert, nor reasoning annihilate?"

"True my lord," returned the doctor, "but it loses its celestial essence when suffered to run wild; virtue must cultivate it, and reason govern it." Our brothers sighed—and soliciting for the continuation of a narrative that so highly interested them, the vicar proceeded.

CHAP. V.

"I STAID in Edinburgh six weeks. I found it impossible to escape sooner, from the winning kindness, elegant courtesy, and enlivening intelligence of this learned philosophic people. During the time, I spent

many hours of every day, at the house of Dr. Maitland, and dined with him at those public and private parties of distinguished characters, where this ingenious man ever presided the soul and enjoyment of the company. His profound erudition, acute wit, brilliant fancy, sent their coruscant lightning round the table, and seemed to electrify even the most phlegmatic present. Every hour increased my admiration of his talents and esteem for the unbounded benevolence of his heart. In one point Dr. Maitland was *incorrigible.* He never could be cautioned by being convinced that villainy but too widely prevailed, or in the particular instance existed, till too late. Generous, excellent man! too often his unsuspecting humane nature, listened with a ready ear to the tale of *fictitious* misery, or was practised upon by the artful villain, alive to his ever-willing disposition to succour the distressed.

" Had I wished to escape from the chains with which his captivating daughter fettered me, it was impossible. Strangers and foreigners from the different colleges in Europe, as the magnet of learning and genius, congregated around him, and Dr. Maitland could not exist without the constant attend-

ance of Euphemia. Nay, like a sun attended by his satellites, the doctor moved not without his wife and children; they were the stimulii of his soul that gave vigour to his energies, and gladness to his heart: he thought, wrote, read, reasoned best, when his amiable wife and numerous family fleeted about him. Consequently, in the company of her father I seldom failed to find Miss Maitland. How then could I defend myself against the irresistibility, she so powerfully possessed? I saw her in a thousand enchanting points of view. At one time in her filial character the mental companion of learning, and committing to paper as he traversed his study, the Latin effusions of her parent. At others, I beheld her soothing and sharing the anxieties of a mother in delicate health, and caressing, attending to the wants, and hanging over the sick-beds of her brothers and sisters. She flew to her friends when sorrow or malady assailed them, and the voice of Euphemia like an administering angel! never failed to assuage the pangs of bodily or mental suffering. Her influence over her father was unbounded, and could only be equalled by her unbounded affection for him. Beloved partner of my soul! why should I have been

astonished at thy influence over a fond father, conscious of the treasure he possessed in thee! was I not destined to feel that over thy husband, thy power in full force should live! when thou thyself should be no more?" A sigh issued from the bosom of Mountford, and Bradport's eyes fixed upon the speaker in earnest attention, closed—to disperse the drops that dimmed their vision.

"At the house of Dr. Maitland there existed attraction, from which I found it impossible to fly: but as all his friends alike complained of the magnet, I conceived myself in no particular danger. I had reasoned myself I believed, into the persuasion that a blooming creature only *half* my years, would be security against my falling in love with her. It argues but little knowledge of the heart, for a man to say the time is past or not yet come, to be under the dominion of that powerful sympathy. At no period, can the attachments of the virtuous and cultivated heart, be repelled. Its affections seem physically independent, and to reason only will submit.

"With a penetrating eye I watched Miss Maitland. I concluded, that this extraordinary creature, so angelic in her nature and universally admired, must have en-

gaged the heart of some fortunate man. This, I was anxious to learn, yet afraid to hear. My vigilance was useless, Euphemia treated alike, all who were fascinated around her. In manner she was a coquette, yet in any similitude of character, nothing in nature could be more opposite. Artless, open as day, to the tricks, disguises, and subterfuges of many of her sex, Euphemia was a stranger. Her lofty mind was either totally unacquainted with, or disclaimed all such disingenuous measures. I saw her surrounded by the titled, rich, gay, learned, all admiring, adulating, suing for her preference, but in vain. She argued with the learned, laughed with the gay, was wholly unambitious of rank, and cared not for riches.

"Amid this apparent insensibility then, and twenty years her senior, what hope that I should be preferred, could I reasonably cherish? But in the lottery of wedlock I accounted Euphemia a rich prize, and my happiness was become too deeply at stake to relinquish my object, without pursuing every honourable means to obtain it. But what were the engines I ought to employ to bring over to myself, this bewitching rarity? Educated and moving in a

sphere totally uncommon to the generality of her sex, uncommon measures were requisite, to win the heart of Euphemia. When I admired, complimented her, and talked of love—she blushed, laughed and rallied: 'Love!' she exclaimed, 'from the learned Dr. Clinton! what an anomaly! O philosophy! metaphysics! college abstrusity! where are ye now?' My insinuations that she had inspired me with the sentiment, only excited her wit and the mirthful effusions of her humour.

"To acquire the esteem and approbation of her father, I had early perceived, was the surest pass to the heart of Euphemia. In this, I had the most solid proofs I had succeeded. I told my worthy friend, it was full time and I believed my best policy, to leave him—and that the friendship with which he had so highly honoured me, the flattering courtesy he had procured me, the charm of his society, and the advantages I had derived from an intercourse with his profound learning and talents, had been purchased at a high price—perhaps, the felicity of my future life! I spoke this in a grave tone. The habitual smile of benevolence and good-humour that ever bright-

ened his animated countenance, relaxed, as with a look of concern he viewed me.

'What is the matter, dear doctor?' he inquired. 'I have lost my heart—is it necessary to say, Dr. Maitland, who—has has found it?'

'Yes—because if it is my *wife* I should tell her she had better restore it; it is but justice you should have your heart.'

'Ah, my inestimable friend,' I cried, 'exercise your justice in another way—let her who has had the exclusive power of subduing that heart, keep it—but give me the *thief* who can never return it to me again.'

"The doctor smiled. 'What, my strange girl? she would laugh at you, notwithstanding your being augustly robed in all the grand insignia of your classic learning, profound sapience, mature years, and even holy mission.'

'There it lies, Dr. Maitland, I should have a perpetual feast.'

'Beside Dr. Clinton, you would have a powerful rival to contend with, *one* whom you could never dispossess of the strong hold he has in her affections—' I believe I turned pale, and the doctor's humanity

would not allow him to sport with my feelings.

'*A powerful rival indeed*,' he repeated, laughingly, for he determined to have his jest out, 'you must know, my presumptive competitor, that I am in love with my daughter myself, and would you dare enter the lists with me?'

'Assuredly not my illustrious friend,' I returned, relieved beyond expression, 'you have claims on her heart that must ever precede all others—and happy, infinitely happy, should I be, to share that dearly-prized heart with you.' With the candour which so beautifully illumined the character of that never-to-be-forgotten man—he addressed me in these words.

'You see, Dr. Clinton, I have a large family, and are aware that I have nothing to give them. When I look on my beloved wife and children—when I hear the wants and miseries of my fellow-creatures, and they exceed my means to relieve them, it is then I see the value and regret the want of riches. Notwithstanding my learned friend, I am not anxious to get rid of my daughter! To a rich old doting lord, who offered her a coronet, I refused her. Her noble lover was *only fifty* years

her senior. Twenty revolutions of our earth have not yet passed over the head of Euphemia: was I for the lure of title or trash, to throw my blooming brunette into the arms of frosty age? no, forbid it nature!

'A gay, handsome, empty-headed young soldier, next presented his hand. His purse-proud father conceived I was highly honoured by *his acquiescence* and the *generous* attachment of his son: and Dr. Maitland differing in that point, as well as in many others wherein most men agree, chose to think himself insulted, and spurned at the alliance so little worthy of his treasure! Dr. Clinton, I would rather marry my beloved child to a beggar than a fool!

'The son of a wealthy English baronet, who had sent this cadet to our university for the purpose of graduation, became enamoured in his turn, and stood candidate for her hand. I believe he madly loved her, but what sort of love? not that purified and exalted species of it, for which only my immaculate-minded girl was calculated to be the object: he was a libertine in fact —and I had reason to apprehend in principle too! I rejected his suit: I would sooner see my daughter the wife of a virtuous ploughman, than ascend the bed of

grandeur, where a profligate husband was to share it with her.

'About a twelvemonth ago, a certain professor from one of the *first* universities in Britain—was captivated with the powers of her mind as well as youthful person. This highly respectable man, I justly esteemed for his great learning, moral principles, private virtues, and professional abilities. But fifty years told him had winged their way and left apparently, the traces of *more* than half a century upon his head. To a lovely girl who had not attained the age of nineteen, his person rather unfavoured by nature, could have no charms; and his academic pursuits and scholastic habits, were better calculated to do the highest honour to his university, than steal upon the affections of my sportive coquette. He generously proposed to make her a handsome settlement; and as I honoured his learning and respected his virtues, I could not in justice nor had I a right indeed in my daughter's name, to decline the proposals of the professor. Nay, I considered the match notwithstanding the vast disparity of thirty years so eligible, that I felt it my duty to recommend it to her acceptance. But these are not the days of despotism

Dr. Clinton, nor of mental bondage. Here is no French aristocracy nor barbarous father, pointing to the gloomy cloister, designed to bury alive his weeping victim, if she dares reject to take to her arms, old age, vice or villainy, or deformity, in the tawdry trappings of wealth and grandeur. No, compulsion in these cases, has not with me a name to express the crime. It is a parent's right and duty to advise, reason upon, persuade or dissuade, and prevent his child from rushing into an evil: these are his prerogatives, but they extend no farther. No, *my* daughter is my rightful, reasonable, and reasoning companion, and equally with her father enjoying the full free agency of her mind and affections. My beloved child then, was to decide the fate of her learned lover. She did so.—" I respect his learning, revere his virtues, feel most grateful for the preference with which he so highly honours me, but I cannot love him—therefore my dear father, conscience and delicacy forbid me uniting myself to any man, when the want of affection on my part, would to me, render such an intercourse inexpressibly insufferable."

'Sentiments, dear doctor,' I exclaimed, '*truly* worthy, characteristic of the exalted

immaculate mind of Miss Maitland!'—'And now,' continued her father, 'I must consign you in your turn, to the same hitherto cruel, inflexible tribunal, for arbitration: and God speed you,' laughingly, 'I hope you may fare better than the preceding suitors of this modern Penelope, furnished as she certainly is *not* with any plea of preference or motive for *procrastination.* But seriously; in an affair which so deeply interests my heart, listen to me. I believe *sincerity* and *Maitland*, are noun and substantive synonymous. If you accept the definition, you will give me unlimited credit when I aver, that had it been given me to select from the great community of mankind, a man whom I deemed calculated in every essential desideratum, qualified to be the agreeable lover, instructive companion, tender husband to my Euphemia, with a father's discriminating eye, I should have culled as *exactly* what I wanted, the all-accomplished Dr. Clinton.'

"I heeded not his flattering compliment: I was too happy! I pressed his hand in a transport of grateful feeling. I found I had a warm coadjutor in my truly noble independent friend, but even the prospect of felicity so ardently desired, and on which

I was convinced, depended my earthly happiness, permitted me not, to take any advantage of his generous friendship. The fortuitous circumstance of my illustrious descent, the ancient title which distinguish my family, and the blood of nobility flowing in my veins, were matter I knew, of no importance to him, who had already rejected a coronet for his daughter. As a specimen of his sentiments upon that *grand* point, he one day much to my amusement, with affected seriousness said—

'I marvel much, when the immortal Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, that he did not hand down to posterity, a treatise upon *that* which circulates in noble arteries! it was an unpardonable carelessness in a matter of such importance! Surely the serious consequences of the doctor's negligence, must be evident to every thinking mind, in not only the learned and scientific being debarred from feasting on the pages of such curious and *deeply-interesting* revelation! but that our patricians are deprived of their natural certificate, incontestibly demonstrating that in all bodies-noblesse, there flows a refined, subtile, *sublimated* essence, *peculiar* to themselves, and

which could not possibly find its way through the veins of the plebeian.

> "Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood,
> Unlike our gross, diseased, *plebeian* blood.'

"The doctor's wit evaporated in ironic laughter, in which I heartily joined him."

"Heavens!" exclaimed lord Bradport, "what a continual feast must it have been to be in the company of such a man!"—"And how agonizing the thought," added his brother, "that genius and benevolence such as his, should ever die!"

"I stated to my worthy friend with all the candour due to his ingenuous nature, the disadvantages on my side: the great disproportion of years, and the slender means I possessed in point of fortune, to compensate to his youthful daughter, for such a sacrifice. The doctor repelled them both.

'But stop my diffident lover,' he cried smilingly surveying me, 'have you not a countenance and person, which for beauty of feature and symmetry and grace, might recommend you to the *election* of the empress Catherine! enable you to supplant even Potemkin himself, and all other rivals honoured with the imperial *favours*?'

"This little pleasantry of the doctor's

shewed I had climbed so high the ladder of his esteem, that I had reached his heart—and he viewed me in every respect with an incurably partial eye.

'I have no ambition for *such rivalry* my facetious friend, but trust my asseveration, I had rather possess the heart of your bewitching daughter—than the imperial crown that sparkles on the head of the Russian princess. But by what means can I obtain that ardently-desired possession? that is the question upon which depends my terrene happiness—and *did* I possess all the advantages of mind and person, with which your generous friendship has so flatteringly invested me, I should still feel how inadequate are my deserts, to such a dearly-prized attainment.'

'I believe verily, you must have a little patience my reverend friend,' said the doctor, 'for throughout Edina's shire, there is not a greater coquette than my hazel-eyed brunette. She chats with the silly, laughs with the merry, reasons with the wise, charms all, offends none! and cherishing the sentiments which you do towards her, it will be no unwelcome intelligence I presume, that the heart of my Euphemia has been a stranger to love. No, wholly occu-

pied with the tender sentiments of filial love and domestic affection, with the delightful interchanges of friendship, and the relative duties implied, none who have offered their hand have been able to touch that fine chord—which I am positive can only vibrate to the exalted merits of a Clinton!'

'Ah! dear doctor, do not elevate my aspiring hopes to the apex point, only that I may feel the dangerous height in my downfall. I have had my trials, my troubles, and thank the Almighty Master! whose servant I humbly profess to be, he enabled me to bear them. But hard must that lesson be, that shall teach me to support the pain of disappointment—the rejection of my appeal—to the heart of Miss Maitland!'

'Nay, my *love-heartless* friend, I see no reason for your apprehending a defeat. If it be stimulus to your hope of conquest, I will vouch for it, that none who have had the honour of mental acquaintance with you, have more acutely penetrated and appreciated the eminent qualities and brilliant adornments distinguishing you, than my competently-judging and capable girl.'

"You perceive, my young friends, how

incorrigibly determined to flatter me, was this incomparable man! He continued.

'Mark, doctor, my Euphemia is refined and fastidious, singular and eccentric, in her notions of love, and of the man essential to the engagement of her affections. She '*will* be wooed and not *unsought* be won;' and though she may occasion you considerable trouble and ingenuity in the means you must discover to ascertain whether or not you possess it, depend upon it when surrendered, the heart of Euphemia will amply repay you for all the manœuvre and anxieties of the siege. Yes, it will bestow a virtual felicity! a felicity that will blunt the arrows of envy, malice, and misfortune: and in possession of Euphemia Maitland! pain and sorrow will lose their poignancy.'

"Tears rolled down his manly cheek. I could make no reply. I was too much affected. And lest I should encounter the amiable subject of our conference, I took shelter in her father's study till the dinner hour.

"Time flew on the wings of the wind. In one week more I must leave Edinburgh. The following day as usual I repaired to Dr. Maitland's, and it so happened, I found his daughter alone. I regretted the neces-

sity that compelled me to bid adieu, and the short period that remained, ere a painful separation must detach me from the enchanting family of Dr. Maitland.

'What *then*,' she said in a lively tone, 'these are trifles that affect not learned men and academician philosophers.'

'I profess to be no stoic—would to a more invulnerable destiny, I had possessed that learning and philosophy which could have steeled my heart and served as security, against the captivating influence of Miss Maitland. But I must reveal a truth I can no longer conceal, that penetrable is the armour of learning and philosophy, and feeble the bulwark of even reason itself, opposed to the phalanx of her virtues, her brilliant talents, her mind-illumined eyes—her angelic goodness!'

"Euphemia blushed deep—and flew to her harpsichord. Tumbling over her music, 'By way of my special favour, doctor,' she said laughingly, 'I will play you one of my father's favourite songs, entitled 'The last time I came o'er the muir.'"

"She did so and sung it too. It was one of those beautiful, sentimental, love-breathing airs, which I felt cruelly applicable to my fated attachment to this inesti-

mable creature, and the anguish of my feelings now about to leave her.

'Is this then, the way you take to cure me of love?' I asked, 'is not your power all-sufficient, but you must call in to your aid to subdue the spark of reason left, the enchantment of harmony and sentiment?'

'The best way in the world,' she replied with the most provoking nonchalance, 'if love is like the bite of the tarantula, music will cure it.'

'Nay, this is cruel sport Miss Maitland, you are running me headlong into bondage, without the slightest disposition to lighten my fetters—is not music the food of love?'

'Am I not purveyor to it then, by *playing on?*'

"I drew a chair near her as she sat at the instrument, and looked steadfastly at her. A deep tint increased the vermilion of her cheek, and her eye flashed upon my soul!

'One week only—' I said, 'a fleeting point of time, and the vast latitude of more than four hundred miles will lie between us—'

'Nevertheless it does not seem as if it would be sufficient barrier for *you:* I won-

der doctor you are not tempted to cry out,

'Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!'

she exclaimed in a theatric tone as she rose from the instrument.

'And can the amiable, generous Miss Maitland,' I inquired, 'sport wantonly with the affections of a heart so devoted to her, so hopeless of enjoying again that independence it has lost, yet so proud to wear the chains that proclaim him her captive? I will not harbour a belief so irreconcilable with that tremblingly-acute sensibility, which ever actuates the bosom of Euphemia! But, I sadly fear, that the hand and heart of Maitland's daughter! is reserved for the favoured destiny of a happier man! one more suited to her blooming years, more calculated to excite her youthful affections, but, who can never offer her a heart, so highly, wholly, exclusively devoted as Clinton's! But why so infatuated? why did I suffer myself to dream of visions of felicity, that I could never reasonably expect would be realized? why should I have deluded myself with the hope that a lovely female in the bloom of youth, and surrounded by young men of talents and attractions, could dispose of her heart to a man old enough to be her father by twenty years?'

'*I* will answer your self-interrogatories doctor, and shew you that you was neither infatuated, visionary, nor unreasonable in your hope of my election. To a being whom *you* have so lavishly endowed with every faculty of judgment and discernment, you had every reason to conclude and right to expect, that the brilliant attainments and inestimable qualities of head and heart, which give lustre to the character of Dr. Clinton—must have risen on the horizon of her observation, with resplendent pre-eminence! Is it possible then, that while abstracted in viewing the splendour of the luminary, she could mark the inferior lights nearly extinguished in its magnitude, and withhold what it so distinguishedly claimed, her highest preference?'

"Miss Maitland possessed a talent so peculiar for mingling the serious and humorous, and exercised it often with such wonderful power and admirable skill, that it was impossible to determine till she did so herself, what inference to draw from what she uttered. I feared this was one of those moments. At some distance from me, I approached and looked steadfastly at her. The gaiety was fled—the air of levity

was no more—the youthful manner had disappeared—and a solemn seriousness, gave peculiar charm to her speaking countenance.

'Excuse my folly Dr. Clinton,' she said with a dignity that might have awed a prince, 'I have appeared to trifle with a preference, which I hesitate not to confess, I discovered even in our first mental intercourse. A preference, by which I feel so highly honoured, that it conscientiously with me, involves the comparison how disproportionate are my merits to it. A preference so flattering and invaluable in itself —that the most exalted and deserving of my sex, might be proud to acknowledge herself distinguished by it. This is neither a time nor could I justify myself for false delicacy or reserve. I have had my efforts to conceal what I determined you should never penetrate—how deeply I was touched by the virtues! the exalted attributes of the all-accomplished Dr. Clinton. The declaration only of your sentiments, could have ever elicited mine! I need scarcely add, how much the supreme opinion entertained by my beloved father of his illustrious friend, tended to fix and justify sentiments, which, however aspiring above my deserts,

do credit to my judgment, discrimination, and intellectual taste.

'I trust you will deem some indulgence was to be given to the flights and whims of my fancy, the frolics of my humour, for sporting with your feelings, and the concealment of my sentiments under the guise of a gaiety often foreign to my heart, when you put in the balance and weigh altogether my youth, the singular mode in which I have been educated, and the peculiar light in which perhaps, I ought to be viewed, as the fondly-idolized daughter of Dr. Maitland! Mark too Dr. Clinton, the lofty spirit of my father increases with the consciousness of his daughter's portionless state, and *she* cares not for dowery, title or splendour, while her beloved father lives—he is a world to her, her proudest boast! her dearest happiness! Dr. Maitland has determined that neither title nor wealth without virtue and merit, shall lure his daughter from him, and his daughter from her earliest years, imbued with the honourable and independent principles of that father—has determined never to debase herself, by consigning her person as the property of any man, without voluntarily bestowing her *heart* with it. Hitherto that heart has only

cherished the image of man in the form of her revered parent! till the transcendent virtues and talents of a Clinton—have broken in upon his filial treasure, his parental rights!'

'Sacred Power!' I exclaimed, taking her hand, 'am I so blessed? is that happy portion really mine! do I possess her heart? am I to be favoured beyond the lot of man with the hand of Maitland's incomparable daughter?'

'Yes—' she returned with extreme agitation, 'if you can effect to tear me from the arms of my affectionate family, my dearest mother! my adored father—but *that* O Dr. Clinton, that is I believe impossible!' A flood of tears overwhelmed her—with emotions of unutterable happiness I folded her to my throbbing breast. Her mother happening to enter, I consigned her angelic daughter to her maternal arms: and glad to be at liberty to give way to my own surcharged feelings, I left the house, supremely blest in the reflection that I possessed her heart, and in the contemplation of the happiness awaiting me, in a union with her.

"I besought her father to fix the period when he would resign this treasure of hi

soul—it was no easy matter! Time was necessary to wean himself from this darling of his heart—the fitly qualified, interchanging companion of his literary and genius-inspired hours; the constant source of his pride and joy. But severe as were the anticipated parting pangs of her parents, they equalled not those of the agonizing moment, which, to the glowing and devoted heart of Euphemia was to tear her from her family. 'O Dr. Clinton,' she exclaimed, 'I can never support it—I see their falling tears—hear their mingling adieus—behold the farewell looks of my beloved parents! they are already engraven on my heart—sunk deeply on my soul!'

"I attempted to reason with her on the tender point, but reason is often held a cold counsellor by the affections, and in too many cases, totally disregarded by them. It is indeed, only the sublimely-virtuous mind, built upon the basis of orthodox principles, that is capable of high effort, and can render the affections amenable to the control and animadversion of reason. By nature and education, Euphemia was qualified for every thing that is praiseworthy and noble. From her early years, her study was the *happiness* of others, and the sacrifice of her

own inclinations, whenever the sacrifice could possibly promote her philanthropic object. The creature of another sphere she rose above the consideration of self, and by a refined principle peculiar to herself, she could unite the tenderest sympathies of her heart, with the vigorous exercise of the strong and reasoning powers of her mind, when necessity, trial, and the destiny of fortune, excited her heroism and fortitude. But what was *not* the daughter of Maitland capable of that is magnanimous? Her mind differed more or less from all others of womankind. It was a compound of all that is masculinely noble and femininely tender. She weighed in that generous mind, that my happiness was at stake, my destiny in her hands, and she was too feeling and just to consign a heart so devoted, to all the anguish of irremediable attachment. Had I failed in my application for her hand, I must have remained single. No female could have possibly made up to me, for the disappointment of Euphemia Maitland: and when my wife! she solemnly assevered, that she knew not by what fate or subtilty I got into her heart, as up to that time it was so strongly garrisoned by the image of her beloved father, that she deem-

ed it impregnable, and was positive he must ever retain singly, his strong hold there!

"I pressed my worthy friend upon the point so tender to his paternal feelings. 'Give me at least six months—' he cried with irrepressible emotion, 'come to Edinburgh at Christmas and you shall have my Euphemia——surely you will not grudge that poor span to yet call her mine, nor to come a few hundred miles for her? I protest my peerless brunette, is worth a journey to the antipodes.'

'But how is it possible, dear doctor, to reconcile myself to so long a period, without seeing your angelic daughter?'

'Look into her *mind*, converse with *that*, and you will hardly regret your being separated from her.'

"I did so. We kept up a constant correspondence. Every letter I received, revealed more and more, the fire of her genius, the sublime sentiments of her soul, the angelic qualities of her heart. Her mind was for ever budding and bursting forth with new beauties. Added to the rich food with which she supplied me, she compounded with it that bewitching vein of humour and eccentricity, which gave exquisite zest *to the* whole, and rendered my mental feast

so truly delicious, that the prescribed time fled imperceptibly. The happy period of my departure arrived. I flew to Edinburgh, and shortly after received as my own—the universally admired, the so much loved daughter of Dr. Maitland. Contrary to modern custom, we spent our happy moon, at that happy house, where under the auspices of a father and mother's blessings, we were united!

"I shall suppress the painful scene of parting. To the feeling and refined mind, all agonizing efforts of the heart, are conceived without difficulty but described with defect. I solemnly engaged, at the expiration of every six months, to conduct my treasure to the bosom of her family, and even under hazardous circumstances, I religiously kept my engagement.

"Three years after our union, made me the happy father of Euphemia and Maryanne. Felicity unalloyed, beyond the lot of man, was my favoured destiny! Mine was a peculiar happiness. My youthful partner was youthful only in point of years, in the bloom of youth and in the levity of its manner, when she chose to wear it: but, in solidity of mind, correctness of judgment, serious habit of deep reflection, and dignity

of soul, she seemed my senior: and in profound converse with her, such maturity of the faculties was evident, that in the mental companion, I totally forgot she was my junior by twenty years. I contemplated often with a degree of wonder, that extraordinary something inherent in this admirable female, rarely found: I have frolicked with her one half-hour as the sportive child of whim and fancy, and the next, felt myself impressed with a sort of awe with which the sublimity of her virtues, and the strong powers of her highly-cultivated understanding, inspired me. Such my young friends, was the bright and enchanting character of a felicity once mine! Those golden days! sporting on downy pinions amid scenes of indescribable domestic delight! I must now alas! place in the shade; when the sombre cloud of affliction gathered and hung portentously over a state of human bliss—too perfect to be compatible with the imperfectability of our natures, and the uncertain and limited duration of this probationary existence. I have not dared to murmur; what could justify such impiety? If an inscrutable Providence selected me for a peculiarly happy and favoured destiny, by bestowing upon me so

precious a gift—was it for me to repine when his wisdom saw fit to recal this blessing he had lent? no, it reminded me only by the agonizing pang it cost me to resign it, what a highly favoured portion had been mine! and how proportionably weighty and everlasting, is the gratitude I have to refund to the Almighty Author of it.

"The sudden death of Dr. Maitland—was the voice of Heaven awakening me from this trance of earthly happiness! O Maitland! best of men! never-to-be-forgotten! memory proudly tenacious of such a subject, faithfully-indelible presents thee now in all the splendour of thy genius! in all the beauty of thy virtues! Thou hast received again and for ever—to thy paternal bosom—thy devoted daughter!"

Dr. Clinton paused; a solemn feeling of sacred sorrow stole over his benign countenance. Silent drops of filial love fell from the eyes of his daughters. The fine feelings of Mountford felt the luxury of high excitement; and the gay but sympathetic Bradport, was lost in sensations so new, and as *he* imagined foreign to his nature, that he was unable to account for the seriousness that had seized him, and the charm by which Dr. Clinton had rivetted his un-

wearied attention and interest. The reverend narrator proceeded.

"Ardent in her affections, acute in her feelings, incurable in her griefs! and early delicate in constitution, her mother felt no more a realized evil, than the apprehended certainty, that most fatal would be the effects to her beloved daughter, if suffered to behold in the coldness, and silence, and stillness of death! that once so brilliantly animated her adored father! Her maternal fears determined her therefore, to conceal his remains for ever—from his fondly devoted now distracted daughter. But alas! fatal was the precaution ultimately. Her tender solicitude was sadly defeated. My grief-struck Euphemia with frantic emotions clasping the coffin that contained her parent—in wild disordered accents implored that she might behold the remains of her adored father! that she might have one last look—one everlasting embrace—it was impossible!

"It was then too surely she received the death-stab in her filial sorrow, that consigned her to a premature grave! From that fatal event the sun never shone to her again with its wonted splendour. To her mournful contemplation its joyless beams

no longer rose and set to greet in life and health, her beloved parent—and fell only upon the turf which wrapped the mouldering remains that had enclosed his immortal genius! From that eventful hour, her constitution received a shock, that slowly but fatally undermined it, and with it my earthly felicity!

"Time to the perverted fancy of mortals, is rapid in proportion to its being happily enjoyed. Too swiftly fled the rosy hours of the first five years of my marriage. During that happy lustre, with my lovely wife and blooming babes, every six months we set off on our northern tour, undeterred by storms or sultry suns. Arrived at the house of Dr. Maitland! what powers of language can express our joyous meeting? Under the roof of my illustriously-learned friend, what interchange of soul! what elicitation of conception, what gratification was not mine! Amply did it compensate me for the anxiety engendered, for the safety of the dearest objects of my heart, and for the inconveniences of a long journey, sustained alternately through the severities or oppression, occasioned by the extremes of solstitial influence. Yet strata of snows, or the sultry and most vertical rays that fall on our nor-

thern ball, were not suffered to defer or impede our travels, nor damp the ardent anticipations of that exquisite happiness! which, our journey accomplished, was sure to greet us. Alas! those gladly-performed tours, those fondly-anticipated meetings, were soon to be no more—were to cease for ever!

"From his classic learning, England and Scotland throughout their republic of letters, deeply lamented the premature death of this renowned man! His professional fame had reached every enlightened university of the two continents; his doctrine was disseminated and supported by the liberal, learned and wise; and at the college of Pavia in Italy, such was the enthusiastic admiration which his new system, learning and genius had created, that the collegians in tribute to his memory, clothed themselves deeply in the garb of mourning!

"Let me drop the curtain to the first act of the affliction! with which Heaven in its wisdom and equitable distributions, thought fit to visit me. A deep and incurable sorrow sunk like the bolt of fate! on the soul of my Euphemia. But fatally for me, her own bosom was the tomb of her grief. The latent malady consumed her. She deprived me of my share of her sorrow, of

the happiness of consoling her, because she never murmured! By the extraordinary powers of her mind, she combatted in external so effectually, the dispensation of her father's death, that she appeared as tranquil as if sorrow had never touched her, and gaily fascinating among the happy. But by the ordinary mind, how little was my angel understood. Her heart was divided. One half was buried in the grave with her father—the other ardently alive to a mother's sorrows, and a husband's happiness. So devoted to this adored parent in life, it may naturally be supposed that his death so unexpected—threw a gloom over her mind, a sadness over her manners, and deadened her every sense of enjoyment and exertion. It was altogether the reverse. When she tore herself from the grave of her father! from the bosom of her mother, and returned with her family to her domestic scene, she sepulchred her grief in the consciousness and activity of her incumbent and sacred duties.

"From this mournful period, she studied to cover the wound that admitted of no remedy. My happiness was the important object of her life, and she carefully avoided my scrutiny, lest the conviction of her si-

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"To Euphemia that wa
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she too well knew in despite of her concealment, pierced me to the heart—too fatally conspired to accelerate inevitable dissolution—she lived ten years after the death of her father!—'I must leave you my beloved Clinton—' she said, 'I go to join that lamented parent! whose paternal love induced him to bestow his daughter on none but you—but why grieve my adored husband? we shall meet again in that blessed assembly, where a heavenly Father! will unite us all! where the sigh of sorrow is never heard, and the pang of parting—never felt! I leave you still myself—in my children! My Euphemia my Maryanne, will fill my place in your widowed bosom—'

'None else—my best beloved—wife of my soul!' I exclaimed in mental suffering, 'sacred be the remembrance of our too felicitous union! For ever adored—for ever present in unfading memory, will be my angelic my incomparable Euphemia! none but the dear pledges of our hallowed love—shall fill thy place in the bosom of Clinton!' The following day alas! encircling me in a fond and last embrace—she expired in my arms and breathed her last, sacred sigh—upon my lacerated heart!"

Dr. Clinton ceased. Silent tears crept over the roses of his daughter's cheeks. Lord Bradport hastily applied his handkerchief to his face—and the all-feeling Mountford dissolved in the exquisite sensibility that belonged to him. This worthy man, like a perfect Christian and the righteous minister of the God whose gospel he taught, ever master of himself, turned to his much-affected and charmed guests with a gracious smile, and said—

"At your request my young friends, I have gone through the narrative of a life, more prominent for fifteen years of as perfect a felicity in its connubial state, as is possibly compatible with the nature of finite beings, than for aught else that marks it. A felicity! indeed, but rarely attained. You have honoured me with unremitted attention; may I presume to hope that the recital of so happy, virtuous, and sacred a union! may be as instructive and beneficial to you, as you have been induced to feel it interesting. In the selection of the woman to whom we unite ourselves and look for happiness, much depends upon congeniality of sound principles, taste, sentiment, and companionable equality of intellect. This is visionary or the dreams of the romantic,

many of our sex will say, *I* however, have been blessed with the precious reality! In general, men are more learned it is true, but women are seldom less wise. This is not all; virtue, moral goodness, the amiable qualities of the heart, must be the groundwork of esteem, esteem consequently the basis of conjugal happiness. Many consider the marriage bond, a sort of lottery in which the prize! blank—or *bane* of our future lives, is turned up by the wheel of destiny. Be that as it may in the hand of Providence, it is no plea for the folly of men, in making a wrong estimate and not consulting their heads as well as hearts on so important a point. Mine, it may be contended, was a peculiarly favoured lot. Mrs. Clinton was a woman rarely met with. She was the offspring of genius, and genius inherently belonged to herself: the creature of a peculiar mode of education, calculated in every way to give strength to the mind, and eccentric superiority to the female character. Moreover she possessed every amiable quality of the heart, springing so spontaneously from the genial soil, that they seemed wholly independent of culture. Thus, it may be argued, few could attain *her*

excellence, because she was the child of talent and circumstance; and as far as talent and circumstance contribute to fashion, the excellence was no common attainment. But virtues of the purest and most sublime nature, were the foundation of the character of Euphemia: and reason, goodness, and illumined intellect united, was the charm by which she preserved her enchantment over me! and unimpaired the halcyon felicity of our wedded lives."

"You lost a treasure! indeed sir," said Mountford in a tone of fine feeling, "which few obtain; to which, few have desert like you to entitle them, wisdom to appreciate, and religion to resign with that holy spirit of resignation, you have so strikingly exemplified."

"Heaven! dear sir," cried Bradport, in all the spirit of his ardent temper, "what do we not owe you for your condescending goodness, for the pleasure you have afforded us, though doubtless in the recital, pleasure to you, was mingled with exquisite pain! What a bewitching drama have you exhibited of conjugal felicity—you have charmed us indeed, into love with matrimony."

"Don't say *us*," cried Alfred, "*I* was always in love with matrimony; it has been

an early not a *derniere* consideration with me, and I pronounce it, the only state of heartfelt felicity, for natural, social, uncorrupted man."

"It was thus," said the viscount, "Socrates fascinated his auditors by his discourses on marriage: the married flew to their wives and the single to get married. But among the belles of fashion, where shall we find a Mrs. Clinton?"

The vicar sighed—the eye of Mountford met his brother's and told him *where*.

"A Mrs. Clinton!" repeated the lord, "O Heaven! fancy places her before me. I see her intelligent eye—its animated, ever-varying expression—her brilliant soul speaking in every lovely feature—what fire! what genius! what ardour of affection —*there* lies the charm—with *such* a female, I could traverse the earth from Cancer to Capricorn. Defend me, snatch me destiny from a union with a soulless, heartless, motionless woman. I should dread the chilling influence of her petrifying atmosphere, should shrink from her marble touch, should conceive myself united to a piece of ice—chiseled into the *statue* of woman, out of the indissolvable masses that for ages had

consolidated at the frigid zones. By my protest against an icy partner, I believe I should be tempted to become a second Prometheus, and steal fire from any region, so as that I should be enabled to warm her with it."

"Nay," cried the major laughingly, "in so doing there would be less wit than wish, and as much heat produced as wisdom in the expedient: I make no doubt you might *melt* but I should be apt to despair, that even the never-dying fire of the magi, would communicate *warmth* to your frigid yoke-mate. What would you think of a salamander spouse? you shall have her colonel, neat as imported from her elemental furnace, transparently bright and flamineously alive."

"O Heavens," ejaculated the colonel, "let her be made up of storm and sunshine, thunder and lightning, forged from a chip of the sun, embellished with the living sparks from the anvil of Vulcan, and superendowed in Ætna's mount, spring from its crater like another Minerva from the head of Jupiter, armed cap-a-pie with all the flaming graces, and rather than be chained to ice, stillness, and immutability—let

me be scorched in conflagration, with my vivifying help-mate."

"Ay to be sure my lord Bradport," said the vicar amused with the *fiery* sally of his captivating guest, "it would be but your funeral pile, and to one so fond of living in flames, and so much constituted of the elementary principle, such a mode of departure, would be particularly consonant."

"Certainly sir," exclaimed the lord with corresponding good-humour, "and by all that is faithful in and inseparable from my affections, I would rather die with the woman of my love—than live with one imposed upon me."

During the narrative, the daughters of Dr. Clinton, had listened with that charmed attention and solemn pleasure, which the remembrance of a mother so transcendently excellent, beloved and lamented, ever excited: and notwithstanding the admission of guests so new, fashionably trained, gay in hope, bright in prospects, and unacquainted with sorrow—the filial tribute had been fully paid! The memorable day of a beloved father's birth! had worn away with no innovation, save the introduction of those interesting guests, who in no way had caused any diminution of the accus-

tomed gratifications it ever afforded, in the congratulatory greetings of filial love! and in that feast of the mind, the indulgence of fond remembrance! The cherished theme, so indelibly registered on the heart of the narrator, having ceased, the native urbanity of his manners, immediately dispersed the faint clouds which the detail of past felicity, had thrown over his fine and placid countenance. Every breast was in the finest tone of feeling. There are some chords in the history of our afflictions, which when touched, render the refined and acute mind, still more capable of the refinement of enjoyment.

It was so at the vicar's. The pious sorrows of Dr. Clinton had created for him a calm happiness that looked beyond the grave! and no retrospect could cloud his brow. The vivacious Edward had got into himself again, and the grave Alfred could put on a lively guise, when it suited the romantic aberrations of his anomalous spirit. The characteristic whimsicalities of the young heroes, had contributed much to the amusement of their entertainers. The philanthropic mind of the doctor, drew his own deductions from them. The icy yoke-mate the terror and subject of the exuberant sal-

lies of the viscount, had propelled Maryanne to yield to the risibility which she could no longer restrain: and the proposed salamander spouse of the major, accompanied with his own peculiar gravity yet compounded with a gaiety hardly less than that of his gay brother, failed not to call forth the smiles of Euphemia. Happy moments! when the soul is thus free from the clog of earthly cares, and the mind pure and uncorrupted with the tincture and tendency to earthly vices! At this interesting crisis, the precise Robert entered, and informed lord Bradport, that he was desired by his groom to remind his lordship, that he had been in waiting two hours.

"Would to my propitious star, that the three old spinsters had clipped the thread of his plaguy life," laughingly exclaimed the lord; "why the deuce did not knave horse gig and all appurtenance appending, tumble headlong into some quagmire, never more to rear their absorpt heads? The controller of the equipage then, might have perpetuated his name with less cost of conscience and materials, than he who influenced by the desire of doing so, set his destroying brand to the temple of Ephesus. By this mode of exit, the rascal might have

left himself to posterity in some marvellous legend, no less famous than that which christened a little bridge near Doncaster."

"May we have the legend lord Bradport?" asked Maryanne.

"Charming Miss Maryanne," he replied, taking her hand with a grace and smile that might have accelerated the pulsation of a less artless heart than hers, "I am proud to afford you all the *rational* information of which my *stayed* habits and *sober* temper, have enabled me to possess myself——" "Hear the fellow," interrupted the major, "he *is possessed truly* in the phraseology of the word." The colonel in all the levity of his heart proceeded.

"From this *memorable* bridge were precipitated the lady Pitt, her female companion, two male servants, two horses, making in all six precious souls——" "You give souls to the horses then," interrupted his brother. "*Souls*," echoed the colonel, "if my noble Bucephalus has not a soul, I have not one myself—" "You are liberal to that species of animal at the expence of the fair sex: you seldom give souls to women." "True O major, but there are *some* who have souls and charming ones too—however, Miss Maryanne,

craving your forbearance for the digression occasioned by this hairbrained pupil of Zeno and the emperor Aurelius——" "Now again for the king of Bohemia and his seven castles—" cried the major. The colonel like another Trim, made another attempt toward the progress of his legend.

"The lady Pitt, Miss Maryanne, and all her animate and inanimate equipage, beyond the powers of *refutation*, were swallowed up—and though the bed of the rivulet was fathomable, and the collection of water not sufficient to the absorption of the lady Pitt, her comrade, a corpulent coachman, a jolly footman, two fat sleek horses, and withal the lady's body-carriage, still says tradition, not a vestige nor relic was ever seen, heard, or after found, to mark the wreck. The lady Pitt then, it is *rationally* credited, finding that no other alternative was left her, took a subterranean journey through the diameter of our earth; and it is to be superadded, in the very great interest posterity has taken in the fate of the lady Pitt, that she emerged safely and soundly with unimpaired equipage, among the astounded Antipodes."

"Thank you lord Bradport," said Mary-

anne laughingly, "I was always delighted with 'legendary lore,' and the more the tale militates against reason and possibility, the more powerful the charm for me."

"I think if you have not the conscience to take yourself off," cried the major, "our indulgent friends, will be put to the necessity of violating the lenity of their natures, by sending the doughty colonel, his laurels and legends, through the ball after the lady Pitt."

"And after their doom, if the beautiful ladies would be pleased to appoint themselves my guides, I should only have cause to regret, that the journey was not in *circumference* instead of diameter, as in the case of the former, like eternity, not knowing where we began, we should never end!"

"*Une autre chose* my lord viscount," returned the major, "take my authority for the truth, the ladies have not the least disposition to accompany you in your transportation to the Antipodes, all fascinating and facetious as thou art."

The doctor internally interested and visibly amused, viewed the agreeable brothers in every turn of their humours; our fair sisters evidently pleased smiled their approbation; and our heroes at length rising,

seized alternately the hand of their reverend host, with the sentiments of veneration and filial esteem. Bradport in all the profusion of his graces and the effusion of his compliments, covered the sisters with blushes; and the soul-winning Mountford breathed his adieus over the fair hands, which with respectful pleasure he raised to his lips.

CHAP. VI.

"HEIGHHO!" ejaculated Edward, "hey-day!" responded his brother, "how is this colonel? thou art *grave* this morning. Let it be recorded as a phenomenon; as one of the wonderful inconsistencies in the constitution of man; as one of the glaring incompatibilities of his nature; as a revolution in the human mind, no less unexpected than that political concussion which should translate the ancient crown of the Chinese empire, to the savage brows of a Patagonian chief; as a problem in physics to which, neither the profound philosophy of a Johnson, nor the unbounded capacities of a Pope, with all their depth of research

and best train of reasoning, would have been able to afford solution."

"Faith major," exclaimed the colonel starting out of his musings, "it is *recorded* on my heart! and as for the *solution* nothing can be less difficile. By the holy God, who created that loveliest thing called woman—I am in love beyond the possibility of recovery."

"That is a disease you have been subject to, ever since the baby-dawnings of your amorous spirit, when kissing your mother's cheek, you told her it was more beautiful than all the roses of the garden. Do you remember her prophetic words? 'My Ned, I am afraid thou wilt be a sad rogue—' as she drew her beauteous hand over your boyish head. In good truth, it required not thy mother to be a sybil, to predict the future fame of her son in that way—no no colonel take heart, you are too hot, too volatile to die of love. Every pretty face sets you in flames, every new one supersedes another, every blushing girl engages your pursuit, and few escape you when you pursue—but answer Edward, is that love?"

"Psha, what the devil has all *that* to do with Maryanne?" "Nothing! I confess."

"Faith the vicar's nest was a precious

discovery—I did not dream that dad's domains could possibly contain so great a treasure."

"You would like to harrow it—what say you viscount?" "The birds are beauful—and well worth the cost and consequences of the plunder."

"And cursed be him who shall attempt it, or disturb the peace of its sacred sanctuary." "Has your anathema any allusion to your brother, chaste major?"

"By the fraternal love that has interwoven our destinies—I say no: forbid it Heaven! that it should ever implicate him—Edward, the wanderings of an ungoverned passion for the sex, stain your virtues, but thou hast a generous, benevolent heart, and no one knows better where to mark the sacred boundary that for ever separates virtue from vice, however much your lawless propensity urges you to invade it."

"How the devil can a man help himself, when the flames of love devour him?" "Let him cool himself with reason, and he will then be enabled to see, that the violence of *passion* is profanation of the sacred name of love!" "*Reason* you cold-blooded carping cynic, would you have me reason myself into stone? would you attempt to

persuade me that its specious arguments and boasted *unfailing* governance, dare oppose itself to the all-subduing charms of Maryanne? madness, perversion of nature! by Heaven! most willingly and in preference to all others of womankind, would I place the earl's coronet that promises to blazon on the laureled brows of Bradport, on her beauteous auburn head. O all ye loves and graces, mercilessly confederated to invade the peace of my heart—bear to her the confession, that her celestial image in characters of love! is engraven for ever on the soul of Bradport! Yes, her azure orbs —her glowing cheek—her rosy lips—her vivacious air—her form light and ambrosial as the Venus of Homer, have fleeted before me in all the radiance of their united charms, in phantoms of the night."

"By my wondering faculties most valiant colonel," said the major gravely smiling, "I shall not only believe that the metempsychoses of the ancients take place at death, but in our sojourneying through the stages of our earthly career. The gay, unconstant, unbridled heir of the haughty house of Elssingham, become *grave*, serious, in love in *right earnest*, vowing constancy for its object, sentimental and ro-

mantic withal. I am amazed! my limited capacity cannot reach it! the evidence of my senses go for nought. I protest brother of mine, I begin to think, that the inscrutable wisdom of Providence, has again found it expedient to have recourse to miracles. The viscount Bradport! at whose shrine the graces bend and the virtues fall—in love with *one only* to the utter exclusion of all others; with the unalluring Maryanne, who never spread her net nor played off the artillery of her eyes, smiles and graces, for any man. In good sooth, my hitherto ardent votary of variety, freedom and excess, I *grieve* for you! alas! how fallen! how changed! how constant! how *long*, how *lasting?* till Maryanne is jostled out of her present hold by the next pretty face, which, though it is utterly impossible in point of beauty it should surpass hers, will yet possess the omnipotent recommendation of being still *newer*."

"Never I swear! curse your whiteliver-ed satire and phlegmatic *reason*, if you had a heart with any *heat* in it and the honesty of mine, you would confess that you felt the irresistible attraction contained in the vicarage."

"I do confess it; Dr. Clinton is the profoundly learned, accomplished gentleman,

and thorough Christian. There was fascination in his manner as he painted the bewitching tale of his exalted love: and though only twice in his company, I feel for him all that tenderness and filial affection, which, with the exception of the respect and duty due to him, I have vainly strove to acquire for my father."

"Most subtlely evaded I grant you major, and justly due is your panegyric on our inestimable vicar, whom I am disposed in the same degree, to admire and venerate. But there is another *sentiment* that supersedes all others, and which the radiant black eyes of his beautiful Euphemia, is most powerfully calculated to excite. Come, my stoical disciple, be honest once in a way; lay aside your *passionless* doctrines; give *Zeno* and the *emperor Marcus* to the winds; throw *reason* above all things out of the window; put off your petrifying guise; shew yourself as you are a man—and with all the appetites which nature bestows and is determined shall operate to their purposed end, say—are you not as much as deeply in love—as myself?" "Yes, with my mother and cousin Elizabeth."

"What the deuce you phlegmatic puppy, has your mother and cousin Elizabeth,

to do with love?" "Love! I protest the first impression I received of it was stamped on my tiny heart, when Elizabeth devouring me with kisses, carried me one night to bed; and my beauteous mother I loved so ardently, that I was jealous to madness, when I saw one day, my father kiss her."

"Pshaw, you ruled, regulated, weighed, measured, mass of *fireless* clay—our mother is an angel I well know, and cousin Elizabeth bless her fairy form, is at least an *arch*-angel: yes Alf, these are tender chords which when touched strike upon the heart, but that dawning season has passed away. Though that beloved mother and cousin are not less the objects of our tender affections, still there are other sympathies implanted in our natures, that knock at the tumultuous bosom of man, will be admitted and demand gratification legal or illegal, nature all-subduing cares not which."

"Then reason will teach her better—" said the major with an emphatic pause: "after creating man in the likeness of his own all-glorious image! the Creator thought good to provide him a helpmate for his especial enjoyment and felicity. Thus, it puts to the rout all false modesty, which would seek to oppose, that a virtuous in-

tercourse of the sexes is the ordinance of the Deity, and the natural right of the creature: and the principles of honour and integrity which bind man to man, and the civil and religious institutes of civilized society, have secured him in the possession, and necessarily appointed legal means for his gratification and happiness."

"By Heaven Alfred you would try the patience of a passionless anchoret; are you mad enough to attempt with your wild impracticable tenets, to confine men in *modern* times, within the narrow precinct of matrimonial provision? why nature would laugh at you, and even *reason* would smile at the folly of such limitation. Beside my advocate for continence, does your *own* practice prove the practicability of your precepts? for I have ever thought that no man can with propriety and success, preach that decalogue to others, which he does not strictly abide by and act up to in his own conduct." The major smiled—replied, but not to the *last* interrogatory of the viscount.

"And why not in modern times, look for the practicability of that virtue which is so strongly exemplified in many of the ancients? Why not reasonably expect to find in that point, Cyruses, Scipios, Alexanders,

Catos and Læliuses? Man! in these times pretends to be more enlightened more refined: but what sort of light and refinement be they which render him vicious, and incite him to scoff at the virtue which his degeneracy causes him to despise? In the former of the aforesaid illustrious precedents, how subdued the feelings! how conquered the passions! how magnanimous the soul! that could so nobly without hesitation, resign his rights in war, and deliver up in the most generous manner, his beautiful captive. Truly indeed, is such a man great!

"The virtue and self-control of the renowned Scipio, might cover with the crimson of reproach—the cheek of many a libertine modern commander. It was not the ungovernable rage for conquest, insatiable thirst for glory, nor the mad ambition that prompted to enslave the kingdoms of the earth and to aim at the reduction of the globe itself, that entitled the son of Philip, to the appellation which transmits him to posterity: no, it was the humanity and generosity with which the conqueror treated the conquered! the means he sought to lighten the chains of captivity; to soften the severity of adverse fortune in the misfortunes of fallen majesty! herein lives the

true greatness of Alexander. But, to his virtue of continence. Let us view his conduct in the camp of the captive family of Darius. See his respectful approach to the mother of the unfortunate monarch. Behold the strict command he enjoined which rendered sacred their asylum. Mark his resolution never again to trust himself in interview, with the beautiful wife of the vanquished king: she was in his power—to a noble mind that alone was sufficient to ensure her safety and his inviolable respect. This is the luminous point in the character of the Macedonian prince, which, while virtue exists, will burn from age to age, with undiminished splendour to his true glory!"

"Halt, my enthusiastic panegyrist, I will settle the business beyond the waste of further eulogy. Do you know, I shrewdly suspect that Alexander cared not a curse for woman—can any task be less difficult than to conquer the passion that never existed, and subdue the inclination never felt?"

"It is the deplorable condition of the vicious, to be incapable of comprehending the joy-diffusing principle of virtue, consequently they discredit the reality of its existence, and laugh at the mockery of its appearance. The virtuous only can estimate virtuous ac-

tions, and while *they* admire his conduct, the abstinence of the conqueror toward his beautiful captives, will be the jest of libertines and licentious fools."

"Come be candid Alf, lay aside your romantic cant, do you really believe that he felt love for the wife of Darius?"

"Admiration at least, he must have felt; every man who has the longings of his nature must admire a beautiful woman, and admiration and desire are in some measure inseparable. But the brutal passion that would have burned in the inhuman bosom of a Kirk! was sublimated into a refined sentiment in the exalted soul of the conqueror of Persia; and the virtue and misfortunes of his illustrious captive, rendered that sentiment sacred and inviolable. Here, we have another lesson to learn from the magnanimous conduct of the hero. Conscious of the fallibility of man and frailty of human resolution, his wisdom taught him to avoid a second time, the sight of the Persian queen, nor trust to the integrity of intention nor strength of his heroic virtue, while a possibility existed, that though he had conquered the known world! he might yet be impotent to conquer in himself, a dishonourable propensity. Does not

self-mistrust and the necessity he must have felt for the resolution he adopted, prove his susceptibility of love and the power of beauty over him, as well as it redounds to his immortal glory, that not even the extraordinary charms of his captive, nor her influence over his heart, were suffered to actuate him to tarnish the lustre of his honour?"

"Faith, major I believe I must admit, that the abstinence of the Macedonian monarch, sounds well transmitted to posterity, and is particularly contrasting to an age such as the present one, where self-gratification in every respect, is no inconsiderable feature of the times. It assuredly argues a soul generously elevated above all temptation of self-indulgence; and this bright halo round his character, dilates in proportion, as his prosperous fortunes rendered him absolute master of the means and objects of gratification; and proves certainly, that his *passions* were as well disciplined as his troops: would to the *chaste* destinies *I* could say I am as able a soldier in *that* respect. The respect with which he approached and caused to be encompassed the family of fallen majesty, entitles him to immortal praise; but what was all that courteous conduct and *incredible* self-denial, to the feelings that

were excited when he beheld the lifeless body of the mighty, the magnificent, the unfortunate Darius! on my soul I could worship him for the simple act of wrapping his mantle round the royal corse! *that* is the luminous point that will blazon him down to ages yet unborn, not his *continence* you romantic stoic."

"There I differ, they were the *spurious* not the legitimate feelings of humanity, and originating most probably in remorse. It was a poor restitution to the exanimate monarch for the loss of his crown and life, the tears and lamentation of his destroyer. It is a positive sophism in sound reasoning, to advance, that generous tears of benevolence can possibly be shed, by they who have themselves voluntarily created, the misfortunes they appear to lament. No I revere his heroic virtue, and self-control! his mad ambition I commiserate, and detest his love for the sanguinary profession of a conqueror. But no *stoic* in one point I assure you good colonel, and as to *romantic*, I believe we alike fall under the liability of incurring the epithet: touch his heart upon the chord that vibrates to humanity! and the gay Bradport is immediately unmanned—becomes sensitive as a child, soft

as a woman! and has ever a tear ready to drop in generous sympathy to the fallen—to the unfortunate."

Edward's bright eyes flashed upon his brother with a look so fraught with paternal affection, that it required no language to render it intelligible.

"No stoic in one point," repercussed the viscount, "Heaven be lauded the fellow is vulnerable *somewhere:* I have hope now of this stanch pupil of Zenonian creed. Come now my flinty philosopher, doff that petrifactive armour with which you case yourself from the attacks of human passions and Cupid's arrows; for by all the cogency of truth and nature, I will make you confess that you are flesh and blood. What say you major to the lovely black eyes of Euphemia?"

"I prefer the blue ones of Maryanne." "'Tis false you sly rascal, you may have dad's earldom if you will and welcome, but strip me of my laurels if you shall have Maryanne."

"What! not if my happiness depended upon it? Would your generous soul grudge aught to a brother, who sacrificed the tranquillity consonant to his sentiments and disposition, to follow you through all

the horrors of a sanguinary profession? to share your fate in difficulty, danger and death! when life without Edward—would be but slow consuming death to Alfred."

"By Heaven Alfred this is torturing business, you unman me—" exclaimed the viscount bursting into tears, "say but that you love the girl—and if it should cost me life, I will endeavour never to think—to see her more!"

"I must indeed, acknowledge an interest in Maryanne deeply felt, and without the gift of prescience, something whispers me that this beautiful creature, will be strangely interwoven with my future pains and pleasures! I admire, love her—" "Then by the God who created me," cried Edward abruptly, "I swear to relinquish the enchanting hope—and resign her to one whose happiness is a thousand times more ardently desired than my own: and madly as I love Maryanne—I will tear her from my heart forever!"

"Soft! my beloved Ned, the tumultuous warmth of your heart is ever ready to hurry you away. I confess I have rather sported with your feelings. have avowed I love Maryanne: but why so premature in your

inference, are there not various classes of the affections? and that species which my heart is so disposed to cherish for this charming girl, is the tenderness of a brother. Keep yourself easy then; divest your mind of any idea that I am likely to become your rival; for, though I can hardly account for the preference, seeing the sisters are alike peerless in beauty and rare endowments, it is the eldest had I the uncontrolled power to please myself, that should be the object of my selection."

"What then! you really love Euphemia!"

"Love her! ay—as ardently as man ever loved! and ere I parted from her when we first met, my soul vowed none but the exalted daughter of Dr. Clinton, should ever be offered my hand."

An exulting joy sparkled in the eyes of Edward. "I thought nothing could more closely bind our hearts, but here will be another bond that will chain more inviolably our destinies together."

"Alas!" replied Alfred with a boding sigh, "I am afraid anguish and despair! will visit our hearts, ere so desirable an alliance more inseparably unite them." "*Why* my dear fellow this gloomy foreboding?"

"Need you inquire the cause? look to the earl—Edward the period is at hand when we shall require and feel in all the extent of the blessing, the confidence and consolation of a friendship as sacred I trust, as ever animated the bosoms of Damon and Pythias. I see you love Maryanne, and how was it possible your ardent heart could escape her enslaving fetters, when *my* affections more regulated from temper, feel no less the soul-winning attractions of her sister. Yes, I feel there is something amounting to a fatality! in our meeting with the incomparable daughters of Dr. Clinton."

"Why, for Heaven's sake say, what it is that you anticipate so adverse, to the honourable attachments, which we have naturally conceived for two of the most beautiful and superior creatures, the female world can possibly produce? is there an invincible necessity think you, that evil should arise out of it, or do you borrow your ominous auguries from your favourite ancients?"

"Nay in good faith my brother in the difficulties of love as well as in blood, I neither wing my fancy to classic land, nor looking through a retrospect of ages long gone by, affect the prescience of a Roman

augur. My prophetic spirit wanders no farther than the venerable castle of Elssingham, where its immaterial eye marks the noble owner sitting in profound *design*, and selling in the *chief desideratum*, the happiness of his sons!"

"What the devil mean you Alfred?"

"You must be either heedlessly or wilfully blind, if you have not conjectured since we came to the castle, your father's *family* politics. Company is hourly expected. Our beloved mother has unintentionally prepared me for the result. I have heard her sigh, watched her maternal eye, and seen a tear glisten over its lustre: and mark me Ned, I have gained sufficient from her pained bosom, to enable me to discover, that her darling sons are destined by her lord, to be immolated on the altar of his long-projected alliance on one hand, and that of Plutus on the other: in short, her fiery Edward is to be yoked by Hymen's chains to a marble statue, and her fastidious Alfred to a West Indian planter's daughter, without a single lovely virtue, but possessing the omnipotent one of immense wealth."

"May *ice* and *stillness* be my portion, if aught on earth shall compel me to tear from my heart, my adored Maryanne—to wed

the rarest-gifted, high-born dame, that blazes in the zenith of nobility. What care I for the phantom title, or the trash of fortune. I seek to wed myself to the woman I love—beside, what advantage can acquisition in that way, be to me? I possess them amply myself. Heaven knows in the possession of them, human pride has but little to boast, when compelled to acknowledge, that in the injustice and faithlessness of the figurative deity, she too frequently bestows her favours where there is least desert; whilst she abandons to misery and oblivion, thousands whose virtues have shed their lustre, and preserved the human character from more general depravity."

"Your sentiments the spontaneous growth of your noble heart, in all their budding, bursting forth, and ramifications, I am so accustomed to, that they can occasion me no new excitement of admiration; but in their exuberance they sometimes entangle your cooler reflection. Methinks brother Ned, there is no upright justice in this unqualified abuse of dame Fortune. Remember the religious philosophy of our immortal bard:

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy called, unhappy those;

But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in hope and these in fear.

Conclude not then, that the goddess is either so blind, capricious, or unjust in the distribution of her favours, as it may appear. Mark, where she is frequently most lavish, she acutely discerned there was a particular deficiency either in intellectual gifts, personal graces, or beauty of soul. Is not this then, manifesting her wisdom as well as justice, in bestowing a proportional portion of her perishable advantages, where the imperishable attributes that dignify our nature, frugally appear or are totally denied? henceforward spare all philippic, arraign not the goddess."

"Never, from this hour of conviction; I will pay my devoirs to her as *justice* herself; the prudent deity, husbanding her favours of titles, coronets, and golden baits, perceiving how highly the lovely daughters of Dr. Clinton were endowed by nature, equitably withheld the dazzling profusion of her glittering distinctions. But as to your gloomy prognostics, respecting the negociations of the earl for the hands without the *hearts* of his sons, I think it would be but consistent with your accustomed wisdom, to divest yourself of them; as certain-

ly such clandestine proceeding would occasion me no more uneasiness, than the zephyr which should gratefully play over my cheek, on a sultry day. Admitting he presides in *design*, it is for us to determine his decisions. What! in the name of common liberty, law and reason, are we to be dragged to the altar, and compelled to perjure ourselves there, without the benefit of will or choice?"

"Nay, by the equitable Power! who created me," said Alfred, "I protest *I* will never submit to tyrannic or abused authority: but what violence I have to expect from my father, when opposed in a point upon which he has previously resolved, experience but too assuredly prepares me."

"I am propelled to grant my dear Alf, that *you* have little cause to acknowledge much paternal accommodation, to your own exalted tenets and sentiments. But considering this deficiency of parental tenderness in a charitable point of view, is not your father more to be absolved than condemned, seeing that it is evidently his misfortune to be unqualified by any congeniality of nature, to enter into the merits of a son whose virtues, noble soul, and undeviating principles, bring more true glory to the house of

Elssingham, than all the military blazonry which he proudly conceives gilds its name? Whether conformable to this imbuing passion of his character, as viewing me the heir of such chivalric honours, or his partial affection for myself, or that it so happened the impetuous propensities of my boyhood, compatibly responding to his governing sentiments, gained me chiefly his favour, might be matter of inquiry in which I am not over anxious to involve myself: but justice and filial gratitude, impel me to acknowledge, the kindness and indulgence he has ever evinced toward me, and in no one instance has he exercised arbitrary authority or imposed restriction: on the contrary, and you well know, I have too often and enormously put his sufferance to the proof—when my prodigality has involved me in difficulties he extricated me—and when I have unconscionably drawn upon him, he never failed to answer my demands."

"So much the worse for you Ned, was all this injudicious toleration and injurious munificence."

"That may be truth in *your* creed Zeno, but there is no such bedlamite-prohibitions in my coran; why, if you be one yourself, you would not have had me such a *flat* as

quarrel with dad, because he graciously interdicted not my pleasures, nor limited the supplies that enabled me to pursue them?"

"You are unquestionably bound in duty, to cherish a grateful feeling for his indulgence and generosity, however injudiciously they have been unspared: but trust to my observation, the time is not distant, when that liberal and kind father, will extort a sacrifice that will cause you to refund with anguish of heart—what you are in his arrears for former favours and forbearance in the abuse of them."

"Then by my claims as a son arrived if not at *discretion*, at the age of deciding for myself, by my rights as a man and free agency as a creature gifted by his Maker! with the faculties of reason, I insist on my natural prerogative to *choose* for myself, and protest against any unavailing attempt on the part of my father, to counteract that love, which is the irresistible impulse of my breast, and its object the selection of my heart—and that no power nor authority shall sever me from the only female I have ever loved with a virtuous and devoted affection."

"And were you heir to an imperial crown

the selection of such a consort, would as assuredly diffuse happiness and shed a lustre on your throne, as unquestionably it does justice to your judgment and heart. But, with all due respect to your father's wishes, look to your own happiness; remember it may soon be at stake; be firm—as to myself, it requires no prophetic spirit to prepare me for unreasonable exaction, disappointment—perhaps a life of sorrow in the shipwreck of hope—and traversed love! Still with a certain portion of philosophy when no consciousness of guilt involves the suffering, even suffering is sufferable: and thank my Creator! for the powers with which he has endowed me, in the crisis of adverse circumstance, I can be resolute. But in you my dear Edward, with ceaseless solicitude, I have ever contemplated a pliability in your nature, that renders you alike susceptible to the persuasions of friend or enemy under that sacred guise. Herein lies your danger: undermine your firmness, and you may fall the victim to the destiny preparing for you—and mark, if you be ever induced to unite yourself to the woman you do not love, it will be the evil of your horoscope! the most inauspicious hour of your life."

"Fear not for me my generous brother, for, by the frater-feeling strong that binds our souls, I swear Maryanne Clinton shall be the wife of my bosom—if not sorrow sin and distraction—will inevitably follow." "Forbid it Heaven!" ejaculated Alfred as he started from his chair and traversed the apartment with great emotion; seasonably his favourite classics coming to his relief, he exclaimed in all the beauty of his soul,

> 'May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
> Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
> Thy *brother* wrapt in everlasting sleep,
> Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

Edward clasped to his breast with fraternal love, the form that as it stood before him, in all its graces, appeared no less godlike to his fancy, than the Trojan hero just quoted with such energy. "Avaunt ye spectres of torture! disappointment! and despair!" he exclaimed fraught with love and gaily resuming all the vivacity of his buoyant spirit, "what have I to do with you? But come, fleet around me all ye soft Graces and smiling Cupids, in visions of delight! And thou blue-eyed Venus, put on thy loveliest personification the form of Maryanne! Let her silken auburn tresses, wanton in the kissing breeze. Pla

her before me gliding with printless foot, and mingling in the sports of her lovely children. If not too celestial a lot for mortal, let those sweet pledges be mine! Open scenes of enchantment in delightful vista, and thus let me exult in hope and live in the expectancy of a life of love to come! Come Alfred, a truce to the anticipation of evils; we can but marshal our forces against them when they *do* assail us. Dauntless we have stood the thunder of ordnance! and shall we shrink from the chimerical host of our own equipment? Haste to the vicarage as the paradise of all our joys! and let us lose all cowardly fears in the company of the vicar's enchanting daughters! Surely you will admit with all your extravagant notions of abstinence, that it is no crime to live in the Utopian felicity of our own creation?"

"Why yes, when a man cannot come at the substance, his only alternative is to try and please himself with the shadow."

"Be it so my philosopher, and let us give all that militates against our loves for the celestial sisters! to the devil: surely if his sooty majesty receives all the exports so *heartily* sent him, he has no cause to complain that he is forgotten by us. But come,

now for some of your romantic raptures, what say you to the angelic Euphemia?"

"I say *of* her, that she is indeed an angel! for whom thy brother could he obtain her by it, would sacrifice his claims of precedence and consequence as a scion of the house of Mountford! the military laurels with which fame encircles his careless brows; relinquish the splendid scenes of rank and riches; forget the world and be by the world forgot, to live in a cottage the husband of Euphemia! There is an irresistible charm in this family that urges on to fate! Clinton best of men! what a vast mind, what a virtuous soul! what fascination of manner, harmony of tones; wisdom flows in thy language, thy spirit breathes divine precept, it is indeed a holy inspiration, an emanation of the Godhead! In the history of thy love and sorrows! enchantment dwelt in every sentence, and bound in spells the hearts of thy auditors. Thou hast been supremely blessed! and though but short the period, peculiarly gifted with the capability, justly proportioned to it was the perfectability of the felicity!" Alfred sat some minutes absorbed in the enthusiasm that had prompted his apostrophe. "What think

you Edward, of his Euphemia? his wife! I mean."

"O bring her not to my view! Beauty has ever fired my passions, but trust my asseveration Alf, it is only a Mrs. Clinton or herself in her daughters, that can fix my soul and claim its idolatry. Fancy ever busy has often created such a being, but I was not so romantic as to expect to find my ideal charmer, an inhabitant of this nether world. However much my vivid imagination dressed up my idol, had not Dr. Clinton portrayed her, I should have disputed the existence of a female so perfect, so extraordinarily endowed, as at once to improve, instruct, excite and bewitch the affections, yet keep cool the reason and exalt esteem: to render virtue in woman most lovely, to be the incitement to virtue in the bosoms she enamoured, and to bestow a happiness so unalloyed, that it may be said to be rarely experienced, if not impossible with the allotment of man. O it is too much for thought—I must give up the mental luxury as the vision of a reality, or the reality of a vision 'on earth unseen or only found,' in Clinton's wife! and Maitland's daughter!"

Alfred was about to rejoin, when his eye

caught the vicar and his daughters through the chesnut trees, which mingling their wide-spreading branches formed an umbrageous canopy to the beautiful winding avenue, that led up to the castle. The joyful expression of his features, was the telegraph of intelligence to Edward. Flying to the window, he beheld the lovely object that his ardent heart, panted to call his own, and his radiant countenance spoke the ecstacy he felt. At this moment of turbulent sensation in one brother, and exquisite pleasure in the other, the countess entered the saloon. "What is the cause of your buoyancy my dear sons, is your cousin Elizabeth arrived?" "Bless her fairy form, I wish I could say so," replied the viscount.

"What! can the expectation of visitors some of whom you have seen little and known still less, afford you such pleasure? our good general to be sure, will escort my cousin, in the event of her brother failing to accompany her."

"Our vicar and his daughters, are approaching the castle," said Alfred, "and if the admiration of her sons is not sanctioned by *that* of my beloved mother, I have stu-

died in vain the heart, judgment, and transcendent soul of that revered parent."

The countess pressed her lips to the cheek of her son, as the door opened and the servant announced Dr. Clinton and his daughters. Our brothers flew to meet them. The viscount conducted the vicar to the countess who received him with the most gracious urbanity; and when the major presented her female visitors, she was evidently struck! The earl soon after entering, saluted his reverend visitor and family with respectful but pompous politeness. Various subjects soon ramified from the general topics, and were discussed by the accomplished divine, with all the advantages of profound learning and talents. The countess in her deportment evinced her admiration, and drew his elegant daughters into an unconscious display of the beauty of their minds, and a reluctant disclosure of their rare acquirements. She viewed them with an interest that she could neither dissipate nor disguise. They were exquisitely beautiful she thought, but beauty was no uncommon object to the countess. She had been familiarized to it, by those most distinguished for it, at the court of Britain; had witnessed the witchcraft of

Italian eyes, and beheld the symmetry of form and feature, in the Grecian isles of the Archipelago. Though it excited her admiration, it was not then, the personal perfections of her youthful visitors, that were the incentive of her esteem, nor that had already stolen over her heart. A mental reserve in general marked her manner, but the eye of Elssingham's peeress could deeply penetrate, and perhaps it was scarcely ever more deeply interested. She saw the no common junction of masculine learning and feminine diffidence; beauty unconsciously possessed, and the pleasing liveliness of youth, delightfully compounded with the seriousness of reason and the soberness of virtue. No sentiment they uttered escaped her observation; she searched into their inmost qualities and elicited the lovely virtues of their hearts; while her maternal bosom thrilled with a prescient anguish! that mingled with the pleasure with which they inspired her. Even the haughty earl seemed to view them with admiration, and distinguished them by a notice he seldom condescended to bestow on any female, and was rarely more than polite even to those who were the objects of his regard, or associated with his views of

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character; viscount Bradpor
be said to have ever been

lord?" inquired his son Alfred. "I am pleased to find his learning is not rendered forbidding by dogmatism, and that his scholastic habits have not been suffered to give uncouthness to his manners, nor to destroy that true dignity, which will ever inherently distinguish nobility! His, is an ancient house! I therefore, do not regret that I was induced at the solicitation of my noble friend, to bestow the vicarage upon one whose character and acquirements, are no discredit to the noble ancestors from whom he has sprung."

"Almighty justice!" mentally exclaimed the major, "what a poor, negative panegyric, is this, upon this celebrated and best of men!"

"It will do the highest credit to your lordship's judgment—" replied the viscount in allusion to the benefice bestowed: The earl looked pleased. "It will add honour and popularity to your lordship's name—" said Alfred. The earl settled his features into something like a frown.

"What do you think of his daughters, sir?" inquired the heir with an animated interest. "They are handsome women," coldly replied the peer.

"What do you think of their talents!

their attainments! my lord?" asked the major. "Too learned, too wise by half—cultivation and gifts uselessly bestowed—women have nothing to do with them—unless it be to ensure them the avoidance of our sex, and to render them troublesome, disagreeable, arrogant and vain."

Our brothers significantly looking at each other smiled.

"Nay my good lord," said the countess with the mildness of an angel, "the judgment you have passed was spoken without thought. The cultivation of the human mind is the work of man, but intellect itself is the gift of the Creator. Do we not then, question his infallibility when we dare pronounce that he has bestowed capacities, where they ought not to be? Shall we impiously arraign the wisdom of Omnipotence, and suppose that like his finite and vain creatures, he does any thing in vain? It has been proved in all ages, by the most brilliant and illustrious examples, that many of our sex have been gifted with the highest and strongest powers of mentality. The question then is, to what purpose would these powers and capacities be provided, if suffered to lie dormant or be invidiously suppressed, by the jealousy of man? No,

t is the grand scheme and inerrable attri-
ute of Heaven, to bestow nothing but
what conduces to its purposed good and
nd; but it seems the province of prejudice
o crush or pervert, and finally render un-
vailing the *respectable* gifts of the Creator
o woman: and in the general estimation
f her intellectual character, sink her in the
alance from a *self*-policy, where she was
neant to rise. It is then, the duty of every
arent and guardian to cultivate the talents
nd capacities committed to their care, with
nremitting assiduity: and pity indeed it
would have been, had Dr. Clinton not
adopted the high culture he has bestowed
on *his* daughters! where such genial and
rich soil must have almost anticipated his
labour, and spontaneously repaid it."

The peer as it suited his humour at the
time, had quietly listened to his peeress,
nevertheless his fine dark features were very
expressive of a contemptuous sneer.

"If all women were *governable* like *you*
Almira, even the learned of them might be
sufferable; but that not being the case,
learning only makes them pedants and more
presumingly intolerable."

"If all women were like my mother they
would be angels!" exclaimed the heir, "and

we should think we had got into heaven before we left the earth; that would never do my lord; therefore only a few resembling your peerless countess! are suffered to come in our path, such as the daughters of Dr. Clinton."

The peer sent a piercing eye at his son, and scintillations of his wrath failed not to accompany it.

"'Tis well for us so few of her sex resemble my mother," said the heir presumptive, "for if they did, they would necessarily despise two thirds of ours, and teach the other that they are our equals fully, our superiors often in sound intellect, and human virtue. The higher the culture, the more their native excellence appears. Hence that lovely unity of intellectual superiority and genuine worth, exemplified in the daughters of Dr. Clinton: surely my lord, though gifted with more than common perspicacity, you cannot possibly have read that *their* learning and talents, have rendered them vain, arrogant and *insufferable*."

It was evident to his family something *now* ruffled the earl. "Pshaw," he cried with a frown, "less of this romantic jargon; the only folly your mother committed was

in encouraging in your boyhood, *your* wild notions, strange anomalies from common sense, and making you in the eyes of the world a fool."

"Thank you my lord, for the assignment," returned Alfred with ineffable composure, "for I would rather choose to be *my mother's fool*, than the world's wise man!"

"And the greatest misfortune my mother has to lament," threw in the viscount, "is, that she succeeded not though with unwearied endeavours, in making such another of her shuttlecock-headed, worthless first-born—for by a soldier's honour I swear, so wise a head as Alfred Mountford's! seldom does honour to a coronet."

"Art thou too, mad? has your brother bit you and the mania spread?" cried the peer with a supercilious sneer throwing down the news over which he had been glancing his eye, and rising from the side of his countess, trod the apartment in haughty state, wrapped up in his own thoughts and inflexible opinions. The family separated. The noble lord retired to his study to reflect on the measures of the last political compaign, to write to several of his friends the ministers, and to accelerate the plans upon which he had determi-

ed, respecting the future *happiness* of his
ons: while his peerless peeress withdrew
to equip herself for a walk with them to her
favourite hermitage.

CHAP. VII.

"How do you like our noble neighbours
my girls?" asked the vicar as they sat after
dinner at their fruit and wine. "The
countess is an angel!" they both exclaimed.
"But the earl," said Maryanne, "has some-
thing so repellent in his manner, haughty
in his aspect, lofty in his tones, little calcu-
lated to touch the heart, that I am forced to
the questions can he be the father of sons so
eminently possessing every requisite to
please? is it possible his angelic countess
can love him? Indeed my dear papa, had
it been my inauspicious destiny to be th
wife of such a man, I am positive I mu
have been truly wretched, I must have u
conquerably disliked him!"

"Why so Maryanne? the earl is
handsome a man in face and person,
even between the years of fifty and sixt

might captivate the heart of a girl of your age."

"True, the position might be orthodox, if *my* father had not taught *his* daughters to be captivated with something better than mere beauty even in youth, which according to the concurrent voice of mankind, is far more powerful than in advanced years; that better something which he exemplified to them in himself! that will not fade with the bloom of youth, will defy the ravages of time, nor cease to charm though bending under the accumulation of years." The vicar smiled.

"The viscount is strikingly like his father." "In person and features my dear papa, but in manner, in soul! in heart—O how unlike!"

Maryanne ill-calculated by nature to conceal her feelings, uttered her last sentence with a pathos that sunk with an uneasy sensation into the mind of her father; but guarded not to betray what he observed, turned to his elder daughter. "What are *your* sentiments Euphemia? you are generally less zealous than your sister, consequently more cool in your judgments." "Nevertheless my dear father, there is such

congruity of sentiment between us, that were we apart, ignorant of each other's we should be found in most cases, to entertain the same opinion. Indeed I am so much inclined to view the earl in the same light in which Maryanne sees him, that I should suspect the probability of the amiable countess being happy with him, or that he had been the object of her heart's election."

"If that is to be ascertained by external evidence," replied the vicar, "the world is bound to pronounce in verdict, that the countess has both found reasonable happiness with her lord, and that unquestionably he was the object of her voluntary election." "Apparently however," returned Euphemia, "they are an ill-assorted pair. The countess is mild as an angel, benevolent, possessing sound intellect and a highly cultivated mind: the earl is said to be haughty, violent, and governed by unamiable failings."

"My Euphemia, remember the words of our immortal Pope,

All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.

There is perhaps, hardly to be found among nobility, a precedent of such conjugal affection as the countess has exemplified. Neither distance, difficulty nor danger, deterred

her from accompanying her lord. In the early part of their lives she clung to him through all the perils of a soldier's destiny: travelled continents and traversed oceans; endured the freezing atmosphere of north-American skies, and languished under the overpowering influence of a tropical sun. With an angel's calmness she has resigned herself to the horrors of the tempest, and encountered death in a variety of appalling forms. The clangour of war has shocked her feminine frame, and she has taken leave of her husband in sight of the plains, which as the supreme Ruler permitted the fate! might soon be ensanguined with his blood! Surely this was more than duty—it was affection. The countess might see a great deal to disapprove in the man, but much more to love in the husband. The governing foibles of him who possessed her heart, she scanned with a charitable eye. Her wisdom soon discerned how unavailing would be the task to oppose what seemed inherent from nature, and confirmed by fortune. A life of virulence and opposition, would have been incongruous with the angelic disposition and superior qualities of the countess: if she could not assimilate them with the

failings of her lord, they were the tender medium through which viewing him, softened the inflexibility of his character. Yet with all the due deference she has ever paid him, and that certain portion of submission his arbitrary temper demanded, she has properly contrived to preserve uninfluenced her own exalted sentiments and exercised unceasingly, all those lovely virtues which have distinguished her in different sections of the globe, gained her the admiration of courts, the blessings of her beneficiaries, and the esteem of the good. Thus you perceive my dear girls, the countess by her wisdom, tenderness and virtues, from the commencement of her wedded life, created a happiness for herself that it was not in the power of a husband to destroy, however dissimilar in temper, militant in opinion, and inimical to her wishes in many essential points. The perpetual calmness of her disposition, defeated the arrogance of his spirit. Her disinclination to oppose him disarmed him often of the power to oppose. The gloom succeeding his storms of passion and will, were dissipated by the cheering sunshine of his Almira's Heaven-resembling goodness. Her soul beautiful as the divi*nity* whence it flowed, diffused peace to his

perturbed breast, and happiness on all around her. Thus, every rational mind by a necessary and religious conformity to circumstance, and a judicious management of the lot assigned, may erect for itself a felicity which neither the trials of this life nor the revolutions of time, will be able to destroy. Such my beloved daughters is the effect of the unfailing invincible power of reason, the practice of virtue, and a thorough confidence in a better life to come!

"Let us return to the earl. Respecting him, you both seem unfavourably impressed. It is the beautiful error of youth to view every thing that is amiable with a generous enthusiasm, and to declaim with refinement and acute disgust against what is repugnant to its feelings and repulsive in its nature. But reason and justice in their researches after truth, are cool in their investigations and infallible in their judgments. First impressions on vivid minds, are generally more ardent than free from error. In your visit to the noble pair, you have been charmed with the beautiful qualities which emit their excellence and give splendour to the character of the countess: whereas, the repulsive atmosphere that encloses the earl, conceals from observation

the properties which indisputably belong to him. There is a principle in the just bosom, that gives peculiar pleasure to the possessor in extracting and rendering manifest, the absorbed good, from the apparently greater quantity of absorbing evil. Comparatively considered, few to the bulk are actuated by this candid, Christian feeling. All mark and magnify the vice, while the virtue is disregarded or sparingly enlarged upon. Even on the luminous disk of the sun there are spots—where then my dear daughters, shall we find the being of mortal mould! over whose most splendid virtues, there will not pass the obvious clouds of frailty and fault?"

"There *is* one to be found," said Euphemia with a filially tender air that touched the chord of paternal feelings, "whose Christian excellence and exalted virtues, burn ever bright without spots!" "Ah! indeed," cried Maryanne in all the enthusiasm of filial love, "perfection in man exists in our beloved father! and surely there are daily to be met with *thousands* of sinless beings." Dr. Clinton sighing with all a father's concern, for what her generous youth had yet to learn in the cool experience of riper years, resumed his biography.

"The earl has not been at any period, one of the idle and voluptuous nobles of the land, whose life has been frittered away in debasing follies and frivolous pursuits; nor spent in the dissolute gratifications of personal vices, affording to the lower and uncultivated orders of the community, a conspicuous precedent to qualify the profligacy and crimes which in them, when influenced by such powerful example, admit of much extenuation: nor in the exemplification of hereditary titles and prince-like wealth, quiescently existing unaccompanied by that usefulness, incumbently imposed upon every Christian and rational being, be their rank what it may. No, the earl in his morn, has fought the battles of his country with hard-earned fame; sustained all the horrors of the ensanguined field, and felt all the miseries and privations of protracted and distant campaigns. In private life his character has been unstained. He has not sanctioned by *his* conduct, any immoral obliquity nor criminal desertion in the capacity of husband, thereby furnishing scandal with *too* true a tale of infamy and infidelity! Upon his many estates, his tenantry have lived in peace and prosperity, and felt all the benefit of an investigating landlord:

and even when in another quarter of the globe, they have experienced his influence in the blessing of honest, unoppressive and considerate stewards. The overweening foibles of his character, the lordly hauteur which distances the undistinguished orders of his species, and the arrogant passions so unlovely in their nature which it is said he evinces, have at least not led their possessor into any violation of moral justice, rectitude or duty: on the contrary, from these premises it would be no unsound philosophy to conclude, that they have urged him on to signalize himself in the pursuit of what is termed glory! in the achievement of heroic deeds, in the indefatigable exertion and performance of public duty in both capacities of soldier and senator, and *that* pride so ridiculous in itself and little-minded in its principle, is so far modified to a virtue in him, that it would deepen the scarlet of his cheek, to stain with an immoral act, the military antiquity and hereditary honours of the house of Mountford. I have been enabled to give you this authentic biography, and to expatiate on the character of the peer and his excellent peeress, by my old friend and fellow-collegian lord Strongville; who you know, solicited

the earl to destow upon me the presentation of the vicarage, and who in early life, was the intimate friend of lord Elssingham."

In a few days the noble pair accompanied by their sons, returned the visit of their beneficiary. The peer was lofty and pompous, yet viewed the improvements that had been made, traversed the grounds with the vicar, and discoursed with interest upon parochial concerns and the condition of his tenantry, with a visible and uncommon degree of complaisance. The countess evinced a lively pleasure in every thing around her. The beautiful productions from the pencil of Maryanne, caught her eye and drew from her, exclamations of admiration and encomiums on the fine talent of the performer. The interior arrangement, the elegant economy of this abode of the virtues and happiness! seemed to excite in her that exquisite sentiment commingled of pensiveness and pleasure. The garden arrayed in all the diversity of nature's vivid enchanting colouring, delighted her senses. "Your gardener in his floral distribution, exhibits great taste Dr. Clinton." "My gardener madam, at least spares no pains

to please me; it is the simple labour and amusement of my daughter Maryanne."

"Ah! indeed, happy are they Dr. Clinton, whose chief sources of amusement lie in themselves—and," softly added the amiable countess, "herself a lovelier flower than blooms in her handiwork."

"You encroach upon our sex Almira," said her lord if not with a stern at least repulsive air, "leave compliment and gallantry to us when we are idle."

"When we are *charmed* my lord rather say," gaily exclaimed the viscount, "when compliment and gallantry can be excited in the feminine bosom of the countess, how powerful and irresistible must *we* find the *objects* of excitement."

"When every virtue of the soul! beauty of the mind, and amiable quality of the heart, are combined with exalted talents in a beautiful female! cold vitiated or envious must be *he* or *she* who can withhold the tribute of admiration!" said Mountford in a tone in unison with his bosomed feelings.

"What! and thou too my philosopher," cried the earl turning with quick repartee upon his son, "there is no such article as gallantry in the creed of *Zeno*:" a sarcastic *smile* played upon his features, then taking

a supercilious leave of the doctor and his daughters, stalked with lofty gait to his carriage.

The following day invitations were received, requesting the family to join a dinner party at the castle, the succeeding week. Meantime our illustrious brothers fast and for ever bound in the rosy bands of Cupid, seldom suffered a *pretence* to pass, without paying homage at the shrines of their enchantresses. The day came for our clerical family, to make their first public appearance at the castle. Arrived, the wide-folding doors of the grand saloon flew open, and discovered an apartment vast in length, richly superb in its antique furniture, and filled with a splendid assemblage of the noble and rich from the adjacent seats, and with other visitors who were inmates of the castle.

They who were strangers to the illustrious birth, exalted character, and profound learning of the present incumbent, on his being announced, expected that a plain unadorned son of the church, would make his appearance, leading in his blushing awkward daughters! how vastly had they misconceived, how variously affected. All eyes fastened upon them! and what wer

not the sentiments of admiration that were excited in *some* female bosoms, the consternation which seized others, when Dr. Clinton with all the courtly grace for which he was so eminently distinguished, conducted to the countess, the accomplished sisters! elegant in their address, graceful in every movement, blushing indeed, but with that celestial modesty that served only to re-enforce, and render more radiant the beauty destined to cast the die—and fix unchangeably in the hearts of some there, the ardent sentiments of love and friendship, and the implacable passions of envy! malice! and revenge!

Dinner announced, Dr. Clinton led the countess to the dining-hall. Major Mountford following so fair an example, took the hand of Euphemia; but the less happy viscount betrayed by his eyes that his heart flew to Maryanne, while his hand was proffered to a beautiful statue who stood at his side. The sumptuousness of the lordly board, the infinite variety and succession of dainties, delicacies and rarities, which in the profuse commingling exhibited the joint produce of the four quarters of the world, and all the corresponding splendour of such an entertainment, will be easier conceived

by the wellbred reader than detailed for his amusement. Hours fled ere the bustling scene subsided into any thing like a calm, and the weighty ceremony was brought to a close. The ladies at length evacuating the hall, assembled in the state saloon. Here, they had not graced it long, when most of the younger gentlemen and foremost the noble heirs, speedily joined them. During the circulation of tea and coffee, major Mountford seated by Miss Clinton was wholly absorbed in the contemplation of a being formed by nature and education to realize his mind-created model of feminine perfection. He was frequently addressed, his opinion was often in requisition, it was all in vain; he returned vague or almost unconscious answers to questions which though they struck on his auditory nerves he heard not, too much occupied with what filled his mind, too much charmed with the converse of her from whose beautiful lips, flowed knowledge, wisdom and learning, while the roses on her fair cheeks were deepened with modesty's lovely die. He heard no sounds but the soft cadences the music of her voice, and only when it ceased and she stole into silence, could he awaken from the vision

of felicity, the enchantment of hope that floated before his delighted senses, and opened a vista in the bright futurity of terrestrial happiness!

He was at length roused to the consciousness that he was not alone with the enchantress of his soul! the beloved object of his delicious waking-dream! but in his mother's saloon, mingled with a brilliant assemblage of personages many of whom in female ambuscade, had their looks slyly bent upon him in secret admiration. A dark, unwelcome, female eye in scrutinous scowl sat upon him—he regarded it with the contempt he believed it merited. He met his mother's angel beam; it spoke volumes how much she approved of the object distinguished by his attentions. Though it had long lost the boast of youth, a beautiful speaking eye shed its benevolent interest upon him, and particularly attracted the attention of Euphemia. "My incomparable cousin," exclaimed the major, "come hither and sit beside *us*." Quickly making towards the lady he led her from her seat and placed her on the right hand of Miss Clinton. This was the very *desideratum* the lady sighed for. From the moment her discerning beam fell upon

them, the daughters of Dr. Clinton engendered an affection in her bosom, that rooted instantly and could never perish but with life! Mind quickly communicated and amalgamated with mind. Her delightful converse, endearing manner, a soul beaming with intelligence and every virtue, soon unlocked and drew forth the rich stores of Euphemia. With her youthful conversationist, the lady Elizabeth was inexpressibly charmed, and felt the irresistible power that unites together and produces the enchantment of congenial minds.

Lord Bradport was seated between two young ladies, but his listless manner and wandering eye, spoke plainly his position was one in which not even his gallantry, had the smallest interest. Miss Walton, the lady whose dead but watchful glances had fallen unheeded upon his brother, vainly attempted with all her arts, to engage his *particular* notice: while on his other side, the involuntary attentions which almost unconsciously he paid, and good-breeding suggested were due to her rank, and claims as the daughter of his father's particular friend, were silently received by lady Gertrude, the beautiful statue to whom we have alluded. The female world had

potently felt the subduing powers of those personal graces and fascinating talents, with which he was but too destructively gifted. But this dangerous enemy to their peace or virtue! was about to be requited. The gay Bradport, hitherto plunged in dissipation, immersed in gallantry, beauty his idol, love his business! felt he had never been in love till now! Never till this fated evening pregnant with the sources of future destiny! did he feel the pangs occasioned by the perturbations of a virtuous passion. His watchful eye never losing sight of its object, marked with a pleasurable feeling the admiration which she evidently excited, in the gentleman with whom she was engaged in conversation.

This gentleman, a military officer of rank, whose personal attractions and godlike form, though considerably past the meridian of life, might have made impression even on the tiny heart of a child, struck with the dazzling and amiable appearance of the sisters, had sought his way to the side of Maryanne, and contrived to break through the silence and retreating modesty, generally the concomitants of merit in an exalted mind, and was in earnest colloquy with her. The subject to the interested

observation of Bradport, appeared to be no light one. The general had spoken at considerable length: Maryanne conformable with good-breeding and accustomed to lose not a syllable from the mouth of wisdom, had listened with profound attention. The intelligent eyes of the general were powerful auxiliars to his speech and the precursors of his thoughts; but having ceased to speak, he fixed them on the lovely face of Maryanne who deeply blushed! though the dignified feeling remained unimpaired. Fortunately for her relief she was under the necessity of unlocking in her turn, her colloquial stores: it was then in the activity of thought, the energy of mind, and the review of matter, that the intensity of fine feeling was diverted, and the philosophy of age with unaffected soberness, fell from the youthful speaker. Bradport's looks directed to them, marked the blushes of Maryanne, and the admiring eyes of the general: but only pleasurable sensations arose with his scrutiny. He loved his general with a devoted sentiment, and exulted in the conviction that the object of his ardent passion, was admired and manifestly distinguished by the man he so much revered. Thus, the felicitous illusions of hope, the anticipa-

tions of happiness that glowed in the sanguine bosom of Bradport, bore no affinity or represented to his sunny fancy, the misfortunes that might yet be doomed to traverse his destiny!

Music, cards, and *tête-à-tête* scandal, if any preferred it, divided the company. It is proverbially current, that there can be no body of women where this last-mentioned article is ever excluded, or fails to afford acceptable alimentand entertainment. Whether it be that poor *woman* is scandalized by this concurrent opinion, can only be the province of *demonstration* to decide. If found with any within the walls of Elssingham Castle, they, addicted to this mental viciousness, as links in the chain of our narrative, will appear in due time and all the deformity of such character. Those gentlemen alive to the soul-enchanting science of music, flocked round the ladies from whom they expected all the gratification it imparts. The earl coming up at the moment, requested lady Gertrude would favour the company, by taking her seat at the pianoforte to which he led her. A skilful hand with all the facility and amazing rapidity of early practice, flew over the keys with prefatory mastery. Several elaborate pieces

of the first class of German and Italian composition, were executed with superlative ease, but by whom the 'concord of sweet sounds' were produced, might have thrown into reverie the mental questioner. The love of music certainly implies a soul! a *soul* at least for music, but with the fair lady Gertrude, bating the touch of her delicate finger-points, there was hardly the implication of her mortal frame. Some years ago, a young lady at her piano was exhibited to the public, producing apparently by her execution, all the harmony of the science, without even a respiring *body*, much less involving any necessity of mind. So like the fair automaton appeared lady Gertrude, that she might have created the suspicion in those who had never seen her nor could convince themselves by contact, that she was another wonderful machine of human construction, or one of those impalpable appearances too subtile to be understood by our gross faculties of earthly perception. No feature of her face not even the speaking ones of the mind, betrayed the least symptom of her feeling the sounds she produced. The repose of the dead! possessed her within! and the lightest ringlet of her beautiful flaxen locks, in the act of

playing, was agitated not by the slightest vivacity of motion. Miss Walton succeeded. The large, inelegant repulsive figure of this lady, contrasted with the delicate statuery of the preceding performer, certainly excited no mistrust in any of the company as to *its palpability*. Miss Walton displayed perfect knowledge and good execution in the harmonic science; nor would it be just to deny her, that during her performance, she evinced in despite of the most subtle cavillers in support of the doctrines of Pyrrho, the *reality* and reciprocation of both soul and body. But the soul was dark and unamiable and the material form not calculated by any pretensions to beauty, nor aided by charm of manner, to excite an interest in the justly appreciating mind. Every power was exerted to attract, every art employed to captivate. Her dark, lustreless, watchful eye stole often to major Mountford, but the fullest exertion of her musical talents to invite his notice, were exhibited in vain. She had exhausted her newest, choicest pieces, but lingering in her position, retained her place at the instrument, evidently to our brothers, with the view of procrastinating from a display *of* their abilities, the powerful rivals she

apprehended in the accomplished daughters of Dr. Clinton. In this sort of policy, she appeared to be supported by a captain De Courtland, stationed at her side, and who had been most forward at the slight request of the countess for music from the lady, to lead her to the piano.

"Dr. Clinton," said lady Elizabeth in a voice sweet yet commandingly audible, "I understand your charming daughters play the Scotch airs in the uncorrupted original style of pathos and simplicity, which so beautifully characterize these enchanting compositions. May I hope you will exert your influence to procure me the gratification, I so much anticipate?"

"My influence madam," graciously returned the doctor, "is in no way necessary; my daughters are honoured by your request, and will be happy to comply with it; but allow me to add, that I undertake more for their *willingness* than capability to afford you pleasure." "I am better informed—" rejoined her ladyship, "here is an ample collection of Scotch music, most of it my own selecting."

"Will you just favour me with this air before you rise Miss Walton?" said De Courtland placing the book on the desk.

It was 'Auld lang syne,' an air abounding in soul and social sentiment, ill-according with hers about to perform it. Miss Walton readily commenced and like the emulative nightingale ambitious of swelling out the palm of victory, strained the whole compass of her voice. During the vocal performance, lady Elizabeth had her eyes upon her with an overpowering expression. Miss Walton felt their influence with hardly less dismay, than that said to be excited by the gaze of the rattlesnake. De Courtland however was a never-failing auxiliar at her side, and the earl having taken his station behind her, with such in her rear and flank, the lady was inspirited to more than usual exertion. Unsparingly she taxed every power of voice and finger, but still—the penetrative eye of lady Elizabeth incommoded her!

The song concluded, few were the plaudits constrained politeness afforded, and fewer still were they who felt any delectable sensation from the manner, style of voice, and look of genuine sentiment exhibited. The viscount whose soul was on fire at the designed monopoly of the instrument, and who burned with impatience to call into action the rare talents and at-

tractions of the unpretending sisters, putting an end to the *plotted* delay, took the hand of Miss Clinton, and placed her at the harp. Lady Elizabeth was immediately at her side. This instrument is certainly calculated to exhibit to advantage the beauty of a hand, the graces of a finely moulded form; and to these gifts, a face of exquisite perfection of feature, and dark auburn locks luxuriating over temples of snow, ere she commenced her performance, fixed all eyes on Euphemia.

"Will you favour me Miss Clinton with '*Auld lang syne?*" solicited her ladyship in a voice particularly emphatic when she named the song.

"I will do my best to afford your ladyship the gratification you anticipate;" then turning to major Mountford who stood behind her eagerly foretasting the pleasure expected, "persuade my sister to accompany me:" brief was the commission and as shortly complied with, Maryanne was at her side. All eyes were directed to the incomparable sisters! all ears were expectant of St. Cecilian powers; nor were they disappointed. The intermingling sweetness of their voices harmoniously dulcet by nature, disciplined with judgment and ren-

dered captivating by taste, produced consequently the happy effects anticipated. Every corresponding bosom felt the thrill of pleasure communicated, while the native melody of the air that was destroyed in the bold, strained, unharmonious squall of Miss Walton, was restored to all its original beauty in the melodious strains of the unaspiring sisters.

The countess expressed in terms of the highest commendation the pleasure they had afforded her; general sir Charles Molineaux, overwhelmed the blushing songstresses with his compliments; and many of the most dignified personages of the company, accosted them with the most flattering approbation of their vocal and instrumental powers. Lady Elizabeth charmed beyond expression, declared she had never heard a Scotch air played in England, please her so much; and that many years ago, when in Edinbugh, she had heard a young lady sing "Auld lang syne," in a style of such peculiar sweetness, pathos and power, that the susceptible of the company were drowned in tears. The vicar fixed his eyes upon her ladyship for some minutes, lost seemingly in the excited reminiscence of something long gone by!

"Notwithstanding the impression it made upon you lady Elizabeth," said lord Elssingham with a stern look, "it appears the air had to be *twice* performed, before you recollected the circumstance." "Was it played *before* my lord?" asked the lady with the most consummate ease of careless inquiry, "I must have been strangely absent, gone to the moon, possibly seized with deafness, or peradventure I may have no nerve for *music* though I may for sound, consequently in the *performance*, discovered not that it was my favourite air, until like the puzzled spectators of the bad painter's horse, I saw the *appellative* affixed to it."

The earl frowned upon majesty in miniature! and turned away. At the frown of the peer and the singularity of the lady, some of the company smiled, others wondered, and a few, more deeply interested marked—but the lady Elizabeth perfectly heedless to observation, turned her attentions to the sisters entreating that she might be further favoured with strains so "celestial." Selecting another air from the Scotch music, she placed it for Maryanne who succeeded her sister at the harp. She

had played and sung the first verse of "The last time I came o'er the muir," when she felt a gentle sigh pass over her snowy neck. Irresistibly turning her head, she found it had escaped from her father who was leaning over her. Awakened to the remembrance how memorably this simple air was ingrafted on his heart! she ceased immediately, and lady Elizabeth perceiving that she had unknowingly revived some loved image probably fled for ever—closed the music-book.

"Nay Maryanne this is unkind, you know it is my favourite song—" said the vicar with a pensive smile. "You shall have it then, my dear father, if you will be pleased to change your station." Lord Bradport gladly filled it! The air was resumed and accompanied by Euphemia. Uniting with the harp, the voices of the sisters again mingled their celestial strains. What were not the rapturous expressions of admiration that burst from the enthusiastic young Scottish peer the earl of Lochmoira: "O by Heaven!" he exclaimed, "this warbling like the angelic warblers, is truly divine! let none but *such* attempt the soul, love-breathing airs of Scotia's land."

"So echo I, who am not one of Scotia's

sons," cried major Mountford, as the haughty Miss Walton passed and heard his and the embargo of the peer, which more honestly than gallantly laid her under the prohibition not to sing, those pleasing melodies to which she was so little calculated to do justice. Ireful glances in despite of her self-possession, shot malignantly from her dark eyes, and promulgated, " this triumph of the sisters—shall find its future alloy !"

The pianoforte being the favourite instrument of the viscount, entreating her indulgence, he led Miss Clinton to it. A fine scientific specimen of the genius of Haydn, placed for her by lady Elizabeth, was played by her in the first style and with all her own peculiar excellence. Her ladyship a perfect adept in the musical science, from possessing a soul harmoniously alive not only to the concord of sweet sounds, but to every thing that is sweet and amiable in nature, highly qualified to judge, marked, and passed the encomiums so justly due to the talents of Miss Clinton. An animated composition in unison with the vivacity of his temper, was selected by the viscount for Maryanne. The genius it required presided. In her

playing, energy, judgment and feeling were happily united. Lord Bradport charmed to ecstacy, no longer could confine his exuberant feelings. Unbounded in his applause, overwhelming in his impassioned compliments, ceaseless in his attentions, heedless of the observations he incurred, thoughtless of future consequences, he was blind to every thing but the beautiful object who filled every recess of his ardent heart.

It was well the earl who was at this time particularly jealous of his heir, witnessed not this exclusive devotion. Yet what availed his propitious star in escaping paternal observation? the evil genius! of Bradport was there, the viper he cherished in his noble breast. A destiny inseparable seemed assigned the brothers. That which created pain or pleasure in the breast of one, involved a participation in the other, reciprocally affected by the peculiar circumstances of their fate. The dark deep policy of the fiend that haunted them, perspicaciously marked the means—and was equal to the performance!

Major Mountford in his obvious attentions to Miss Clinton, no less incurred the *evil* eyes that were greedily in inquisition

upon them. Amiable as nature's superlative works, possessing a soul of the most exalted worth and finest sensibility, there was hardly a doubt, scarcely a possibility, that a being so endowed and congenial in disposition, had not found his way to the heart of Euphemia. He hardly left her side. Wholly captivated with his object, fixed in his choice unchangeably as fate! undeterred by the certainty of the opposition which he was prepared to expect from his father, fearless of his wrath, he was entirely engrossed with the felicity which ideally he enjoyed in a union with her. Under circumstances thus happy, time fled with a malicious speed. Dr. Clinton's chariot had been in waiting some time, and his daughters when apprized of it, instantly joined him. Paying their parting compliments to the noble host and his charming countess, lady Elizabeth followed them with maternal tenderness, and kissed the cheeks of the sisters; while our brothers too deeply interested, quitted them not—till seated at the side of their father, the carriage drove off.

CHAP. VIII.

THE admiration his daughters had excited at the castle, escaped not the observation of Dr. Clinton. Combined with the graces of ornamental acquirement, he witnessed with paternal satisfaction, the evident advantages they possessed in an education which, while it in no way subtracted from the gentleness and delicacy of their feminine character, procured them the attention, respect, and qualified them for the converse of men of sense and learning. Herein his grand object was achieved. Nor was it likely to elude his parental observation, the marked, undisguised attentions, paid to them by the noble brothers. In an intimacy with the family, Dr. Clinton saw perspicaciously, the danger surrounding the dear objects of his paternal solicitude, in the inroads likely to be made upon their bosom's peace. His discerning wisdom penetrated to their inmost constitution, the characters of our heroes. The generous, amiable, brilliant qualities, possessed by the viscount, rendered *him* he considered, no less dangerous to the

repose of the fair, than the vices which perhaps they fatally covered, were inimical to their safety! It admitted not of a doubt, but that Maryanne was the object of his impassioned admiration. With a fearful perception but faithful pencil, he drew the parallel of glowing virtues that existed between them: while reversed—the moral errors of Bradport could hardly be conceived by and gain credence with Maryanne, so irreconcilable to her virtuously-elevated mind would appear the joint existence of virtue and vice!

Nor was he more at ease as he shifted his view to Mountford. He saw him a being of that peculiar mould, calculated by a striking congeniality, sympathy of sentiment, and every corresponding quality of the head and heart, to steal upon the affections of his Euphemia. It was evident in the analysis of his character, where Mountford *fixed* his passion would be fate! and Euphemia like the exalted being who gave her birth, could love but one—and he as destiny! Considering the parental character of lord Elssingham, these reflections filled with apprehension, the mind of Dr. Clinton. He saw the lofty earl planning the aggrandizement of his sons, and allying his heir to th

highest rank and grandeur. He was aware from the knowledge he had of the haughty spirit of the peer, that he would never sanction any connexion upon which he himself had not determined, and should deem derogatory in the smallest degree, to the high expectations and splendid ancestry of his noble house.

Let it not be supposed that Dr. Clinton though possessing the humility of a true Christian, could possibly forget that he was the son of as ancient, honourable, and noble a house, as that from which lord Elesinghain was so proud to be descended. But he wisely considered when placing himself in competition, that he was a material degree in rank removed from the *peer*, and that a poor few thousands by way of dowery, were all he could give with his daughters. Moreover he conceived there was sufficient reason to conclude, from reports he had heard, that something of a matrimonial nature respecting the heirs, was in agitation at the castle: and he lamented in the inflexible temper of the peer, that most probably, there would be little or no alternative left his destined sons, but the sacrifice of their tenderest happiness. Such reflections naturally arose and filled with soli-

citude, the paternal breast of Dr. Clinton: but in an unbounded confidence in an ever-directing Providence! he endeavoured to banish uneasy thought, and the morning following the dinner party, quitting his pillow, he prepared for the happiness awaiting him in the tender inquiries and embraces of his daughters.

"My dear papa," cried Maryanne, "you are absorbed in deep thought this morning; I verily believe you have fallen in love with lady Elizabeth Lamont." "Give me my coffee you foolish creature;" smilingly said her father.

"Ah! that will cause no diversion," returned the sportive girl, "account for the profound attention with which you marked the words of her little ladyship, when she mentioned the circumstance of the young lady in Edinburgh singing 'Auld lang syne,' and possessing the magic art of dissolving the eye and flooding the company in their own tears." "That young lady was your matchless mother!" The cup nearly slipped from the hand of Maryanne. "O Heaven! my beloved mother!" exclaimed Euphemia, and a pause of deep feeling—kept them silent for some minutes.

"It is a singular occurrence," said the vicar recovering from the pensiveness which the memory of the circumstance occasioned, "the form and face of her ladyship struck me—they were not new—nor are they indeed, such as are often met with; but when I first beheld her she was in the bloom of youth and beauty! and came dimly to my remembrance through a retrospect of twenty years."

"Was you present then, dear papa, when my angel mother charmed the company with her voice and song?" asked Maryanne. "Present! ay *memorably* present! Euphemia Maitland the enchantress of every party, *that* day week, became the wife of your father! It was at the house of a Mr. Nisbet, a gentleman who ranked high as the representative of an ancient family, for his consequence in polite society, his patriotic spirit, and the lofty distinctions of a capacious mind, stored with the rich flowers of belles lettres: he was much esteemed for the social virtue of hospitality, and was the particular friend and admirer of your grandfather Dr. Maitland. The party was large and the rooms though spacious became very hot. Among the latest of the visitants was announced lady Elizabeth Lamont. She

happened to be placed opposite to me, and though disordered at the time from a sick sensation, it struck on my heart—the resemblance she bore in features and form and in the captivating coruscations of the soul —to your all-accomplished mother! Shortly after supper I grew faint and was obliged to leave the company, and relinquish my enviable position at the side of Miss Maitland!"

"When she rose on your memory my dear father," asked Euphemia, "did you not long to participate with her the revival of a circumstance, so deeply interesting to your heart?" "I did my child—but in a numerous and ceremonious company there can be no fit time, nor is it the place to awaken the sacred pleasures of memory, or share the sympathetic sorrows of the soul, excited in reanimating the beloved objects of our affections!"

"If I have rightly formed my estimate she is a female of a thousand: the first sentence she addressed to me thrilled through my heart, and indeed in the *real* resemblance, I fancied my incomparable mother spoke from the bosom of lady Elizabeth."

"I am persuaded I love her," said Maryanne, "and I could have bent the knee of

idolatry to her tiny majesty, when with perfect nonchalance, eccentric good-humour, yet significant raillery, she retorted the sarcasm of the earl." "On the contrary," remarked Euphemia, "her beautiful eye beamed with affection on the countess, and how tenderly she seems to love her cousins."

"I shall love her an octave higher for *that*," replied Maryanne. Her father raised his eyes from his coffee and their penetrating glance was acknowledged by a deep blush! which heightened the rose of her cheek. Euphemia did her best to relieve her. "If your love for her ladyship is to rise in a ratio, as she bestows *hers* upon the objects of *your* affection, you will run up your gamut of gratitude *another* octave, when you understand that she has a particular esteem for the *general*."

"Circumlocution is in some cases no bad policy, as with many it carries an air of wisdom, and serves for such with them who are not brightly enough gifted to discriminate, that 'sound is a quality much inferior to sense; far be it from me however, to insinuate that this is the case with the profound Miss Clinton! seeing or rather hearing that there is something so abstrusely sage and elaborate in the construction of her

sentence, so much ingrafted on the slender twig of her conditional *if*, that hinge as it were upon which the whole depends, and so abounding withal in judicious emphasis, that it must have cost her much—*so* much, that had Dr. Johnson been her auditor, I am positive he could never have waded with her through the difficulty, nor been able to arrive at the clear stream of *meaning*."

Miss Clinton only laughing, heeded not the irony of her father, and resumed addressing her sister. "Surely my fair relative, the martial graces of the godlike man purloined your heart: for an hour you had neither eye ear nor voice for any one else; all became absorbed in colloquy with the general."

"Bless the general," exclaimed Maryanne, "at the head of his division, with a grand band of music, I could march with him to the siege of Troy, fearless of difficulty and danger."

"Certainly there is *every* thing in the music," said the vicar with provoking seriousness. "But my black-eyed beauty," resumed Maryanne, "surely you have no cause to grudge me my Hector, you had your full share of conquest yesterday."

"So *I* think," added her father, "we shall ere long see a coronet glittering on her mixed locks. Countess of Lochmoira—ay it sounds well."

The cheek of Euphemia became pale! her father saw it; "nay my girl resume your roses; if the coronet gives uneasiness, wear your straw bonnet, it becomes you mighty well;" he said tenderly kissing her as he rose from the breakfast-table, to take his usual walk in the garden.

"Was you not surprised Euphemia, at meeting at the castle our dear Glencarnie, or rather in his new title the earl of Lochmoira?" "O say no more—" exclaimed Euphemia. "It is strange love," observed Maryanne, "that you cannot conquer those feelings so hostile to him and your own comfort, when in the company of our ever dear, most amiable Glencarnie."

The earl of Lochmoira was a young Scotch nobleman, whom the vicar had educated and prepared for his collegiate studies. He had but shortly come to his earldom, had lately arrived from the continent, and till his dining at the castle with a friend to whom he was on a visit, was ignorant that Dr. Clinton was living in Devonshire, on the benefice presented him, by the earl of

Elssingham. Devotedly attached to him, the young lord was most agreeably surprised and overjoyed to meet his worthy preceptor, and delighted beyond expression, when he beheld again his beautiful playfellows with whom he had had many a juvenile frolic, when in the bud of that beauty, which was now dazzling in all the bloom of riper years. When about twelve years old, lord Glencarnie was consigned by his father the late earl, to the tuition of Dr. Clinton. Euphemia was seven; the young Glencarnie was delighted with the pretty little sisters. Every day brought for them its increase of affection. He ascended the trees to procure them the choicest fruits; scrambled his way through the hazel copse to fill their frocks with nuts; was the faithful caterer of their favourite robin, and brought a fine gilded cage from London, to incarcerate in tuneful peace and ease, the darling linnet of Euphemia. From the chilly breeze of night, he never failed to house their tender plants, and place them in the morning in the vivifying sun. He loved them both tenderly, but Euphemia with an intensity of affection, uncommon at so juvenile a period. Yet all his fondness and indulgence would not do, to elicit

the like passion in her baby-breast. It was all very well, she played and gamboled happily with him and loved him, when the fondly-devoted Oscar, refrained from giving her proofs of his tender passion; but from his caresses she would recoil with a dislike that partook even of terror. Her mother marked the singular occurrence on both sides, and endeavoured to cultivate an affection in the little enslaver, for the tenderly devoted boy. She pointed out to her his kindness, goodness, the many virtues of the amiable, her *papa's* much-loved Glencarnie. It was impossible! the soil would not receive the seeds her maternal regard for him, wished to sow; and with tears in her lovely eyes, Euphemia would declare that she was very sorry that she could not love Oscar, so much as she ought and tried to do. Yet her amiable nature fully felt his goodness, and would do any thing to serve him. When his eyes were affected from the measles, she would sit beside him, pick the best fruits for him, read pretty stories to amuse him, and lead him about the chamber when his shaded eyes could not direct him: and his feeling little nurse, appeared to pine into the pensive shadow of herself while Glencarnie suffered. But after his restora-

tion to health, and the renovation of his juvenile passion, with his tender caresses, returned the aversion of Euphemia. This unconquerable feeling excited in her childish breast, she felt fearfully recur in all its force at different periods when she afterwards saw him, and now when she met him at the castle: and could the reason, religion, and soundly informed mind of Euphemia have suffered her to entertain a superstitious dread, she would have pronounced it a presentiment of an adverse fate—of a foreboding sorrow!

The following Sunday, Dr. Clinton preached a sermon charitably designed for the benefit of a widow and six children, by thus solemnly promulgating the awful visitation, that had deprived them of their natural protector. A lieutenant in the navy, who had been twenty-seven years in the service out of the forty he had lived, had retired to the village of ——— solely upon half pay, in bad health, and with his only earthly treasures an amiable wife and six lovely children. He dropped down suddenly and expired without a groan! amid the dear objects of his paternal care! and in the act of the important duty, of inculcating reli-

gious, moral principles, and expanding their budding minds with useful instruction.

Dr. Clinton ever open to the tale of suffering—supplied the immediate wants of the widow, and became indeed, her friend. The sudden death of the lieutenant and melancholy circumstance of his having left a young and unprovisioned family, had excited a feeling interest in the neighbourhood, and from the numerous congregation, it seemed expected that the vicar would illustrate in his religious and sublime discourse, the affecting and striking event. The earl and family, and every visitor at the castle were present.

The text, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me—" in an impressive voice was delivered by Dr. Clinton: again he pronounced in a solemn tone the consoling words, and a striking stillness prevailed. Entering upon the subject, he impressed his hearers with the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of being prepared for the sudden visitations of Providence: and that the enjoyment of health and youth and fair prospect of length of years, should not be suffered to cheat us into a vain security, nor blind us to the possibility if not proba-

bility, of so awful an event. On the approach of death, he represented the terrors of the guilty, the remorse, self-reproach for neglect of duty, and agonizing remembrance of the vicious life they had led: on the contrary, he turned with a pious pleasure to the peaceful, resigned, and happy death-bed of the Christian, who through all the vicissitudes, pains and trials of a calamitous fortune, discharged his duties, virtuously struggled against temptation, and religiously placed his confidence in that infinite goodness! who never fails to succour the just. He adverted to the mutability of all temporal distinctions; appealed to reason and asked if it was in the power of the alchymist with his most occult and subtile solutions, to separate the dust of the noble from his humblest vassal; and what peculiar quality would distinguish the clay of the rich from that of the poor! He made every bosom feel the equality of virtue and the degrading level of vice. He portrayed the deceased fearlessly fighting through danger and death in the service of his country, and gallantly contributing to its security and glory. He placed him in a less conspicuous but most responsible point of view, in the character of father and hus-

band. He exhibited him in the bosom of his family ingrafting on the tender scions of his stock, religious precepts, teaching them gratitude to a bountiful God! and bidding them confide in the infinite goodness and mercy of that God, who was the Father of all! Inscrutable Wisdom! in the act of such important duty, he is arrested by the hand of death! summoned into the presence of his Judge! not loaded with crimes and follies and the sin of misspent time, but clothed in the beauty of his good works, crowned with righteousness, and on his entrance to the beatific mansions! rejoicing in the words of the Saviour! "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

He touched impressively upon the heavy charge, that had solely devolved upon the disconsolate widow! and that the pension now become her due, almost wholly inadequate to the support, education, and future provision of her six children, hung upon the life of a parent, no less liable to the sudden visitation of Providence, than the one just consigned to the grave! Every benevolent bosom felt the appeal! The varyingly energetic, pathetic language of

the preacher, fell upon the heart. His tones melodiously sweet, as if loath to waste themselves on the insensate air, lingered on the delighted ear. His persuasive style, flowing eloquence, the graces of his mild and becoming manner, so highly essential to the solemnity and sanctitude of the pulpit, and the benevolence of his character that spoke in every look, found their way to the humanity of his hearers: while the solemn text, the affecting event to which it was adapted, and the momentous truths inculcated, awakened in the most thoughtless present, a religious conviction! a religious awe!

In the pew of lord Elssingham containing the family and visitors, a reverential stillness and attention reigned. In that under the pulpit appropriated for the vicar's family, sat the sorrowful widow between his daughters, and four of the fatherless children. What eye could find its resting place there, and be unmoistened with a tear? All eyes indeed, were directed to the site, where widowed sorrow wept in silence, its tale of woe! and all were rivetted with the mingled sentiments of piety, humanity, and admiration!

With charitable pleasure, many repaired

to the vestry, to deposit their donations for the widow and orphans. The Elssingham family were liberal to a high degree; their visitors followed their example, and lady Elizabeth and general Molineaux, in contributing amply to the future wants of the family, contributed in a ratio to the gratification of their own benevolence. Their carriages waiting the vicar handed the countess to her barouche, and placed lady Elizabeth by her side. Lord Bradport in his curricle drove lady Gertrude—but from his seat of eminence, mingling with the dissatisfaction visible on his features, he cast an ardent glance upon Maryanne, who like the angel of charity with a smile upon her beautiful lips, was sweetly speaking to the flaxen-headed fatherless boy and girl, she held by the hand. Captain De Courtland was honoured by Miss Walton occupying the seat in his gig. Major Mountford had lifted into his mother's barouche, little Mary Molineaux and was in the act of following, when his eye caught lord Lochmoira in converse with Miss Clinton. Jealousy is of that subtile nature, that it will find its way even to the most generous bosoms—he was immediately at her side. Mrs. Beverley the widow was

leaning on her other arm, and the amiable earl thus distanced, joined his kind, quondam playmate Maryanne, who was walking with the children and Miss Verney the daughter of the gentleman, to whom the peer was on a visit; while the carriage of Mr. Verney in which were himself and the vicar in earnest discourse, was slowly taking the circuit of the road.

Arrived at the gate, the new visitors were charmed with the beauty of the rural abode, and anticipated its felicitous interior. All entered. The widow and her children were to spend the day there. In the company of the kind sisters her grief was beguiled of its poignancy, and their soothing attentions suffered her not to feel the vacuity of the widowed breast! The earl renewed in vivid expression, the pleasure that was his in meeting so unexpectedly, the dear companions of his boyhood, the revered preceptor of his youth! From the fire of his mind and the warmth of his heart, Lochmoira was an enthusiast, but the most gentle and captivating of the character. "Ah! sir," he exclaimed, "do you conceive I could have trod an inch of classic ground without you? Impossible! As in Greece, Italy, and Rome, I lingered

amid the monuments of mouldering grandeur now in deplorable ruin! I exclaimed what is man? a perishable being! whose morn of ephemeral existence brings its eve in the same hour! What avail the proud distinctions of genius and talents? what avail the mental labour of a youth of study, a life of wisdom, the knowledge of science, and the profound and endless investigations that lead to occult truth? all must die! But man lives in his works for ages—replied proud vanity: true! but the period will arrive however distant, when the lofty memorials of his genius will be swept from the face of the earth! and even the vast pyramids of human industry, so famed for centuries throughout the world, will not tell by a single fragment—where they were once so wonderfully erected! Man may as well be a reptile, it lives—dies—and the potentates of the earth die too! and mingle their ashes with the dust of the reptile! I heard your voice sir, it roused me—I saw your look—it sunk on my soul! 'Oscar,' you said, 'pensive contemplation reasonably indulged in, chastens the passions and harmonizes the mind of man. But all fruitless regret intensely dwelt upon, deadens the sense of active duty, and subtracts from the

usefulness and purpose of our being. The reptile lives and dies—and in like manner will perish your mortal frame. But there is given to *you* a soul that will never die! there lies the awful responsibility of man to God! Could Glencarnie live the life of fools—slaves—idlers? no, be Glencarnie then, onward—to the end! Look well to a life of righteousness, reason and mind—and to the soul's eternal happiness in the life to come!'

"Thus sir, your voice was my oracle, and I started from the pensiveness, which the slow but certain ravages of time in the crumbling scenes around me, had for the solemn hour created."

"And *Glencarnie* I hope you will ever be my dear Oscar. There is no character by which it is possible for you to be the gainer in exchange. Wear your own—it becomes you to admiration! and would not sit so well on any one else."

"If as a *dress* I *must*," smilingly cried the eccentric lord, "alas! where is the man to be found whose habiliments will fit this little deformed contemptible body?" "I thought *mind* always had the precedence," said Maryanne, "if so, where is to be found the be-

ing who is not of the giant or genii kind, with a body large enough to contain the capacious soul! of lord Lochmoira?"

"Ah! indeed," cried the ecstatic peer, "you were ever my morning and evening star, who adhered to me supported my cause and resented my insults. Do you remember when these beauteous hands," snatching one with rapture to his lips, "beat with child-like inability the boy Bradford, for calling me Crookedback?"

"You have complimented the earl at the expence of the whole sex, Miss Maryanne;" smilingly said the good-humoured Mr. Verney.

"I shall contrive however to get off with *you; mentally* I have excepted *one* and included none who exceeds the age of thirty; with my dear father then, you are safe from the detraction of dimension of *body*, for you must admit there was no involution of mind, in my well-merited compliment to the earl."

"Well, that will do to deprecate *our* wrath Mr. Verney, but here is major Mountford loudly demanding satisfaction in a more explicit translation of the aforesaid compliment."

"More *justly* than *loudly*," cried the no-

ble, " and he shall be satisfied too. Come my star of beauty, thou shalt not flatter the crook-backed Glencarnie at the cost of this handsome son of Mars." " I have *not;* unless major Mountford were a giant of the first magnitude and peculiarly tenacious of his vast bulk, he could not consider himself disparaged; and admitting that he were one of the huge race, be it remembered with their brother genii, I made them exceptions. I have therefore given no provocation to *man giant* or *genius*, to take umbrage: but, I know no mind, that could so well supply the absence of Lochmoira's as major Mountford's—and when at any time you are tired of your own tenements, you have only to exchange residence with one another."

" By Heaven!" exclaimed the wildly generous lord, " my conscience would not let me. Think you I could take possession of that superb structure," directing his eyes to Mountford's person, " and view with an undisturbed feeling, its noble owner cramped hampered and ill-accommodated in the poor fabric, for which he had in the generosity of his nature, relinquished his own? no, Glencarnie is incapable of a *base* act—nor does

the mortal exist who has suffered from his injustice: nor will the glory of his ancestorial name remain, when he seeks only his own advantage or erects his happiness upon the ruins of another!"

Here, the enthusiasm that so strongly marked his character carried him off, and till brought from the height to which he had soared by a laugh from Maryanne, Lochmoira had worked himself into the belief that he had been guilty or about to be, of a violation of justice unprecedented in the history of *generous* man.

"If the *superb structure* were illumined with the mind of Lochmoira! you might then justly deem it superb," said Mountford, "the blaze of genius—talents—virtues! would light up and shew to the best advantage, its architectural grandeur. But withdraw the light—and the noble edifice is admired no more: it becomes a rayless mass like that of a castle which however grand in its towers and colonnades, if found uninhabited, excites only sentiments of avoidance and regret at the immense space it uselessly occupies. If I have not *your* conscience, I have my own *pride*; I could not endure the mortification of the mental contrast; for, if the genius of Lochmoira

were ever to illuminate *my* mansion, the natural tenant when he again took possession, would be dimly seen from defect of light, after such a blaze of intellectual brightness!"

"Nay by Heaven thou shalt not depreciate the noble building nor the nobler spirit that resides there; nor shall thy splendid generosity outbalance my heavier facts: suffice it to say, there breathes in Mountford a soul so elevated! that Glencarnie would be proud to reach it and claim kindred with it!"

"Noble! generous being! and yet I am jealous of thee!" thought Mountford and the reflection sunk him in his own esteem. The earl extended his hand to Mountford, who met it with reciprocal ardour: but the vivid glance of Lochmoira that fell upon Euphemia and turned her pale! spoke too plainly for Mountford's peace. "O I see it —Lochmoira I dread thy magic powers more than a thousand of thy sex."

What was it he dreaded? surveying him no personal charms were there. Under the middle stature, almost diminutive, certainly not exempted from a degree of deformity, as one shoulder was visibly higher than the other, yet what availed the malice of nature in the formation of this rare creature?

Though pale and somewhat sickly in appearance, it was but to look in his face which few could composedly do, to find that inexpressible charm which admitted of no definition. A dark grey eye with long lashing fringes, encountering the beholder's rendered it unsteady. The never-ceasing fire of an imagination ever ready to take flight with the stimulant and sublimity of its subject, burned there! and his mind less restrained by the coolness of reason than guided by the enthusiasm of the most heroic virtues, suffered it never to expire: and with this enthusiasm of genius and high-flown virtue, were blended the finest feelings of the soul and most melting passions of the heart.

Mr. Verney rising to depart, the vicar requested his company to dinner the following Wednesday, to meet lord Elssingham his family and friends. "As to our old friend Oscar—I can command *him* and *he* will be happy to attend *you*."

Each of his daughters taking a hand of the elegant Miss Verney, solicited no less warmly her presence on that occasion; and expressed the pleasure they anticipated in being added in future, to the number of her friends. A glow of responding feeling told

in her speaking eyes, how happy she should be to form a third in so desirable a friendship.

On the departure of the party, major Mountford expressed the admiration which a personal acquaintance with the character of lord Lochmoira, had excited. "He is eccentric but his eccentricities are captivating because they are the legitimate impulses of the lofty aspirations of genius, and the rich overflowings of a magnanimous mind, too exuberant for the check of sober rule, and too vast for the narrower bounds of meaner intellects. No, Lochmoira! thy soul on the wings of genius quickened by celestial virtue, soars to Heaven's gate! explores a happier world and brighter skies! and,

——————— Leaves all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.

"Generous Mountford!" thought Euphemia as her smile promulgated, "surely thine can reach it in its exalted flight."

"I have been frequently amused," continued the major, "in remarking those aiming to distinguish themselves by *eccentricity*, conceiving it to be synonymous with genius! or absolutely necessary to it, as the infallible earnest of its existence:

while, in plain truth they were only distinguishable for their absurdities and that littleness of mind, which places importance in the peculiarities, simply arising from the noble faculties being occupied with those sublimities, best fitted to engage them. I know no term more hackneyed, abused, and warped from its original meaning; it is applied to the imbecile, ignorant conceited, and self-elevated; and indeed if we take sense and merit for the centre, nothing can be more truly anomalous than these spirits; we then find no difficulty and readily admit their claims to *eccentricity*."

"This is somewhat bitter language, major;" vivaciously said Maryanne. "There is little bitterness of *heart* however; "smilingly observed Euphemia. A sudden joy lit up a delicious glow in the bosom of Mountford. Surely he thought, a kinder look accompanied these words than that awarded to the admiring Lochmoira. Her stress too upon the *vivific* noun, sunk in truth with emphasis upon his heart: but that love is a narrower of it, in many cases and in particular where it fears a rival, Mountford felt! and made him detest himself.

"Your philippic against the weakness and

absurdity of aspiring to the distinction of talents which the Maker! never gave, is too just to admit of opposition;" said Dr. Clinton; "little minds have narrow views and attach great weight to trifling matters. They have a management however, in many cases, of producing much *sound* from a very small portion of sense; and I have often beheld with amazement not unmingled with indignation, persons of uncommon talents and intrinsic merit, thrown into the back-ground by the subtlety and forwardness of such; but to the honour of sense and judgment, it is only with the superficial, such can possibly succeed. But noble indeed, is the mind of Glencarnie! nor is there a virtue however magnanimously incredible, of which I do not believe him capable, were circumstance to excite and put to the test.

"Glencarnie set off on his tour of Europe. What to do? Not to import foreign vices to add to the stock at home—nor to study with rapture the convulsive squall of an Italian opera-singer; nor to corrupt the decency or weaken the principle of virtue, by any gratification he partook in the lewd movements of the dancers; nor when ar-

rived at the metropolis, to make Parisian fashions and follies, the grand objects of his acquirement; nor to practise the laxity of its morals nor adopt the levity of its manners; but to enrich and expand a mind formed by nature, for the reception of every thing good and great. I frequently heard from him during his travels; was delighted as I perused the glowing descriptions of his pen; and marked his enthusiasm when the works of genius and the sublime arts, fell in his way. He visited in his tour the enlightened nations of the continent; inquired into their laws, customs, and observed their manners; studied the national character, and marked how far the influence of the political constitution tended to form it; sighed over the horrors engendered by war which desolated that fine country then the seat of it, and thus stored his mind with instructive knowledge.

"The health of his father being on the decline, he was advised by his medical friends, to change the keen northern atmosphere of his own country, for the softer breezes of Italy and France. His son was summoned to meet him at Paris. Crossing the Pyrenees he flew to him on the wings of filial love. Well acquainted with the

country, he led him through those salubrious districts, best calculated for the pulmonary complaints that annoyed the earl. Here in the southern provinces they remained some months. The earl dotingly fond of and proudly happy in the possession of such a son, fancied himself better.

"From Avignon they slowly journeyed among the Alps and arrived at Parma. A gleam of returning health shone upon the earl, and as he expressed a desire to get to Florence, after resting a few weeks, they proceeded on their way to that city. There they arrived, and delightfully situated some little way from it, among the environing mountains, in the hollow of a beautiful vale, the unremitting devoted Glencarnie, anticipated the wants of his adored father! watched his looks, repelled the rude blasts from the Adriatic, and intercepted even the gentler gales that brought him not health. It was then, as Mr. Verney informs me that to amuse and gratify this revered parent, he employed the powers of his mind, the fire of his genius, and the stores of his classic learning in composition. Cicero his archetype, he wrote several orations in imitation of and that might vie with, or perhaps rival the productions of the celebrated

orator. The inspirations of the softer muses is no less his forte. A great admirer of the Italian poets, he adopted their language softly-harmonious in itself and particularly adapted to the passion of love; which, like their Petrarch, perhaps, early imbued—became his theme. Mr. Verney who is a man of fine imagination himself, assures me that they are the most beautiful specimens that can possibly be written of vivid genius, sublime thought, pathetic sentiment, and the ardent but chastened affections of the heart. He has frequently importuned him to put them into print, but the earl like most people of sterling merit, is diffident in a ratio to it, and will not suffer them to meet the public eye."

"Early imbued—" mentally repeated Mountford and a sick qualm assailed his heart! Covering his emotions, "it is much to be regretted;" he said.

"But alas!" continued the doctor, "all these splendid exertions of mind, and the unremitting watchfulness of this devoted son, could not save—the earl sensible his dissolution was approaching, expressed the wish of his heart to behold again the first, faithful friend of his life! his revered Verney. The anxious Glencarnie despatched

a courier to England: and though Mr. Verney had just consigned to the vault a beloved wife—and left a weeping daughter, he set off instantly with the hasty messenger.

"The friendship of the earl and Verney had begun in their boyhood. The father of the latter had married a Scotch lady, and was particularly attached to the Scotch. 'I admire the mode of education generally adopted by the Scotch;' he said one day to a friend, 'in the business of instruction their main object is to make the most of *mind;* it is therefore, substantial, consequently calculated to render their progeny intellectually respectable, profitable companions, and shining characters through life. I have determined to send my boy thither.'

'He will acquire their singing tone, uncouth accent;' replied his friend. 'So much the better,' returned Mr. Verney, 'I wish he may acquire every thing which distinguishes that highly gifted people; and it must ever remain incontrovertible, that finer specimens of oratory, never echoed through St. Stephen's halls, than they often delivered there, in the broad dialect and Scottish accent.' The youthful Verney was sent to the first grammar-school in Edinburgh. There he met the

amiable lord Glencarnie, and though neither had seen twelve years, an attachment took place, that ripened in time into a friendship, dissolved only by death!

"At sight of his beloved Verney, the earl seemed to revive, and for some weeks they enjoyed all the soothing pleasures, arising from a friendship that had been to each, a source of happiness through life. But the painful hour of separation was at hand. The earl breathing the still clinging affections of his heart and grasping the hand of the man he had so long loved, 'Verney—companion of my boyhood, my long-proved friend! we must now part—I shall soon be no more! and all that will remain of thy attached Glencarnie, will be the cold—still—senseless clay—which unconscious of it, will shortly be watered with the precious tears of a beloved son! When that form shall have receded from my closing eyes, sooth the filial sorrows of his bosom—speak comfort to the desolate heart of my adored boy! O Oscar my exemplary son—thou wert dearer to the heart of thy devoted father, than the faint types of language can express. In all the pride of parental ambition, I beheld him realize my most sanguine hopes. With joy I saw him blazing in all

the splendour of genius, and what is still more estimable, I beheld as the beautiful frontispiece to the fair pages of his character, the soul of honour! the existence of every generous and christian virtue! and with paternal gratification, I contemplated him as the future sun whose spotless brightness would transmit its ray of glory! to the noble house of Glencarnie. Ah! my beloved Verney, man is vain! and the decrees of Heaven are just! this darling son I fear, too much estranged my thoughts from that better world to which I am hastening. For him—for you—I would still cling to life—but it must not can not be!'

"The earl expired in the arms of his faithful friend. While reason was shut out and grief took possession, the young earl was inconsolable. In his mournful hours by day and stolen visits by night, he wept his irreparable loss, on the coffin of his father! nor would he quit the sacred remains! about to be sent to Scotland to be deposited in the vaults of their ancestors, bent on accompanying them to their last resting-place: till Mr. Verney with paternal concern, interdicted the filially-pious resolve. He drew him insensibly from the unavailing but irresistible indulgence of sorrow.

They travelled for months through the finest countries of Europe. He led him into those regions peculiarly calculated to rouse the enthusiasm of his genius. The sublime and stupendous scenery of Switzerland as they peregrinated rose before them. There, where nature puts on her most awful and terrificly grand forms, or suddenly shifting presents herself in a more grateful dress; whether his eyes were elevated to the lofty Alps capped with perpetual snows, arrested by the direful ruin of the overwhelming avalanche, or enraptured as they wandered over the luxuriant beauties of Geneva, or at the lovely lake Constance, reclined on its mossy banks, marking the progress of the oar and listening to the music of the waters, Lochmoira found a rich, inexhaustible source of gratification, for his ever elicit, contemplative mind.

"Grief is to be dissipated by invisible measures, not overcome by apparent design. So agreed Mr. Verney, and he wisely decided that the mind must have no leisure to recur to the malady. His wisdom was verified in the success of the means he had adopted; and his unremitting care was amply repaid in beholding the son of his affections, surmounting the grief such an irre-

parable loss occasioned, and regaining that self-complacency, which ever marked his amiable temper.

"Anxious to fly to the arms of his motherless daughter after an absence of six months, Mr. Verney brought the earl to England. They have been in London some time, and with the earl and this amiable daughter, Mr. Verney came down to his favourite seat here, about a fortnight ago. When his paternal friend should consent to give him up, Lochmoira had determined to fly to Dorsetshire to me, and remain some time with me. At my parsonage there, I first received him from the hands of his fond father. There, I educated him, and bating the periods of the holidays at which he generally left me, there he lived with me five years, dear to me and my sainted partner, as if he had been our own: and there, he believed I still resided, as my last letters to him were directed thence. Thus, in the narrative I have given you of Glencarnie, I own I feel nothing short of a parental interest; and am convinced I have delineated his character, to one highly qualified to appreciate it. I know no two of our sex, between whom there exist such equal powers, capacities for mental enjoyment, kindredness of

spirit and similitude of mind, as the earl and my *honourable friend:* with but the difference that the cooler portion of reason has been bestowed on *him.*"

"Ah! sir," returned Mountford as he rose to depart, "notwithstanding I feel how much I lose by the comparison, I candidly confess it is gratifying to my *amour propre,* stimulating to my ambition, and pleasing to my better feelings in the flattering hope, that I have gained a place in the esteem of my revered friend Dr. Clinton."

The major slowly directed his steps to the castle, and from the exclusive mental occupancy, wholly heedless of its exquisite scenery, luxuriant groves, and lengthened avenues, whose rich foliages impervious to the ardent rays of Sol, bestowed the coolness of their own temperature.

He found the family and visitors assembled in the saloon. "It is strange," cried lady Elizabeth gaily smiling as she sat down by lady Elssingham, "what could make our vicar sigh as he handed me into the carriage." "Not strange at all my dear Elizabeth, every man of sense and sentiment must admire *you.*"

"Nay by my voice they must *love,*"

cried the viscount. "And estimate at a high price!" added his brother.

"I am amazed it should be so—" said the general with the smiling reserve that spoke much and the eye more, "how comes it that in so *small* a compass, there should dwell every thing that is vastly noble and greatly good?" "It is a problem I confess general, of so much *profit* and *profundity* too, that it might have employed the sagacity and puzzled even Lock;" observed the earl with a sneer playing on his features.

"Lock and her ladyship would have been on the best footing imaginable," returned the general with a sort of retortive smile, "a great mind is profound but no riddle; to them who have understanding to comprehend it, it is as intelligible as the meridian luminary; on the contrary, it is the inconsistency, subtlety, versatility of its character, mean faculty for ready subterfuge, and evident contradiction of itself, that render the little mind forever dark, inexplicable, never to be understood: for should you at any time imagine the hour is arrived and that you have hit upon it, you deceive yourself, the next, like the chamelion, it assumes another hue."

"Your proposition general, would fain

overturn the demonstrable truism, that that which is shallow is easily fathomed."

"Pardon me earl, I have yet to be more explicit. I have no wish to strike out aught that militates against sober reason, to add to the crude and sophistical conceptions, which with more than Pyrrhonian absurdity, in direct insult to the majesty of judgment, are attempted in these times, to be forced upon us. Truth is of stubborn metal; is strongly garrisoned; will stand the siege of ages of time itself, and can never be reduced to surrender to the subtile reasoning of the frenetic positions of spurious genius and false logic. But, quitting circumlocution, we will proceed to the point. I have considered it a proper because a palpable distinction, not to confound the *weak* with the *little* mind. The former involves not the littleness of the latter, nor the latter the weakness of the former."

"It is a difference however, that will require much nicety to preserve it, general." "Nevertheless my lord, I think we shall be able to make it out. I knew a gentleman who was imbecile in mind, to a remarkable degree, yet candour and generosity were the leading features of his character. In such a one then, we find the right

disposition of the heart, making up in a considerable measure for the deficiency of the head, and the soul that feebly illumined the mind, seemed to rise superiorly noble, in despite of the imbecility it corporeally exhibited. On the other hand, in the *little* mind, there appear no such want of capacities, but a perversion of them in their application to little or bad purposes, arising from the grovelling soul that animates, or the depravity of the heart in a total want of moral and religious goodness."

"Ah! there it lies," said lady Elizabeth, "well, I did not dream of my silly observation giving birth to so much sound sense; depend upon it we have got more from the general, than we shall have for a month to come; a flaming compliment to myself, and some hale positions *pro bono publico*." The general smilingly resigned himself as usual, to the self-complacency of his own reflections.

"Excuse me lady Elssingham, may I presume to ask, is admiration generally breathed in *sighs*, and how does it contrive to render itself understood?" inquired Miss Walton with a sarcastic eye glanced upon lady Elizabeth.

"That depends upon so many circum-

stances, that without involving a disquisition on the finest feelings of the heart and most delicate conceptions of the mind, I cannot possibly reply to your questions, Miss Walton: but in the case of lady Elizabeth Lamont, no sentiment can be excited by her unmingled with admiration." The earl sent a frown to his countess.

"The admiration excited by ladies of a *certain age*, is *timid respectful* and seeks not to express itself in the *warmth* of language, but in the *coolness* and *caution* of *sighs*;" said the peer with a satiric look directed at lady Elizabeth.

"Nay good my lord," cried her ladyship, "I am a living instance that what you assert admits of some dispute; though past *forty* I protest I am in the daily receipt of vows, kisses, and gallantry not only *breathed* but verbally expressed, in every mode and form: does not the bravest of the brave —the most learned of the learned, the most captivating of the young and handsome, nay, even a second *Alfred* wear my chains? O would to the resuscitating powers I were *young* again, that I might live in happy neglect and be unmolested." "It is your own fault lady Elizabeth, why don't you leave them all and sit down by me," said a

voice so dulcet and modulated to a peculiar key of its own, that it was believed to be seraphic. The lady Elizabeth however, conducted by the silvery tones, made her way to lady Gertrude who was indeed *quietly* sitting, and through the bunch of beautiful flaxen ringlets that hung over it, kissed her pale but finely turned cheek.

Several carriages were seen driving up the avenue, and presently the approaching visitors were proclaimed. "What an excellent and affecting sermon we had this morning my lord," cried an elderly gentleman. "You are quite correct sir," replied the earl arrogating to himself in his gratified pride, a great portion of the compliment exclusively due to his vicar, "but it were hardly possible Dr. Clinton could fail; he is a man of noble origin! great talents, and profound learning."

"Facts indisputable my lord; but we must all have occasionally met with divines, who combined in themselves the like advantages, yet that were by no means equally calculated to advance the cause and produce in effect, the happy fruits of religion. In the first place, his noble origin can benefit the man in the pulpit and his hearers nothing, unless it better enables him

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elucidation that beautiful light, which at once dispelled the obscurity and afforded to the most untutored mind, a clear view of the sacred truth. Without professing to be a grammarian I think I may venture to assert, that simplicity is one of the constituent qualities of good and elegant language: and while that of the vicar fixed the charmed faculties of the noble and rich in listening admiration, the poor and ignorant peasantry wept—a sure symptom that his truly gospel discourse not only found its way to their understandings, but to their hearts. But permit me to ask my lord, if precept and explication be not rendered intelligible to them, what are the uninformed classes to take for their guide, to enable them to subdue the strong passions and temptations of sin and to attain life eternal?"

"Example," replied the peer elevating his stately form, intimating plainly that in the nobles of the land they ought to look for it, "we ever find that goes farther with the ignorant, than precept and homilies."

"Granted earl," rejoined sir Gregory, "but how brightly then, and constantly too, must that light shine, to which they

to do his duty: and great talents and profound learning to the sad conviction of human experience, are too often prostituted, and are not absolutely necessary to man's salvation."

"You do not mean to deny sir, that theological learning is essential to the dignity of the church, and the spiritual influence inseparable from the interests of the state, and the mystic erudition of the former, indispensible to the keeping of the low orders of the community in awe?"

"In *darkness* my lord, and with the scourge of terror too, suspended over them. I disapprove of that arbitrary learning from the pulpit, which condescends not to render itself intelligible to the vulgar mind, but dresses up the beautiful and manifest doctrine of Christ, in all the abstruseness of ecclesiastic science, and the obscure phraseology of schoolmen; which to the ignorant, must ever appear to wrap up into an impenetrable arcanum, the holy Scriptures and that most momentous concern, the salvation of their souls. Hence most of this class, leave their learned pastors whose discourses abounding more with types and inexplicable passages, than clear gospel, sacred revelation, and come from the house

of God! desponding or little benefited, in consequence of being little able to comprehend. Query then, is it the high only for whom the clergy preach? if so, those ordained with the holy mission, prove their judgment in adapting their discourses to their hearers. But, *this* question is unavoidable, whether is it the high or low who stand most in need of gospel instruction? The former it is presupposed had instilled into them in their youth, the fundamental principles of religion and morality, and the culture of education: whereas the bulk of the latter, born only to inherit all the miseries of the most calamitous condition, received neither the light of religion nor reason, but in mental darkness are necessitated to grope their way through their thorny path, and snatch where they can, their scanty morsel of bread. Are *these* the class that should be least thought of as entitled to the instruction and comforts of the gospel? Does not the blessed Redeemer say, 'they that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick:' surely then my lord, it is they who are in darkness, not those who have already received the divine light, that claim the es-

pecial care of the physician of the soul."

"You do not conceive it a practicable labour sir Gregory, for a man of polite education, a learned divine, to derelict from the enlightened language which he was early taught, habitually speaks and preaches in, to express himself in that simple homely style, necessary to the familiar comprehension of the illiterate vulgar? this would be stripping the church of its solemn dignity by expounding uselessly the enlightened conceptions of the Godhead, to the depressed classes who cannot conceive the sacred mystery but may be taught to adore it: no sir, impossible! Herculean would be the attempt of the preacher, to adapt himself to every degree of mean capacity composing the unlettered orders."

"Yet my lord, it was proved this morning, with all this necessarily-implied learning and in all the dignity of the divine function, with what ease and impression that can be done, which you are pleased to pronounce impossible. The sermon of Dr. Clinton was calculated in gospel precept and sublime language, to render itself intelligible to the little as well as great. The obscure passages of Scripture as they occurred in his discourse, received from his

elucidation that beautiful light, which at once dispelled the obscurity and afforded to the most untutored mind, a clear view of the sacred truth. Without professing to be a grammarian I think I may venture to assert, that simplicity is one of the constituent qualities of good and elegant language: and while that of the vicar fixed the charmed faculties of the noble and rich in listening admiration, the poor and ignorant peasantry wept—a sure symptom that his truly gospel discourse not only found its way to their understandings, but to their hearts. But permit me to ask my lord, if precept and explication be not rendered intelligible to them, what are the uninformed classes to take for their guide, to enable them to subdue the strong passions and temptations of sin and to attain life eternal?"

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"Granted earl," rejoined sir Gregory, "but how brightly then, and constantly too, must that light shine, to which they

are taught to look up, as the polestar directing them to everlasting life!"

"Ah! so brightly! and constantly!" exclaimed lady Elizabeth mingling the serious and comic, "that throughout the high Olympus of nobility, I believe we shall find it in none save—earl Elssingham!" The haughty visage of the peer relaxed into something like a smile. "But alas!" pursued her ladyship in the tone of regret, "when we hear frequently and read in the public prints, of the shocking lapses of many of that elevated class, such as the elopement of the wife from the man with whom she *first* eloped in all the independence and *constancy* of love! the flight of a husband with the wife of another! and from his own, whose virtues and many years of conjugal fidelity, could not bind him; and the inhuman as well as criminal desertion of six, eight, or ten children perhaps, are too notorious not to implicate the whole body noblesse, in the eyes of the vulgar; who have no opportunity from the low sphere in which they view us, of perceiving the many transcendent exceptions that indisputably adorn our class. Thus, then earl, however truly this be, I yet fear it is in the less conspicuous conditions of

society, where we must look to find those undeviating, steady examples of moral rectitude and religion, which could they be exhibited at large, would be the most infallible lights, to guide the humble and untaught, through their mazy paths into those of righteousness, and to happiness hereafter!"

The earl fermenting most probably, with some sarcastic reply to lady Elizabeth, was forestalled in his speech. "I cannot imagine it possible to find any where, a more exemplifying picture of moral and religious duty, than that beheld in this same vicar and his family," said the handsome son and heir of sir Gregory: "it is said that he is one of the most truly charitable men breathing; that none ever solicited his interest, assistance or bounty in vain, though known to be a man of very small fortune; thus then, this excellent divine not only gives us the precept but the practice too. I know not whether it was their exquisite beauty that threw such a dazzling loveliness over the piece—but the widow and her children supported in the hour of affliction by these beautiful sisters! produced a subject divinely fitted for the most famous pencil that ever portrayed."

Several very pretty dashing belles present, bridled with envy. Their mother with ill-dissembled deafness to the eulogy, with an indignant motion shook the couch. Miss Walton's dark eye lowered and grew darker still.

"I heartily subscribe to your opinion and commend your good taste Mr. Baines," replied lady Elizabeth; "these charming young ladies whose exemplary conduct is the theme of praise, may well serve as beacons assuredly to be relied upon, in directing the ignorant to the straight road of eternal life! and not only to those *inferior* classes who study to cope with and imitate nobility by adopting their follies and vices without being able to reach or appreciate their virtues, do I propose the sisters as bright examples, but to the young nobility themselves! careful, that their blood of high and ancient quality, cannot boil indignantly in their dilating veins at the fair precedents selected for them, as noble blood flows but flows modestly! through the gentle arteries of the peerless Miss Clintons."

Presuming upon our knowledge of lady Elizabeth, we pronounce her too feelingly acquainted with the nicety and forbearance

of good breeding, to have made allusion to any of the company; but we cannot deny, that she certainly put unusual stress upon the adjective, *inferior*. Our brothers till this gratifying moment would have contested the possibility of loving to a greater degree, this already so-much-loved cousin; but they fancied in the high estimate she made of the sisters, that she elevated herself *beyond* the apex point of their affections: so pleasing is it to the heart to hear said or sung, the praises of those we love!

CHAP. IX.

The day of the dinner-party arrived, and the noble family, their visitants, Mr. and Miss Verney, earl Lochmoira, and a few others, graced the rural mansion of the vicarage. Though it exhibited not a massive service of gold or silver plate, nor provided boundless variety of superfluous luxuries, an elegant entertainment was presented to the company. The blooming Miss Clinton blushing through the graces with which she did the honours of her father's table, charmed every one capable of appreciating

the happy union of youth, with sedate sense and native dignity. The exhilaration excited by agreeable company, converse and wine, bestows its own warmth, the roses therefore on the cheeks of the ladies glowing with a deeper die, induced them to walk out upon the lawn. Here they were soon joined by the young, and in due time by the elder gentlemen. The day was celestial; not a zephyr put the foliage in motion; the idea of existence in the balmy regions of Arabia Felix, fastened on the softened senses. The blue concave of the unclouded heavens; the golden splendour spread over them by the setting luminary and reflected on the landscape; the refreshing green mantle of nature enlivened by all the diversity of shade; the loveliest colours of the queen of flowers, courting the delighted eye; and the feathered world leagued in the concord of nature, lending their mellifluent strains, altogether produced enchantment.

The vivid feelings of Bradport were all on fire. Love! sported in his eyes; the Graces wantoned round his person; and wine heat and exuberant joy, flushed his cheek with a deeper crimson. "O genius of painting," he cried, "give me the pencil

of Raphael, that I may portray and for ever preserve, these lovely groups!" The ladies smiled at his *inclusive* compliment, but his ardent eye feasted on Maryanne.

"Surely this is nature's standard for masculine beauty," thought more than *one* of the ladies, as the fair-haired Alfred approached: "'tis the godlike Wallace!" it was impossible indeed, to view him without fancy presenting to the mind, that hero of immortal memory. "O glide not away," he cried in a tone of sensibility, "nymphs sylphs and fairies, of this sylvan scene: destroy not this vision of felicity—restore to man were it but in fancy, the happiness of the golden age. Can crowns, power and wealth, bestow a bliss like this! or afford such serene enjoyment and calm delight?"

"Such serene enjoyment calm delight! by Heaven no—" exclaimed Lochmoira. "But here—in this happy spot, this heaven on earth, is to be found all that is charming—lovely and good! all that man can possibly deserve! For this happier Tempe, the gods indeed, might be tempted to leave their ambrosial mount, and taught by their example where to find real joys—the potentates of the earth would resign their

sceptres, to quaff the unmingled cup of bliss! But why suffer the deception? 'tis all enchantment I protest!" he cried, the fire of his mind and perhaps somewhat that of the *wine* playing in his fine eyes, "I would not touch even the hem of the light robe that floats in dazzling purity and envelops the celestial forms that surround me, lest they should vanish and annihilate this reign of bliss!" "I shall touch you however," laying her hand upon his arm, said Maryanne, "with the kind intent of putting to flight your doubts and apprehensions; to convince you that your *reign of bliss* is in no danger of being brought to a close; and thus by my contact I give you substantial testimony, that we are neither fairies of the grot, nor spirits of the air, nor impalpable *bodies*, but corporeal agents, women my lord Lochmoira, mere *women*."

"Women! angels! rather say—" throwing his arms around her, exclaimed the earl. There was something in Lochmoira that seemed to render him peculiarly privileged. His moral character spotlessly irreproachable bore incontestible evidence of his exalted mind. His sentiments, actions, temper open as day, he feared no detection. He had no vice to conceal, he cared not what

eye sat upon him, he lived in the most harmonic intimacy with his own conscience. At the moment he caught in his arms his quondam playmate, lord Bradport happened to stand opposite. His ardent passions rose all in tumult; his heart beat, his cheek glowed, his eye sparkled, his bosom laboured with repressed emotions; but jealousy found no entrance to the breast of Bradport: he admired the captivating lord, was disposed to love him as a brother, his soul only longed when he encircled Maryanne—to be at the moment the enviable Glencarnie!

The fair group and their gay gallants, were standing round an artificial basin admiring in the limpid element, the golden beauties of its gliding inhabitants. Maryanne frolicsomely disposed, gently pressed forward her raptured knight. "Treacherous beauty! would you plunge me in the unfathomable abyss?" he cried with the eccentric laugh that displayed his fine teeth; "O I should delight to die by this fair hand," snatching it to his lips; "would tears from these orbs of beauty, consecrate my tragic end! but alas! not a solitary drop from the lovely of woman will ever steal

over the rose of her cheek, to the memory of Glencarnie—"

"Nay as to that my lord, I will engage to weep like Niobe," returned the sportive Maryanne, "so as that I have but the pleasure of tumbling you in."

"And I engage you shall not make your exit unlamented, for you know I love you very much;" said the aunt of Mr. Verney who had known the peer from his birth.

"And in the event of the immersion of my lord Lochmoira," smilingly added the countess, "I take upon me to lament if not in verse in verbal sincerity, the departure of a star which in the zenith of its brightness, threw such a true lustre over the horizon of nobility."

As *yet* in all its glory, with a captivating grace, the star bowed to the compliment of her ladyship.

"I am inclined to think Miss *Verney* will contribute very liberally towards lamentation for your fate my lord," said Miss Walton with her usually invidious cast, "for she exchanged the rose of Lancaster for that of York, at the bare idea of it." Miss Verney blushed—

"Nay goddess of the majestic mien," cried the lord, "with all due deference to your

infallibility, pardon me the possibility of a mistake on your part—for by all the evidence of my vision I affirm, Eden's rose at this moment, blooms in vermilion beauty, on the fair cheek of my lovely friend."

"It is superlatively *polite* in you Miss Walton, to *think* for Miss Verney," said lady Elizabeth sarcasticly, "and I really marvel at your sagacity in discovering what would be the quantum of her regret. You are too generous my young friend, in taking upon yourself, the responsibility of thinking and speaking for another. Permit me therefore, to divide the burden with you. Miss Verney had just caught *your matchless* figure and her own reflected in the well, and if I may conclude from my *own* inward workings and repinings, no doubt *envy* took possession of her bosom and chased the rose from her cheek, on viewing herself so *strikingly contrasted* and so *humblingly* overtopped. Well, don't be *disheartened* my poor Miss Verney, I saw the Venus de Medicis in the Louvre, Buonaparte proved his taste in carrying the lady off, and were the beautiful statue and you together, and for the pride of bearing off the palm you could be brought to breath not, smile not, nor wear your roses during

the exhibition, Miss Verney might be taken for the Venus, and *Miss Venus* for the *Verney*."

"There Penelope!" exclaimed her father who stood near her, "I will be answerable for it, you never had so flattering a compliment from any of our sex." "Doubly dangerous my dear papa, is it from the mouth of lady Elizabeth, because however unmerited the compliment, I am persuaded she thinks as she says."

"What! avow your vanity so openly, can you possibly persuade yourself that you are a Venus?" "No, nor could all *your* sex put together: instead of the Venus of adulation, I am infinitely proud to be the Venus of lady Elizabeth."

Lady Elizabeth, the soul of honour and generous feeling, detested every thing that militated against these sentiments; and wherever she observed an indication of malice, or an act however trifling that pointed that way, she never failed to foil and send it back, not only to defeat the intent but to render *felt*, how perspicuously she discerned and defined the motive, and how much she despised the being who compelled her to exercise her humanity at her cost. Certainly it so happened, that the cheek of

Miss Verney faded—at the moment the eccentric Lochmoira asserted the eye of woman would never drop a tear for him: the malevolent spirit in Miss Walton marked it—and lady Elizabeth determined Miss Verney should be avenged. The haughty eye of the violater of those nice feelings, which she understood only so far as to enable her to annoy, glanced with a scornful look upon her ladyship, but daring not to rest there, transferred itself to captain De Courtland with whom she seemed to carry on by looks, a commerce of soul, mutually intelligible, and communicated with telegraphic accuracy and speed. De Courtland was her man! He possessed talents so admirably adapted to the promotion of her wishes, that she perfectly confided in them; and the moment the signal of the eye was given, he put those occult powers in motion, to procure her the accomplishment of the object, her malice prompted her to obtain. The diameter of the basin between them placed him as they all stood, opposite to Euphemia. Directing a look to her with an insinuating smile, "One lady has professed she loves, another engaged to lament in eulogy, a third it is presumed will be very liberal in her regret, nay even the

cruel beauty who would consign him to the Naiades, promised abundance of tears to the final exit of the noble lord, but not a humane fair has declared herself ready to snatch him from the osier tomb! It rests with you then beautiful Miss Clinton, to be the guardian angel of your early friend! to extend that fair hand to save—and by receiving life anew from *you*, life to his lordship must become doubly precious!"

The eye of Euphemia announced that she was about to reply, when she caught the fire of the earl's fixed upon her. Their language was too intelligible! a sickly feeling came over her heart, and a death-like paleness over her cheek! The fair forehead of Mountford reddened: his eye shot at De Courtland a fiery glance unusual to it; and the viscount catching the infection of his brother's countenance and the object of his displeasure, darted a menacing look at De Courtland.

"We seem to be a body of jurors determined to be unanimous if in nothing else, in speaking nonsense;" said the penetrating lady Elizabeth, "and methinks too, we resemble a sale where the article put up to auction, receives some addition to its first price from every bidder, and procures bid-

ders from *opposition;* thus it circulates and like a snowball accumulates in the circulation, till its growing rate becomes so exorbitant, that the wise stop in time and leave it without regret in the hands of the last bidder: we will therefore, to speak *technically* knock down to captain De Courtland, for I take upon me that no one is disposed to go beyond him."

"I am astonished your ladyship his not," said the earl of Elssingham with the sneer upon his lip, "you are at most times vastly fond of nonsense." "O *fond* of it earl, I could not possibly exist without it; I fly to it in all my troubles; it keeps me alive, helps me onward and supports me in my rugged journey—I advocate it on all occasions; but mark earl Elssingham," she said with a transition from the levity of fifteen to the native dignity of her character, "I am very fastidious in defining it to myself, and am no less so in requiring it should be understood by others."

"Lest none should have arrived at the proper understanding of it save *yourself,* supposing then, your ladyship favours us with your definition:" said the peer stepping some paces back and erecting his stately form into an affected respect. Her

ladyship did the same, retrograding the exact number of paces as the lord. "With superlative pleasure my lord Elssingham. In the first place it is a trite saying nevertheless a very sound one, that it requires a wise person to speak nonsense. I maintain the incontrovertible position, as that which comes under the denomination, is neither more nor less than the unbending of an exalted mind, putting on the capricious charm of talent. This sportive humour is possessed only by people of fine sense, acute feelings, and great refinement; and in its 'wildly witty' coruscations, it exhibits a peculiar vein, which like that of the marble is inherent in itself, inseparable from it, cannot possibly be imparted to them who are destitute of it, and is as opposite to folly as the poles to each other. Wise persons with great security descend to nonsense, because there is no possible danger of their losing reputation for sense: contrary, they who possess but a slender stock, would do well not to run the hazard of speculating upon it, lest their fund become exhausted in the first venture, and pity and contempt be awarded them, for having ventured their *all* without the possible chance of gaining ght by it. But, the transcendent mind

may sport in all the levity of its vagaries, yet preserve its elevation unimpaired. In the ages of feudal barbarism, the monarch and barons had their fools; but those fools were men eminent for their *sense*, wit and learning; and *they* also had often their fools in *those* who retained them. Moreover my lord, for the further elucidation of this whimsical species of genius, as it always pleases it can never give pain; is perfectly innocuous and as equi-distant from malice as imbecility: let not the weak therefore, render their weakness more manifest, by exposing themselves in the attempt to speak *nonsense;* nor the malignant hope to conceal under the guise of its harmless character, the detestable intention to wound the feelings of the amiable, or to promote the sinister purpose that seldom fails to be frustrated in the end."

"Most admirably defined indeed madam," returned the peer with a supercilious bow, "no doubt *your* definition will render obsolete all others, and silence the pens of future lexicographers on that point."

"Very critical madam," cried Mr. Verney, "I would never desire a more satisfactory definition."

"I perfectly accord lady Elizabeth with

the nice and excellent sentiments, with which your definition has occasioned us being favoured;" said Dr. Clinton; "volumes of exposition could not say more to the purpose. I respect your judgment, the clearness of your discernment, the accuracy of your distinctions, and the elevation of your conceptions; allow me then to thank you for the lesson you have afforded my daughters." "Ah! dear doctor, your amiable and accomplished daughters require no lesson from me, unless indeed, I could teach them to love me as much as I wish."

"*There only* dear lady Elizabeth," said Euphemia for both, "we indeed require no lesson, having got it perfectly by *heart* already."

The countess was so much charmed with the silvan scene, that agreeable to her request tea and coffee were ordered on the lawn. The good Robert all alert put every thing in motion. The active domestics of the company flew to his assistance. Tables chairs couches and cushions, with magic speed were placed on the green. Two fine chesnut-trees uniting their wide-spreading branches, afforded a canopy of foliage over the ladies. The gentlest zephyrs scarcely breathed, lest they should discompose the

feathers flowers and beauteous ringlets, that adorned their heads. The winged choristers seemed assembled in grand concert, to do honour to the splendid group. Balmy pinions loaded with odoriferous sweets from the fragrant beds of Flora, courted their delighted senses. All appeared as happy as the gliding inhabitants of the Elysium shades. *Few* there were though unquestionably *there*, who were not actuated by some kindred virtue and congenial feeling. It seemed the holiday of choice spirits acting with impunity by being exempted from abberating. "By the Muses I swear, I will never rise from my prostrate state, till crowned with laurel, by Elssingham's peerless peeress:" exclaimed Lochmoira's earl throwing himself at her feet. "The head of Virgil never deserved it better: Jacob, bring me the immortalizing crown." Jacob was a favourite because a deserving domestic of his lady's, and a man habituated to, if not *conversant* in the classics, having been accustomed more or less for twenty years, to hear the "rivers of flowing gold" of their best authors, flow in sweetest cadence from the lips of his lady, when in the habit of instructing and reading with her sons. No stranger therefore to the crowning of their

poets, Jacob quickly procured a piece of the evergreen and twisting it into the form of a crown, presented it to his lady, who gracefully placed it on the head of the Scottish poet.

"I crown Lochmoira," she said, "with the never-dying wreath of virtue! that which fame bestows with time will perish; but *her* bright blossoms translated to their native skies, will flourish with heaven-renewed verdure, through the endless succession of ages!"

The peer still upon his knee, raised the hand that had crowned him with graceful motion to his lips. "And who is he," he cried, that would not make virtue his object of idolatry, if adorned with the transcendent excellence of the countess of Elssingham?" even her haughty husband deigned to smile and looked gratified. Tea and coffee from many hands quickly circulated, and from their recumbent positions on the grass, our brothers and the young earl raised themselves to partake the fragrant refreshment. A small table placed near the countess for her accommodation, happened to be thrown down; the drawer opening threw out a German flute formerly belonging to Lochmoira. The well-known instrument caught his eye, recalled a thousand recollections—

and possibly to conceal the emotions they excited, hastily swallowing his coffee he snatched it up, and played one of Neil Gow's liveliest reels. Ear nerve and soul with most present, were instantly electrified. Starting on his feet, "I must dance a reel," exclaimed the musician, "in honour of my countryman's composition." Maryanne happening to rise he caught her round the waist, crying, "I have secured one beauty, what good fellow will complete the complement, by bringing another?"

Bradport sprung up. "Will your ladyship honour me with this fair hand?" "O la, no, viscount, reels are too much for me, I never could get through one—" slowly drew out lady Gertrude.

"Miss Walton, presuming reels are more to your taste, condescend to become my partner." "Excuse me lord Bradport, I detest Scotch reels, they are ungraceful and degrading for any lady of fashion to dance." "Your objections are sufficient Miss Walton:" bowing said the viscount.

"I am prepared it will shortly appear Miss Walton," observed lady Elizabeth, "that you will be under the necessity of relinquishing your opinion, if *not* of retracting your assertion, when demonstrated by

fact that it is most egregiously *false*. Beside, I am astonished you should suffer yourself to forget, that Scotch reels have ever been in vogue with the prince regent; how then can that possibly degrade a *lady of fashion*, which royalty indulges in, performs with inimitable grace, and preserves withal unimpaired, his supreme dignity?"

Miss Walton venturing to throw an indignant glance at her ladyship, blushed scarlet with the amiable passions of rage and revenge.

Miss Clinton in conversation with old Mrs. Verney, escaped the tax the viscount otherwise would have levied upon her. "I cannot fail in application to my cousin's Venus." "Why really my lord, good manners will furnish me with no plea for refusing to dance, when the earl while he takes his share in the activity undertakes the wonderful performance to supply us with music." Bradport kissed her hand.

The sprightly composition of the famed fiddler thrilled through every nerve and put the dancers in motion. "Now for the Highland fling Glencarnie," cried Mr. Verney. The Highland fling in more native style, was never danced on the hills of Mor-

ven. In vain the defects of nature and the inconveniency of blowing and fixing the hands to the instrument, united to detract from the inimitable performance of the chieftain lord. In vain the lovely face and figure of Bradport, radiant in all their graces, blazed forth with more than usual brilliancy to form the contrast, which however striking, could not throw Glencarnie in the shade, or diminish the lustre of his peculiarly captivating powers. The wonderful agility, levity of motion, wildly graceful twistings of the form, so conspicuous in the Highland lairds among their native mountains, were exhibited by the admirably endowed Lochmoira, and mingled with the peculiar elegancies of foreign manners, imbibed in an association with high-bred foreigners at the polite courts of Christendom. But why have recourse to the polish of courts, distinctions of nations, or elevation of any body of men? there was nothing adscititious in Lochmoira! his soul self-existently great without dependance or precedent, was the genuine source of his virtues, and put into beneficent activity by the fire of his genius, gave splendour to his character.

However willing to continue in the double capacity of piper and dancer, few were the times the figure of eight was described, when the breath of the peer treacherous in this hour of utmost need, began to fail; when Mr. Verney snatching the instrument from him, instantly commenced, and in full swell doing ample justice to the vivifying rants of the celebrated Gow, electrified anew the graceful feet of the dancers. And now the unencumbered form of Glencarnie light as air, was all on fire. As the tune changed he varied with every change, his magic steps. Through all the variety of his motions and movements, the ever-accompanying accommodating graces, appeared new. The ethereal fire within him highly excited, scintillated from his fine eyes. The pale pink of transient promise, broke over his cheek, while a thick profusion of sable hair in graceful negligence, gave an expression to the head, that altogether rendered it as fine a model representing the intelligence of the human mind, as the pencil of Guido ever copied from and gave in admiration to the world.

The ardent soul of Bradport illumined his whole frame. Joy sparkled in his eyes and played in smiles upon his lips. The

heat, dancing, blushes of Maryanne, increasing with deepening red her natural roses, rendered her brilliantly lovely. The luxuriant load of auburn hair fell in clustering ringlets over her snowy temples and vermilion cheek, and as her light and graceful form swam through the dance, she might have well represented the Venus of the heathens, descended to dispense celestial odours to favoured Tempe. The beautiful figure of Miss Verney, no less contributed to the idea, that the immortals had deserted Olympus. Her sable locks in glossy beauty, were strikingly contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of her slender neck: and her hazel eye, beaming with the felicity of the scene mingled with the soft melancholy that dwelt in it, gave an inexpressible charm to her appearance. Had destiny any hand and motive—in uniting in the accidental reel these rarely endowed creatures? was it the earnest of her fixed resolve—the unwinding of the clew that was to lead to fate—or in mystic sullenness did she decree that Bradport should marry the woman he never loved—and destine the unfortunate Glencarnie to love that most dearly! which he should yet voluntarily resign? be it as it

might, it is not the province of mortals to dive into the occult knowledge wrapped up in the impenetrable veil of futurity: not is it justifiable in us to so frequently digress and break the chain of our narrative.

"Ah! indeed, who that has a social soul would not be delighted with a Scotch reel?" cried lady Elizabeth, her eyes sparkling with admiration as she viewed the dancers; "I have *now* seen the Highland fling danced in England with peculiar grace, and in as native a style, as when I first beheld it performed in Edinburgh, by the young Highland laird Allan M'Lane: ah! Lochmoira! dangerous Lochmoira." Lochmoira was instantly at her feet.

This charming woman ever a source of happiness to the amiable around her, never failed to meet from them the devotion she merited. Miss Verney had become her attendant satellite; Euphemia kissed her hand as she passed in the scene; Maryanne placed an ottoman under her feet; and Mr. Verney with social pleasure, attracted by her captivating powers, took his station by her couch.

"You sit there cousin, as if for the sole purpose of dispensing happiness to all with-

in your focus:" cried Alfred. "Yes, it is but to ask and it shall be given."

"Give me then O goddess of felicities, lovely woman—surely that is man's best gift of happiness!" cried the viscount.

Choice fruits on a table within her reach catching her eye, "There, take the emblem of the happiness you desire," cried the distributing deity rolling towards him a peach of lovely bloom, "but ere thou obtain it frail mortal—it will cost thee much!" "O I'll give all the crowns in Christendom for her—" with sparkling *intelligence* replied the viscount, in vain attempting to keep back the glance that singled out Maryanne.

"Dear woman is unquestionably man's good gift," said Mountford, "but give me virtue! O goddess, else—where happiness even with the object of our love?"

"Fair nymphs," cried the goddess," who among you will personify Virtue, and crown her votary?" Miss Walton rose—and taking up the laurel wreath, advanced to place it on the brows of the supplicating votary, when suddenly springing from the ground, he threw himself at the feet of his cousin: "the crown O goddess, will never fit this head, till it receives its virtual fitness from *thy* hand."

She who had taken upon her the prosopopoeia of Virtue, with an indignant air, tossed the immortal diadem from her. The young ladies smiled, but none moved, save the beautiful statue lady Gertrude, which with her was most uncommon, being rarely affected by time place or circumstance, and who taking up the laurel said in a cold tone, "You might as well as throwing it down have handed it to lady Elizabeth, Miss Walton; it is all but jest, let people be happy." "It is no jest however, that lady Gertrude Bouverie is incapable of one malignant feeling—" returned her ladyship kissing the white hand, that presented her the evergreen.

"Sorrow will cloud thy brow and distance thee from happiness—but this never-fading wreath will infuse into thy soul a self-complacency, which no severity of destiny will be able to destroy!" resumed the oracle of fate as well as distributor of happiness, "bear up then virtuous mortal! I decree—thou shalt be happy in spite of fortune!"

"Precious goddess of the lovely eye, give me O give me the woman I love—" exclaimed Lochmoira with enthusiasm, "*that* to me would be supreme felicity! but give

me not happiness at the cost of one pang to the mortal breathing." "Ah!" cried the goddess sentimentally, "who can I give—or what fair can bestow a happiness equal to that which self-existently, dwells in the magnanimous breast of Lochmoira?"

"And what is man abstractedly considered but the consideration of self?" said captain De Courtland, who indeed appeared at all times so much wrapped up *in himself*, that he rarely gave his voice on any point, "it is as natural for him to follow his desires, as it is for the birds to soar in the element assigned them by nature; we are therefore, as much bound to look to the means of attaining the happiness at which we aim, as we are to the preservation of our lives or the prosperity of our fortunes. All look for what they feel they want, all must find it where they can, all may seize it when they have found it, and he who succeeds in carrying it off, would be a fool indeed, to relinquish the ball that more partially, took its direction to his feet. Are there not claims resting upon self, which it is enjoined to render good by the imperative laws and impulses of nature? Does she not speak within us? Who shall know and direct that which is to constitute my

happiness? am I not justifiable then, by the obligations of reason as well as self, to consult my own gratifications, and to pursue the road that leads to their attainment, though many may start with and strive to get to the goal before me?" The earl fixed his eyes upon him with speechless amazement!

"So far your thesis is admissible, notwithstanding the total extinction it implies of every social and generous feeling," replied Dr. Clinton: "I grant you that it is natural for man to follow the desires implanted in him; if they be good, good in the gratification will arise to others as well as himself; but, should they be bad—what say you to that? I may desire to take the life of my neighbour or to plunder him of his property; or what would be ten thousand times worse than either, to rob him of his soul's dearest treasures, the wife of his bosom! or the daughter of his happy affections! am I justifiable then, in committing these violations, because the desire is in me, that I should commit them?"

"We shall suppose sir, such depredations excluded from the question," replied De Courtland with superlative composure.

"They never can be," rejoined the doc-

tor, " upon so unsound a principle as that on which you set out. It is *too* discretionary and so conveniently indefinite, that it may be stretched to any crime, of which the violence of the passion or the depravity of the person, may prompt to the perpetration. You must perceive then, captain De Courtland, that obedience to the dictates of impulse, unrestrained by the tense and steady curb of religious principle, must tend to the propagation of moral evil, the increase of crime, and the dissemination of misery throughout the world. You must perceive too, that justice has no where a place in your proposition. To procure my gratification can I possibly *seize* upon that which is not legally to be bartered or compromised for, without a flagrant violation of person, property or peace? No; I deny therefore, the possibility of excluding depredation when no limits are set to the desires nor means employed to gratify them: nor can man say, so far will I go and no farther: man knows not himself! the virtue that is strong to-day, when assailed by temptation may be overthrown on the morrow; and he can no more securely confide in the integrity of his intentions, than he can cal-

culate with certainty upon unimpaired health and length of years. There are duties unquestionably, we owe ourselves and by the legal laws of nature, we are not only justifiable in consulting but bound to the performance of them. Nor do I hesitate to admit, that it is allowable by reason as well as nature, to seek that species of enjoyment, best suited to our various tastes, capacities and inclinations; to select the objects essential to the constitution of it, and to endeavour to possess ourselves of that happiness, which is peculiarly to our fancy. But surely happiness was never yet purchased by the infraction of moral justice and honour, by public or private injury.

"There are distinctions which though they involve no subtlety, require to be subtilely drawn for the right understanding of any debated point. I conceive therefore in the present case, that there are *two* kinds of happiness but by no means synonymous or equivalent to one another. True happiness, baffling the sophisms of fallacious ratiocination, is that perfect sunshine of the soul arising from the consciousness of living in the fear love and glorification of God, and discharge of the duties we owe to man. The other, I denominate enjoy-

ment. The difference is too obvious to render it necessary to point it out or at least expatiate on it. The *really* happy man may be cut off from every enjoyment, may drink to the dregs the bitter cup of adversity, and eat his bread in sorrow. On the contrary, the man whose business is enjoyment, may range from gratification to gratification, and may *seize indeed*, with lawless power as he is most likely to do, *that*, which is most earnestly desired, highly prized, and rightly due to another. Here then, upon *your* principle, he consults his desires and procures his happiness at the price of injustice and disappointment to his fellow man! but he is sadly aberrating from happiness! he may satiate every desire, yet amid this repletion instead of happy, he will indisputably be the most *unhappy* of men. It must therefore be evident to you, that you have confounded happiness with your own most egregiously erroneous notion of it; which restrained by no moral nor religious law, cannot possibly be assimilated with a possession that only the most undeviating rectitude can bestow. Happiness is that genuine, social sentiment of the soul, that seeks inseparably in its own desires the desires of others, consults

their felicity and is most felicitous in preferring or associating it with its own. These are the effects and positive proofs of real happiness! diametrically opposite to your position, founded so wholly upon *self* that you have entirely excluded that universally-benevolent, philanthropic bond, which unites the human race in indistinguished brotherhood; and have left out of the question as unconnected with it, the sacred principles of justice and that blessed religion whose catholic spirit and gospel kindness, breathes the beneficence of heaven! whose precepts not only inculcate perfect faith but the practice of good works; in short, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The sound positions of the vicar being demonstratively incontrovertible, De Courtland had too much policy to attempt to oppose them, nor had he inclination to involve himself farther in discussion with such a man as Dr. Clinton: and appearing as far from being defeated as defeating, bowing to his opponent with more politeness than acquiescence, he dropped into himself.

"Yours is orthodox doctrine, sound reasoning Dr. Clinton, fixed on the immutable truths of the pure principles of christian

and moral obligation:" said the countess; "O would that such, were more frequently heard throughout the land, and impressed on the taught by the *practice* as well as precept of the teacher; surely in the progress of its happy promulgation, vice in time would hide its head. You clothe the human character in its own loveliness and give it so many charms, that even the reprobate notwithstanding his apostacy from virtue, must revere it. Thus indeed, you have truly defined what constitutes happipiness: and where shall we find a more corroborating exemplification of your text, than in the good—the benevolently illustrious Dr. Clinton?"

The smile and voice of harmony that accompanied the compliment of the countess, seemed of Heaven's inspiration: and the hectic of high desert, and probably exquisitely gratified feeling, that passed over the still fine features of the doctor, acknowledged their combined effects.

Lochmoira had listened to the vicar with reverential delight, but the disapprobation excited by the tenets of De Courtland, still burned in his mind-intelligent eyes. "Self! *solely* considered I detest—" he exclaimed, "it is a miserable wretch that like the mi-

ser in the midst of his hoards, though he covets all and delights in amassing, can enjoy nothing. It excludes all others from what it possesses, and is excluded itself from the possibility of enjoying in all the plenitude of possession. In such a state what is it? a poor, cold, dark, solitary, unblest, unblessing, incomprehensible thing! a link struck off from the combining chain of universal love! the reverse of that benevolent spirit that goes forth the image of its Maker, blessing and receiving blessings: whose felicity consists in making others happy, and whose enjoyments are only such as they are participated or communicated in social compact and indissoluble dependance.

"You have said captain De Courtland, we are to look for happiness any where—purchase it at any price—wrest it from the bosom of our brother man—and detain the illegally acquired possession, though to him, anguish and the annihilation of his dearest joys should be the result! This surely defies all logic—it is out of nature—not only subversive of all moral bond but strikes at the principle of physical harmony. Can any thing that causes pain come into the composition of happiness? is the gratification of selfish passions consistent with it?

can man voluntarily breaking every social bond live only for himself and enjoy alone? it cannot be. The beneficent principle of happiness in its fraternal embrace, comprises such a variety of objects necessary to the exercise of its various philanthropic feelings, that solitary enjoyment is totally inimical and incompatible with it; and the direst misfortune with which the good man can be visited, is to be cut off from the social fellowship of his brother man! Does there exist one so barbarous that he would raise his happiness upon the ruin of another's? or who that is possessed of the beneficent spirit which was first infused into him, would not resign however dearly prized—*that* on which hang all the joys and bound the wishes of his friend? What self-enjoyment could equal that sublime feeling which results from the consciousness of having been the means of happiness to an enjoying creature? By the omnipotent Power whose divine love pervades the works of his creation, I could rend my heart in twain—tear from its core the object intwined with its fibres—ascend the scaffold—die for my friend! Ah! why was it not my distinguished lot to be placed in the enviable position of a Pythias? why are

such philanthropic feelings mine and goading me on without one glorious opportunity given me to their gratification? SELF! snail-like shut up in thyself, mean and mercenary, thou knowest how I detest thy narrow sphere of action. From my infancy my soul has tutored me to promote and preserve the happiness of others, though by the sacrifice of my own dearest—fairest hopes! We have too many precedents in modern times, of a strong friendship of many years, being dissolved by some venal passion, that stole in to undermine and finally break up the sacred union. I cannot enter into the nature of such apostacy! and were it not that 'facts are stubborn things,' I should be inclined to deny that such moral degeneracy existed in cultivated man. Adored Power! who graciously just, for the common good extends thy bounty over the vast amplitude of thy creation, with a beam quicker than thought thou readest at this moment the soul of Lochmoira! hear then his solemn asseveration! that he is capable of making any sacrifice—when that sacrifice incumbent on him, gives felicity to the bosom which, did he consult only *self*, he would render joyless and perhaps lay waste for ever. Should I not be

amply refunded in the buoyant reflection, that though to me my sun of joy was set—it was rising on the horizon of another, in transporting happiness!"

"I believe you earl," cried Mountford in all the energy of his own excellence, "I believe there is not a virtue under heaven that may not be found in the breast of Lochmoira and when put to the test—exemplified with heroic goodness!"

With few exceptions, the company smiled their highest admiration of the magnanimous pair. "I am afraid my lord," cried the cool, wary De Courtland with an incredulous smile, appearing to be again drawn out of his shell in secret opposition to the major; "like Araspes the devotee of imaginary virtue the pupil of the divine Zoroaster, you would be found more confident in the integrity of your *untried virtue*, than able to preserve it when put to the test. There are none here I presume, ignorant how different the boasting adventurer in the science of infallibility, found theory and practice in resisting temptation. Supposing for the sake of preserving analogy in the effort to be made to prove the virtue so confidently possessed, some extraordinary conjuncture or fatality in human affairs called

upon you to relinquish the woman you loved—in whom were centred all your wishes your earthly joys, could you give her up—perhaps in the happy moment when your hands were about to be joined forever? do you not fear that like Araspes you would find you did not know yourself till the moment of trial arrived? or do you securely believe that you could be more than man and tear from your heart the woman you loved to give her to your friend? think you in the sacrifice that you could feel the extreme gratification you speculate upon in preferring the happiness of another to your own?"

The earl turned pale! "He who doubts aught Lochmoira professes, understands him not," he exclaimed, "and his professions are wasted on that man, to no end." "As earl Lochmoira is not likely to be understood but by a few, he will be doubted by many in his declaration of sentiments so heroically good, admirably noble, little comprehensible to the bulk and out of fashion with the better, that I almost fear they are exploded," said lady Elizabeth; "but if you will soar so high my lord, can you reasonably expect the creature encumbered with mortal clay, to reach you?"

"Yes bright spirit of the exalted mind," returned the peer pressing her hand to his lips, "there are many here who will keep up with me in my flight, and lady Elizabeth I fear, will leave me regions below her."

"Positively I will not earl; I will fly with you through the ether from planet to planet, from sun to sun, and explore with you suns planets and worlds, yet unknown to man." "O delightful companion of the soul!" exclaimed the lord, "once with thee in the etherial regions, I am afraid I should never desire to become an inhabitant of earth again."

"How comes it charming lady Elizabeth that you have escaped marriage?" asked Mr. Verney, "how could one in whom the milk of human kindness flows so graciously, play from the *heart* the part of a tyrant? surely many a sigh has been wasted, many a sleepless hour haunted by the fair image of lady Elizabeth."

A blush renewed the rose that had once bloomed in all the pride of youthful beauty upon her cheek. The good-natured Mr. Verney made up indeed himself of the milk of human kindness, and too well bred to pain the feelings of his negro servant or the most abject of his kind, was little aware

that he had touched the chord that vibrated to the remembrance of a sacred sorrow! But lady Elizabeth could pass like a transit over herself and suddenly emerge with cloudless cheerfulness.

"I declare Mr. Verney, the loss has been all my own. If you *will* have the secret, you must know I fell in love many years ago! But mine, was a passion of the *head* more than the heart—sadly for my peace my hero seemed not of mortal mould. He was the most noble! honourable—benevolent of men—" here in spite of her assumed gaiety, the imprisoned sigh escaping mingled with it.

"What!" cried Mr. Verney, "is it possible you should have honoured with your preference, yet that favoured *he* so highly distinguished, should have suffered the captivating lady Elizabeth, to cherish that preference unreturned? it never could be!"

"The fact is, my hero existed nearly a century and half before me: O Harry Clinton! admirable Harry Clinton! thou hast indeed preserved my heart and head from all idolatry but thine! Thou hast ever been my standard of perfection in man! at *thy* shrine my vows were paid—and on *thy* altar my heart was dedicated—" The gene-

ral rose—crossed the lawn, broke a rose from its stem and returning took a chair near the countess.

"In short Mr. Verney, that cruel Brookes, by introducing me to the uncle of his Fool of Quality, has deprived me in my pilgrimage through life, of the confidence, consequence, precedence and *rule*, derived from a state of matrimony."

"I understand you madam; indeed I so heartily subscribe to your claims, that no man whose excellence falls short of a Harry Clinton's, can possibly deserve lady Elizabeth Lamont." With grateful humility she bowed to the compliment of Mr. Verney.

"In my estimate of those kind of works," modestly said Miss Clinton, "it is the most moral, religious, politically sound, profoundly sensible and beautiful production that has hitherto been written."

"Indisputably it merits superlative commendation," replied her father; "the admirable plan of education adopted being the main object of the work, it cannot possibly be rated too highly, independent of its other claims to approval and praise."

The sun now sunk in his horizon, had withdrawn his splendour from western skies;

but the nether concave still glowed with his departed glories and the stars twinkled forth in the higher ether, as the lingering effulgence declined. The repose of paradise stole over the happy scene! Stillness reigned and but the night-bird, nought was heard save the dulcet tones of the flute of Lochmoira, as he ran through several of the beautiful Scotch airs. At this season of delicious sound, when every ear was enchanted and every tongue mute in the enchantment felt, the charmed company apprized that their carriages waited, were roused from the dream of delight. "Ah! now," exclaimed Lochmoira, "our heaven on earth is broken up! and our beauteous goddesses ascend Olympus." All departed, and the enchantment was dissolved!

END OF VOL. I.

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[redacted]

PASSION AND REASON.

CHAP. I.

THE following day Dr. Clinton, accompanied by his daughter Maryanne, went to call upon his friend Dr. James. Euphemia had devoted her morning to looking over her father's linen. Thus industriously engaged she was still in her breakfasting-dress. A muslin wrapper enveloped her form which though not tall, was of the first class of symmetry and beauty. A small lace cap tied with pink ribbond fell over her fair forehead, while the luxuriant profusion of her dark auburn hair was but slightly restrained by the delicate netting. True indeed is the position that "loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament, but is when unadorned adorned the most." So appeared Euphemia, more beautiful

than the gayest belle of fashion, arrayed in all the glittering splendour of a birth-day suit. Her task was a delightful one! At this tranquil moment a self-complacency filled her soul. The noonday rays darting their powerful influence through the thick foliage, checkered the green recesses with streams of light. The waving tops of the trees that shaded her window, murmured gently to the breeze; and their feathered inhabitants cheruped from branch to branch, in undisturbed enjoyment. Visions of felicity embracing her beloved father, sister, friends—passed before her, and Euphemia would not have exchanged her condition with that of the being of mortal mould. The gate bell rung—the parlour door opened, and Robert announced the earl of Lochmoira. The blood forsook her cheek!

"I beg pardon—angelic friend—do I intrude?"

"No my lord—you will excuse my employment—I am repairing my father's linen—" she replied with faltering voice taking up the shirt upon which she had been at work.

"Employment truly worthy of the amiable daughter so employed;" said the

earl, "happy father! ah! Miss Clinton, or rather suffer me to say Euphemia! there is heaven in the name—why this fearful agitation? will you never cease to treat with coldness, restraint, and aversion, your early devoted Glencarnie? was not your infant image stamped by fate! upon his juvenile heart? O first loved alone adored! you know not the strength, how deeply rooted, is this fated attachment. It has grown with myself, and become more unconquerable with every year. From clime to clime thy fair image has been my companion. When Heaven took a beloved father to happier skies! when grief pierced the heart of his son—you spoke consolation to his soul—saved it from distraction! The beauties of Italy sported around unheeded by Lochmoira. The Grecian form of symmetry had no charm for him. Coldly felt and unavailing were the powers and blandishments of the fairest she, to create love in the breast of Glencarnie. The cherished remembrance of Euphemia! steeled his heart to all female impression. Yes my angelic friend, thy form to me has been the most beautiful in every country, and wheresoever I turned my view, all sunk

when brought into comparison, with the idolized being of my early affections.

"After an absence of years, in a heart filled with thy long-loved idea! think what emotions seized it—what sensations rushed on my soul—when taken by surprise thy beauty blazed upon me in all the brilliancy of riper years, and thy mind still more captivating, in all the splendour of intellectual attainment. It is not enough to say I love—mine is a passion of the soul! a sentiment incapable of extinction but with life! fixed by the transcendence of your perfections and the conviction, that there breathes not the female Lochmoira can love but you! away with the idea—it is a thing impossible with nature—time, distance, circumstance, nor reason itself, can loosen the bond that unites you to my soul! Yet believe not that my love is meanly selfish. No, in a ratio to her excellence, Euphemia must be adored with a lofty sentiment. I seek not to molest you—I would rather die—ah! indeed, all-beauteous as thou art, it is presumption to hope that you can love Lochmoira, destitute as he is of all personal recommendation. Still, though so strongly opposed by reason and hope, I am propelled to love—

to love! with devotion approaching that I owe my God! If no reciprocal feeling pleads for me, beam of my joy—withdraw not thy vital influence, but commiserate the adverse fate—of thy all-devoted unfortunate Glencarnie!"

Euphemia trembling, embarrassed, wretched, and scarcely breathing, was yet struck with his appearance. A celestial agency seemed lent him, and he appeared to be actuated by energies above his nature. Agitated by the various emotions that oppressed her beyond the power of commanding them, she attempted to speak, but a hysteric sensation obstructing her speech, a flood of tears came seasonably to her relief. Distracted at the sight, her noble lover threw himself at her feet, and expressed the anguish he felt for the perturbation he occasioned her; entreated her to calm the conflict in her bosom he had undesignedly raised; besought her to dismiss every pang that broke in upon its repose; and to banish all apprehension that her happiness should be interrupted by his importunities.—" If nature in the often cruel destiny of the affections, has forbid it; if you cannot requite a passion which your infant loveliness sowed in my boyish

heart; a passion the most tender, exalted and unextinguishable, that ever glowed in the bosom of man—if you cannot love, say but that you hate me—and the presence of Lochmoira shall never throw its chilling blight on the peace and happiness of her he is doomed to love!"

The mind of Euphemia was as capable of exertion, as her heart was tenderly alive to every amiable feeling. All the virtues which pre-eminently marked the illustrious character of the peer; the tender care; the constant affection with which when a boy, he had ever regarded her; the playful sports in which she had so often mingled with him in all the heedlessness and happiness of childhood, at this trying moment rose on her memory. In the review, all that was due to his excellence pressed painfully upon her. The undefinable something, hitherto dreaded, had now its climax and existed no more.—"Hate you! my lord! is it possible you can conceive me capable of so unchristian a disposition, much more that *you* should be the object of it? Why deny yourself from me, what is incontestibly your due, the esteem and admiration so generally accorded you? believe me I hold sacred, the inviolable friendship,

which I must ever entertain, for my early, dear friend Glencarnie. I revere your genius and still more your splendid virtues! but it grieves me to say I cannot return an attachment, that might indeed be the boast of my pride, while I am but too conscious that it has been unmeritedly inspired. Ah! esteemed Lochmoira! why are our affections often inimical to reason? why have they too oft in the attachments of the sexes, so little to do with the voluntary will? why have I been driven to the painful adoption of a coldness, for which my conscience, sense of duties, and the friendship of my heart, reproached me? Shall I tell you an uneasy feeling came over me, when my beloved father, with joy smiling in his eyes, informed me that you were expected in England, and that I grew faint when unexpectedly we met at Elssingham Castle. Yes my lord, generous and nobly candid yourself, you demand my utmost candour. I dreaded this declaration from the pain I knew it would cost me, to wither your hopes, and that I could not give you a heart, which if even devoted to you, would fall far short of yours in the rich prize and possession. Yes my ungrateful heart, was never created worthy of the ten

der, benevolent, exalted Glencarnie's. You may remember one day, when wasting your caresses upon me, I said—' Why don't you love me less and Maryanne more, she loves you very dearly, better than I do?' Ah! indeed, my amiable friend, child as I was, here is a striking proof of the strange perversity of human affection, and the inexplicability of our natures. The kind generous Maryanne, beautiful as an angel and inseparable from her Glencarnie, was but the secondary object of his partial affections. Why is such irresistible tendency to contrariety in the human heart, suffered so often to prevail? Why was it permitted that even from a boy I should be distinguished by your preference, when many, more worthy of the honour, were disregarded? and why is it my painful fate to have created an attachment in the breast of the most deserving of his sex, which more unfortunately for me, I can never return?"

"*Unfortunately*," exclaimed the agitated lord with emphasis, "ah! now I see it—Mountford! is your declared lover. Say so Euphemia—I love the noble brothers, my soul has cleaved to Mountford's. Here indeed will be a fit union! the handsome all-graceful Mountford, is best deserving of the

lovely idol of my soul. Dangerous rival! rising on the heart of my beloved! in all the sublimity of thy virtues, in all the fulness of thy mild splendour. But live in bliss, enjoy the felicity assigned thee! for know, from thy ill-starred competitor, no molestation hast thou to apprehend."

Agitated, blushing, Euphemia attempted seizing the moment of pause to undeceive him, but the natural rapidity of his mind accelerated by the idea that Mountford was her professed and fortunate lover, he proceeded.—" No Mountford! by the soul of Oscar Glencarnie I swear, if thou art in possession of the heart of Euphemia—I will not cross thy path, traverse thy happier fate, break in upon thy bright views, interrupt thy heaven—no, by that virtue the sovereign good of man, I will banish myself rather to distant regions, and assuage the anguish of my condition with the only beam of joy left me, that, they whose happiness is dearer to me than my own, are in the full enjoyment of it, though mine be set!"

It will be easier to conceive than describe the various emotions, that pained the bosom of Euphemia. She felt how unhap-

pily she was situated. Truth and fact acknowledged no declaration of Mountford's sentiments, though there is a language in love however silent, never to be misunderstood. Convinced he loved her—she was but too assured she loved him! But the mind of Euphemia was too delicate, too imperatively governed by strict notions of propriety, to hint at the situation of her own heart, or the existence of the passion she was induced to believe she had inspired, though by so doing, she knew her generous lover would cease to importune her by his professions.

"I know not my lord, on what you found your conclusions that I am honoured by the preference of major Mountford, but it is for me to assure you that I have received no declaration of the kind, and am ignorant of the existence of such prepossession. You have known me early enough my noble friend, and to be your equal in *one* respect, in being incapable of any deviation from truth, or the adoption of that temporizing policy in which, fortunately for me having been so much better taught, I am totally unversed."

"Undeviating as truth herself," cried the earl, a ray of hope passing over his counte-

nance, "I have presumed only upon the admiration which all must feel, and the attentions of Mountford; and who, next to your soul-devoted Glencarnie, can best estimate your transcendent excellence. Ah! then, if he is not the most fortunate of men —if he has stolen not the precious heart of Euphemia! let me at least exist in hope—give me not up to despair—bright star of my soul! if you depart from my firmament, one gleam of joy will never more enliven the heart of Lochmoira."

A mournful tone delivered these words. The fire of his overpowering eyes, was chastened with the tenderness of his passion. A deep-drawn sigh prolonged the heave of his chest; and Euphemia distressed beyond control, at beholding the ardour of his attachment, the anguish of his heart, the mental sufferings which she could not alleviate, melted again into tears of extreme regret. They were too much to be witnessed by Lochmoira! "Precious drops!" he exclaimed, "ah! shed them not for me —I ought not, will not protract a subject, that gives naught but agony to the bosom of her I am fated to adore." He caught her gently to his palpitating heart; pressed his lips to her moistened cheek;

and unable to sustain the conflict of his feelings, hastened from the house.

Shortly after her father and sister returning, entered the room; she appeared disordered, and her tears still fell.—" I conclude what has passed between you and the earl, Euphemia," said her father, " I loved him with a father's tenderness, instructed him with a father's care; yet I have to lament that under the roof where he was so fondly cherished, he received the seeds that early laid the source of future anguish. Oscar Glencarnie! thy noble and constant heart could take no light impression, nor that was unworthy of thee!"

" You do not mean to reproach me, my dear father? O would I could return the affection with which I feel so undeservedly honoured."—" Reproach you my child! no more than I should for your being particularly unfortunate."

Accustomed from inclination as well as education to repose her soul in the bosom of her father, she repeated the devoted professions of her noble lover, and the candid avowal of her own sentiments on the painful occasion. Her father sighed.

" It is justly certain no fault of yours that you cannot return an affection so un-

premeditatedly inspired, that even at the age of little more than infancy, you discouraged, from the consciousness of being unable to refund it. But as a father anxiously alive to the future happiness of a beloved daughter, I cannot refrain lamenting that it is your misfortune. Time imperceptibly gains upon us. A man turned sixty, even with a good constitution, must begin to feel the infirmities of age. The infinite Power who rules every thing with unerring wisdom, may summon me ere long. It is then I shall feel one acute pang—which nature will wrest even from religion itself, to leave my darling blooming daughters. Who will protect them with a father's tenderness, shield them by kindness from the blasts of fate—and preserve them from the specious arts of the designing? You have relations it is true, and in the high orders of the community; but some have deceived you, whose little minds unable to reach yours, avenge themselves by hating most cordially, the virtues of which they are so destitute. Judge then my heart's delight, at that solemn moment when about to quit you! how much my paternal cares would have been at rest, to leave you in the tender protection, of the early attached, the excel-

lent Glencarnie: whose benevolent heart and exalted virtues, would have been guarantee for your conjugal happiness. Shall I pain your filial heart my beloved girl, by revealing the hidden truth that it has been the long-cherished though silent wish of your father, that either of his daughters should be the wife of Glencarnie? He fixed his boyish love on you, and I well augured it would be unchangeable. Think not that the gewgaw his coronet, gave him splendour in *my* eyes; no it was his virtues that excited my parental ambition, and the consideration that these virtues were congenial and had been cultivated with my children's. But whatever may be my regret in this distressing affair, as you know so well my sentiments upon the important topic of marriage, it is hardly necessary for me to repeat, that no advantage of any kind, shall ever induce me to persuade my daughters far less *compel* them, to give their hands where they cannot their hearts, at least in a considerable degree: such marriages are not only inconsistent with wedded happiness, but incompatible with the purity of feminine delicacy, and repugnant to the sentiments of a man of honour, whose heart is tenderly interested in the compact."

Miss Verney was announced as the doctor concluded. Our sisters who had conceived the tenderest affection for her, rose with pleasure to receive her. Kind inquiries took place on both sides, respecting the pleasing fatigues of the preceding day: the dancing, the sylvan scene, and the characters who composed the party, were expatiated upon with sparkling eyes, and our fair trio declared that the happiness of the evening seemed to partake of the enchantment, so glowingly engendered in the vivid fancy of the young peer.

"My daughters love you very much Miss Verney, I wish we could persuade you to take your place here; I could then boast, that the Graces had abandoned their Helicon and golden-haired god, to attend upon me."—"Superlatively gallant my dear papa," laughingly said Maryanne.

"Beside, as I am twice happy now, I should be thrice happy then, as I should have *three daughters* in my charming Graces."—"O better still!" exclaimed Maryanne.

"And while you dear sir, so highly honour me by such adoption, and are happy in your three daughters, let us forget my poor father would not have *one*."—"Ay

true; that is a home-thrust my pretty Miss Verney; it shews me my selfishness, but truth propels me to say, I do not feel cured by it."

"Well then dear sir, if I cannot cure you of your selfishness, I will take advantage of your kindness. My father intends accompanying lord Lochmoira to Scotland, and when that takes place, I will avail myself of the pressing invitation of my amiable friends;" looking sweetly towards them.

"You will no doubt regret losing your visitor Miss Verney?"—"It would be impossible sir, to part with lord Lochmoira, otherwise than with feelings of regret."

"Your short but pithy confirmation, convinces me how nicely capable you are of estimating the character of the earl. There are thousands I am afraid, so immorally debased, that they would laugh at his virtues as at the conceits of the fool, ravings of the madman, or impracticable theories of the heated enthusiast. But the firm and expanded mind of Miss Verney, unsophisticated by such society, unaffected by the prevalence of folly, viewing with philosophic indifference, the fleeting trifles too eagerly and solely pursued, and strengthened by the conviction that the noble fa-

culties with which she is endowed, were bestowed upon her only for noble and useful purposes, is indeed from parity, fitly qualified to prize and feast in the intercourse with Oscar Glencarnie's."

To this no more high-wrought than sincere compliment, from so accomplished a character as Dr. Clinton, the modesty of Miss Verney permitted no reply, save that of a deep blush.

The implements of drawing with a half-finished piece of Maryanne's, attracting the eye of Miss Verney, diverted the conversation from the merits of the admirable lord. Requesting to be favoured with a sight of their drawings, the sisters declared themselves to profess more liking to, than to possess taste in the fine art. "I am better informed; there can be no dearth of taste with true genius. I heard lord Bradport pronounce that day we dined at the castle when the subject was on the *tapis*, that a view of Snowdon from the pencil of Miss Maryanne, was the most magnificent production he had ever seen."

A deep blush spread its pink over the cheek of Maryanne. Miss Verney though seeking not to penetrate the *cause* saw with extreme pain the effect she had produced;

and willing to cover it with her own compliment, said with emphasis—" But indeed, in *what* do not the accomplished daughters of Dr. Clinton excel?"

" My dear Miss Verney, were we to rate the merits of my girls by the unqualified praise of the viscount, I am afraid it would go but little way to establish them. He is generous and impassioned, lively and gallant, and fluent in the language of flattery, every fair one who happens to possess a little desert, is lauded by him with so persuasive an oratory, that unless she happens to be fortified with the strong mind of a Miss Verney, she is in danger of being elevated in her *own* idea, to the very pinnacle of human perfection."

" Ah! stop in your accusation against the viscount, he is not half so dangerous as Dr. Clinton. I protest you have so flattered me, that I shall never be my poor self again. I feel indeed, that I am in the fair way of getting to the pinnacle to which you allude: and alas! from that height of human vanity, how conspicuous must be the fatuity that raised me there!"

" Truth is no flattery my sweet Miss Verney."—" I have ever thought it dear sir, the most pernicious species of it. Con-

scious of the merit we in any way possess, as every one must be more or less, we receive the applause due to it as a matter of course, not as arising from any partial sentiment entertained for us, but as acknowledgment of superiority. Herein I conceive lies the danger of making truth the medium of feeding that vanity, which though variously modified, all have in their degree: whereas, the flattery of the viscount, magnifying every particle of truth by the extravagant glass of gallantry, assumes almost so entirely the form of romance, that it may please, amuse, nay from *him* captivate, but cannot possibly mislead the judgment in sitting upon self."

"My charming Miss Verney, I see you and I must often enter together, the field of controversy; but don't be alarmed, you will have little opposition to encounter from your antagonist."

"Yes doctor I understand you; it would be extremely incompatible with politeness to *contradict* a lady; you therefore suffer her to remain in error; to maintain her opinions however absurd; implying by your acquiescence, that no better is expected nor in fact in requisition from her; her feminine imbecility excites your charity;

but how much more charitable would it be to *oppose* the folly she advances; to make use of the advantage you have over her, by rendering it apparent that she is in error; and to *contradict* if contradiction would excite the energy given her, to cultivate the powers of her mind, by the essential lesson the conviction of her deficiency, in the acquirements of reason: thus infusing into her the laudable ambition of attaining a character, that would more lastingly and respectably distinguish her, than difference or superiority of *complexion.*"

"I wish it could be so," said the doctor affecting to sigh, "but it won't do, we must keep you in ignorance, it is absolutely necessary that women should be half fools." —"That like the poor slaves we may not venture to raise our eyes to our tyrants;" laughingly cried Maryanne.

"After all, my beauteous advocate for the mental respectability of your sex, how have you contrived to pilfer my favourite ideas?"—"I am highly gratified, dear sir, in their so much coinciding with yours, that you claim them as your own. My sentiments are simply the result of reason, and mine was cultivated by a judicious

mother and wise father: and however incommensurate their success to the wisdom of their plan, my father is proudly happy to find that he acted upon the system of the highly gifted, eminently qualified, and celebrated doctor Clinton."

The doctor pressing the hand of his fair admirer, said—" Tell your father the obligation I owe him can never cease but with life; wherever I have introduced my daughters, I have been a diligent observer in search of a fitly-qualified congenial companion for them; but among the *young*, I have never exactly found this philosopher's stone, till furnished me by Mr. Verney in his inestimable daughter."

" Ah! dear sir, flattery again, indeed I must fly—but stop, I must see the drawings."

The immortalizing Snowdon was produced; many other excellently well-drawn pieces followed. Uncommon as were the talents of the performers, no invidious feeling stole into the bosom of Miss Verney, as she viewed the specimens of natural genius, but enchanted, she poured forth her praises and almost fancied herself transported to the lovely and sublime scenes they exhibited. Thus, the amiable Miss Verney, though upon so short an acquaintance,

found she was with beings of her own mould, and borrowing the words of the enchanting long-admired bard, it was—"Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will." Glowing in the prospect of that mental enjoyment which a familiar knowledge of each other promised, she cherished the hope that in so delightful and mutually sought an intercourse, she might recover in a considerable measure, that tender, soothing, feminine friendship, of which she had been deprived by the death of a beloved mother.

"My watch goes rapidly since I entered the vicarage—" looking at it, "literally on wheels, or rather wings."—"Not at all," replied the vicar, pulling out his own, "you are only in the company you like, and of those amply qualified from disposition of the heart, as well as discrimination of the head, to fully estimate the value of yours."

"Nothing more true, doctor, than both your positions, but suspecting that I shall be estimated more by the *hearts* than the heads, my incorruptible justice, will not suffer myself to be overwhelmed by the partial verdict:" so saying she arose, the sisters conducted her to the door, embraced her, and Miss Verney with her faithful at-

tendants, her black servant behind and canine friend at her side, took her departure.

To return to lord Lochmoira: though suffering all the pangs of an adverse and unconquerable attachment, he yet felt a degree of comparative happiness in reflecting that Mountford was not the professed lover of his long-adored Euphemia. He knew well the amiable qualities belonging to her and the generosity of her heart; and confiding in a disposition so favourable, a ray of hope brightly opening to future felicity! gleamed upon his soul, and raised him in all the brilliancy of his enthusiastic mind, above the ordinary indulgence of sorrow and the weakness of despair. It was now an imperative duty he considered, that he should attend to the incumbent support of the hereditary honours of the house of Glencarnie. The truly noble Oscar felt that the primary duties devolving with his succession, were to look into the comfort and prosperity of his tenantry; to minutely inspect the conduct of those who had been intrusted to do them justice; to redress the grievances which in any measure might have been occasioned by the absence of their lord; to animate to industry by his presence; to inspirit those who sto

in need of his benevolence and manorial influence; to hail after a lapse of years, the Gothic halls of his ancestors, and to bless and gladden the hearts of his hoary-headed domestics.

Mr. Verney, apprehensive that the filial scrrow of his young friend, would be mournfully renewed on entering the lonely castle of Lochmoira, where no mother's tender embrace awaited him, nor no fond father proud at heart, exulting in the virtues of so hopeful an heir, welcomed him with joy to his paternal domains, had determined to accompany him to Scotland. The day of departure arrived, and Mr. Verney committed his heart's treasure, to the protection of doctor Clinton. The earl unburdened his sorrows, his whole heart, and the hope that still lingered there—to the deeply-interested preceptor of his youth, who had cultivated his virtues, enriched his mind, elevated his genius, and whom he loved and venerated with a filial piety. He well knew the interest he had long created in the breast of his early guide, and that did his fate depend upon his approbation, he should be the happiest of men!

Though only as yet a few days under the same roof, our sisters and their inte-

resting visitor, mentally and socially understood each other as well, as if they had been educated together and were connected by the same bond. And it was no small wonder and gratification when one morning, as the doctor entered the study of his Graces, he heard the newly-associated one in a soft but full tone, and with a propriety of pronunciation that might have done justice to the Latin of Cicero, reading Virgil's Æneid.—" What reading Latin!" exclaimed the linguist.

" Take no heed, dear sir," sweetly answered the blushing Latinist, " this is a favourite work with me, an elegantly-bound copy which my beloved father gave me on one of my birth-days; and as it has a very splendid covering, I suppose *that too* enhances its value, convinced I am a better judge of the merits of the bookbinder, than the poem of *Mr.* Virgil."

" What then in the drama of the work my classic fair one, pleases you so decidedly as to induce you to affirm it a favourite?"—" The filial piety of the hero;" answered the blooming daughter of learning.

The vicar looked highly gratified, and requested the admirer of the son of Venus,

to read a page of her Æneid. She did so with fine elevation of voice and impressive cadence. The doctor listened with extreme delight; complimented her on the fluency and proficience she had attained in the noblest language extant; a language, he said, affording from its many immortal authors, the most extraordinary precedents of the wonderful capacities and exertions of the human mind; the strong vigor at which it once arrived, and consequently the vigorous and sublime virtues it produced.—" You perceive, my dear Miss Verney, that your judicious father has stored your mind, and rendered it a rich magazine, against the hour of future want. No *ennui* so fashionably complained of, no languor arising from inanity of thought, no horrifying vapours the melancholy symptom of a morbid imagination, and no listlessness of body occasioned by the inert, unimproved and unemployed powers of mentality, will ever reduce *you* to endure those miserable and murdered hours, to which so many of your sex are reduced. On the contrary, should the wisdom of the Divine Ruler, see fit to deprive you of the blessings you at present enjoy, and amid the mutilations of time, nature and fortune,

you would ever find that the best antidote to the inevitable evils in our destiny, is, a religious, contemplative, well-stored and finely-cultivated mind."

To truth and wisdom so incontrovertible and daily experienced by them, the charmed auditors listened with filial devotion. Kissing the hand that held the Æneid, he returned to his study to meditate on the blessings he enjoyed, and to congratulate himself on the acquisition of so qualified and amiable a companion, for his rarely-educated beloved daughters. Miss Verney indeed, without the affectation of concealing or the vanity of professing it, was an excellent Latin scholar. Her love of learning proved itself to be inherent. When a child she was frequently found in her father's library, poring over the books, selecting with marked preference those she had contrived to know, were in the language of the old Romans, and with childish pleasure conning and reading in the best manner she could, the *unintelligible* beauties and historic treasures of Valerius Flaccus, Tacitus, or any other upon which she happened to hit.

Though not twenty, beautiful in face and

figure, elegant in her manners, fashionable in her appearance, sung scientifically, played skilfully, danced gracefully, with all the modern *et cetera*, yet Miss Verney was no *modern Miss*. She had never been at any of those splendid establishments denominated seminaries, for the *highly finishing off*, of young ladies; had had no French governess; but a properly qualified and truly accomplished preceptress, in the beloved person of a sensible and excellent mother: who had taught her all that wisdom could teach, and rendered her instructions permanent, by the solid maxims of virtue, morality and religion.

Her father asked her one day, what he should present her with on her approaching birth-day.—" Oh promise dear papa, to begin to teach me Latin on that day; it will make me happier to learn the language that tells of Æneas carrying his poor father on his shoulders, than if you and mamma were to give me all the jewels and fine things, I have seen in the shops in London." —" Latin then, thou shalt learn my darling," cried the delighted father snatching her up in his arms. An excellent scholar himself, it afforded him no small pleasure not only to gratify the extraordinary desire

of his singular child, but to commence under such promising indications, that liberal species of education, from which, as he saw no sound reason women should be excluded, he had determined upon for his daughter. Agreeably then, to her request, on that morn which ushered in her eighth year, he gave her the first lesson in that language, which enabled her in due time, to feast in the original beauty, on the filial piety of the hero of Virgil, the orations of Cicero, the beauties of Horace, and the indefatigable genius of Cæsar. From that hour it became her favourite study, though no essential acquirement was suffered to languish. Like that youthful prodigy of learning and profound wisdom, the amiable lady Jane Grey, who when found alone reading Plato in Greek, while the rest of the family were engaged in the diversion of hunting, expressed how much higher was her enjoyment in being so occupied, than if in the midst of the most desired amusements: so, in many instances, when all the young people under the roof with her, were eagerly planning, anticipating parties of pleasure, seeking diversion in all its various forms, and wasting many precious hours in the employment of trifles,

Penelope was in the company of her books. Perceiving that the mind was no mechanic thing, that it could not at will be roused into energy or put to rest, she restricted herself to no particular hour for study, nor limited nor lengthened it contrary to inclination. When in the country she would frequently fly to the garden or more congenial sombrous wood, reading aloud with an energy that felt to brace every faculty of her mind. Her mind indeed, had been early strengthened by diversity of object. This uncommon advantage Mr. and Mrs. Verney deplored, was rarely the lot of children, and that in the monotony of their scholastic existence, many a fine trait of genius and noble character is lost, in the confluence of mingled or unexcited idea.

By the time she was ten years old, Penelope had travelled through England, Scotland, Italy and France. The cultivated plains of her own country presented to her a beautiful patch-work adorned with all the diversity of shade and colour, while the splendid seats of the noble and rich, eminently conspicuous or half-buried in the exuberant foliage of nature, conveyed to her vivid fancy all the enchantments of her Queen Mab, and the undisturbed felicity

of its *Island of calm delights.* Scotia's land displayed to her wondering eye, its wild, rugged and awful scenery. Its fine firths, innumerable lochs, western archipelago, conflux of waters, stormy rocky shores, tremendous fall of Fiers, stupendous Benlomond: and the beautiful vale of Strathmore stretching along the base of its Grampian mountains, afforded ample, striking objects of excitement, to her juvenilely-vivid, and naturally enthusiastic mind. Next, in the series of her travels, a long dark chain of the gloomy Apennines, threatened to send forth the terrific beings, with which her imagination peopled them: and on the verdant banks of Languedoc, the blue waves of the Mediterranean, rolled in boundless magnificence to her youthful eye.

Thus, early accustomed to the beautiful and sublime of nature, with wise parents at her side, capable of expatiating upon and directing her attention to such objects, and from such to the Great Creator of all! no wonder there were no space for frivolity, in such a mind: but the essential point in the portrait throwing a ray over it, disclosed, that every amiable quality of the heart, gave sympathy to her feelings and motive to her actions.

CHAP. II.

LADY Elizabeth was a frequent visitor at the vicarage. She played to the Graces, listened to their playing her favourite Scotch airs, and heard them with delight read their classic authors. The melodious voice of Euphemia reading her Greek Iliad, stole over her soul with soothing cadence; the soft tones of Miss Verney mingling with the energy of her mind, while from her lips flowed the orations of Cicero, truly captivated her; and the brilliant graces of varied voice and manner in Maryanne, as the fancy seized her to recite some of the speeches from her favourite Shakespeare, formed altogether a feast for her ladyship.

"How comes it dear doctor, that I cannot live without the company of your daughters?" she said one day as she entered, "how is it that I love them with the affection of a mother?"—"How came it that when I first beheld lady Elizabeth Lamont, I was struck with the resemblance between her and their mother! you admired her—may not your admiration have de-

scended to her daughters? do you remember Miss Maitland?"

"Remember Miss Maitland! who that had ever seen her could possibly forget her? Good God!" with reflective emotion exclaimed her ladyship, "was the captivating, all-accomplished daughter of doctor Maitland, the mother of them I at first sight loved? no wonder though unconsciously, that my admiration should have so strongly revived, in that I felt excited, by her incomparable offspring." Tears stole into her ladyship's eyes, and Euphemia and Maryanne thus awakened to the memory of a beloved mother, threw themselves on the bosom where her youthful image had been so faithfully engraved.

Since the acquisition of Miss Verney at the vicarage, she had become scarcely less dear to lady Elizabeth, and humorously styling herself Eurynome, she claimed in the Graces her three daughters. This admirable woman indeed, had conceived the tenderness of a parent for them, and well qualified by the proud distinctions of the head and endearing dispositions of the heart, she supplied the place of departed maternal excellence. Rambling through

wood and wild, over hill and dale, she frequently accompanied them with unwearied pleasure: and in this familiar, delightful intercourse of the mind, the penetration of lady Elizabeth, enabled her to discover every amiable quality, rare endowment, and uncommon attainment, distinguishing the three young friends.

"Why so pensive my dear Penelope?" inquired Euphemia one day as she and her sister entered their study, and found the former with her eyes bent languidly on empty space.—"Ask me why—my dear friend, recollect my beloved mother is hardly cold in the tomb! alas! in all the joys around me I hear not her charming voice—meet not her kind eye—am pressed not in her tender embrace!"

"And have we not also lost a beloved mother—my dearest Penelope?"—"Ah! true my love, but you have a sister in whom you can confide your soul."

"And you have *two* my darling Penelope," cried Maryanne clasping her to her ardent heart. The tears of Penelope fell upon the snowy neck her arms encircled.

"No tears my daughters," cried lady Elizabeth at the moment announced, "unless you mean to pain a heart already very

tender from repeated wounds. I have had my sorrows—but determined to be a philosopher, why not female ones? I have no notion of the arrogant assumption of the mighty lords of the creation, who so monopolizingly tread the earth."

"Nor I," cried Euphemia.—"Bravely spoken dear lady Elizabeth," exclaimed Maryanne, "with such a champion depend upon it we are all three ready to enlist under your banners, and without doubt or difficulty we shall conquer wherever we come."

"Is it possible sorrow should have ever saddened the heart of dear lady Elizabeth?" asked Miss Verney, "you seem always the happiest of the happy."—"Ah!—" ejaculated her ladyship, "come put on your bonnets; I meditated a ramble this morning; let us find out some region where the foot of man shall never lead him; one gets tired of the animals."

The lady Elizabeth was by no means nor imagination tired of the *animals;* nor would it be credited even from their own rosy lips, that her Graces were so. The ramble was assented to, and the party set out in that unison of feeling and confidence in each other, which unfetters the mind

from the shackles of restraint, excites a thousand dormant sensations, elicits all the corresponding ideas, and infuses to every bosom thus happily associated, the celestial spark of intellectual enjoyment.

Entering upon a wild heath, several of the women and children belonging to those wandering *Arabs* or *independent chiefs*, by their calling denominated gipsies, were hanging their tattered garments on the hedges, and cooking their purloined provisions upon the grass. Observing our party an old woman coming up to them said — "Ladies with your leave I'll tell your fortunes."

"And what can you give us that we do not give ourselves?" asked lady Elizabeth, "coronets and coaches, riches and honours, handsome lovers and enraptured husbands." —"I'll tell you truth lady," said the dealer in physiognomy, looking keenly on the fair group, with her black sorceress-like eyes.

"Then *truth only* I bargain for though my poor daughters should go without husbands." To Miss Verney she held out her tawny withered hand.—"Cross it with silver fair lady." The fair lady smilingly taking the

hint deposited the fee. Pressing straightly the slender fingers, looking in the beauteous face, again on the snowy hand, the palmister pregnant with futurity—delivered her oracle.

"Lady here is cross work—you shed many a tear while others sleep; he who disturbs your dreams, dreams not of you—but he is in your destiny, will put an earl's crown upon your head, and lead you through the breaks and briers of your earthly pilgrimage." A blush so deeply covered the cheek of Miss Verney, that it visibly occasioned her pain.

"Come," cried the quick-sighted lady Elizabeth, "you have given *this* girl so much that I am afraid you have left nothing for her sisters." The sybil took the hand of Euphemia.—"Fear not sweet lady, here is a double portion of sorrow—tears, sighs, separation! mountains will rise, waters roll between you and the man you love—but an earl's ring will wed you at the altar."

"*Never*," with surprising emphasis exclaimed Euphemia while the whiteness of death quivered on her lip, "good woman you think to please me, but I have no ambition for a lord—you *must say some-*

thing however, in the way of your trade."—" Say something," repeated the prophetess with an indignant air, " I tell thee lady, thou wilt wear an earl's crown as sure as Ester says it—" then knitting her dark brows she turned from the *unthankful* Euphemia, who ashamed of the weakness she had betrayed, regained instantly the serene smile of her reason.

" For the sake of charity good Mrs. Ester, give me a husband, though no coronet should cover his humble head; you know we can't eat the gilt on the gingerbread no more can we the crowns of our lords, though in a Fejee fit, we may eat our lords themselves—" sportively cried the yet *unendowed* Maryanne.

The witch looked in the smiling eyes, took the fair hand, examined the palm, marked the fated lines!—" Sweet lady it is a pity these eyes should ever weep—there is a heavy cloud in your destiny—you will rue the day that shewed you the man you love—he will trouble your peace—the crown meant for you will be put upon the head of another."—" O give her a crown" interrupted lady Elizabeth, " else she will be jealous of her sisters."

" Here is a shroud lady——" O" cried

Maryanne, any nonsense you fancy but talk not of shrouds."—" *Nonsense,*" elevating her hollow voice in any angry tone, " I tell you that *one* must descend to the grave—you will refuse the hand that will be offered you—can you cross your destiny? your hand and his are joined even now—you will wear the crown of a noble house and be a mother before you bear a child—" the oracle ceased. " That is somewhat strange," cried Maryanne affecting to laugh while some hidden feeling saddened for a moment her brilliant features.

" You have been very liberal to my girls in giving them *coronets;* but if they must be half-drowned in their tears before they can reach them, methinks it would have been kinder in you to give them straw bonnets, red ribbons, lowly cots and honest swains. But come, let us hear, what are you going to do for their mother? Scrutinize well the lineaments of this hand. See you not some spruce, *young*, gay gallant at my feet offering me a ring? indeed goody, you need not look so ominously, for I tell you I *must* have a second husband."

The black eyes of the sybil looking in

the face of the lady Elizabeth, seemed to read her soul.—" That's a thing impossible lady—you can't have a second till you have had a first."

" Did not I say these three young women were my daughters?"—" No daughter hast thou nor will ever have—" in a hollow tone rejoined the prophetess, " a male child will receive its breath from thee ——"—" Thank the stars," laughingly interrupted the lady, " that is something though little towards the population."

The mahogany-coloured oracle big with fate, went on delivering her inspirations.—" Lady thou hast a noble soul! at twenty the husband who should have been thine you gave to another. You are hot and haughty, mild and humble, good and kind. Your heart is a printed book which the good read easily, and the bad are afraid to read. There is one who loves the ground you tread, but mark lady he will come in a hearse—his banners wave high! but the plumes of death—are at his side."

Lady Elizabeth had sunk into a sort of reverie, when meeting the eyes of her young friends, she started from her musing. —" Come in a *hearse!* oh shocking! I see I am to be united in the holy bands of wed-

lock to an undertaker; well, the will of fate be done; I shall at least have two advantages accruing from it, the brand of *old maid* will be wiped off, and I shall not like the Macedonian monarch, need to be reminded that I am *mortal*, as death will be constantly my household symbol. Here Mrs. Ester, we were willing for a frolic at your expense; your ingenuity has been amply exerted, and it is but justice that you should be paid. Take this with the blessing of God, but do not *steal;* however sinful and absurd your trade, the Almighty will sooner forgive *you* for telling lies, than they who sinful and absurd, put faith in them:" her ladyship filled her hand with silver.

"Nay noble lady, I tell you no lies—every word Ester Wild has spoken will be fulfilled—even at this hour you are in the midst of fate—lady, many thanks—farewell." The sybil departed not insensible of her good luck, in having indeed met with so noble a lady.

"What isolated beings are these of this vagabond race," observed lady Elizabeth; "unlinked from the chain of their fellow-man, destitute of the blessings derived from religion, and from their wandering lives

and lawless habits, can hardly be said to be under the protection of the laws; yet they are happier and less criminal in many respects than thousands of those who enjoy these advantages."

"There is something inconceivably unsearchable in their dark physiognomies," said Miss Verney, "nor is it possible to divest one's self of a certain degree of fear, that they are endowed with somewhat of a prophetic gift."

"It is no less difficult to divest one's self of a degree of *faith*," replied her ladyship directing an arch look to the fair Penelope. "Nay dear lady Elizabeth, think not I mean to insult your understanding nor betray such perversion of my own, by the insinuation that I have any faith in their agency; but was it not strange——"—"Not at all that she gave you a coronet," interrupted the lady.—"I value not a coronet, dear lady Elizabeth."—"True my love, but the man who wears it—what say you to that?"—Miss Verney replied only by an increase of the vermillion and a stifled sigh.

"It is but doing justice however, to the natural sagacity of Mrs. Wild, to acknowledge that she could not be imposed upon;"

said Maryanne; "your ladyship could not persuade her that you were our mother."

"As to that my dear, my figure and appearance afford but little room for such conjecture; and as to their hitting upon any thing like facts, is by mere dint of practice in their vocation; a serious look, tender sigh, melancholy air, or a love-laughing eye, lively gait, and the whole demeanour bespeaking happiness and a light heart, help them on wonderfully: and it may so happen, that there be some among them, gifted by nature with extraordinary discernment, which will enable them to hazard their *oracles* with the more plausible appearance of truth."

"This is such as I should expect from the rational mind of lady Elizabeth," said Miss Verney, "but even *you* dear madam, seemed struck with truths which she told you were long gone by." Her ladyship sighed in spite of her reason.

"They resemble the Jews, I think," said Maryanne, "there seems something in them so diabolically penetrating, that it is almost impossible to treat it as nothing."

"These young ladies," said Euphemia, "go very cautiously to work, in insinuating that they are nowise disposed to dis-

trust the predictions, which have adjudged them *coronets*."—" And how came you to quarrel with yours?" asked her ladyship.

" Because most probably it has no value, from the circumstance of its being within her reach," replied her sister. The words had hardly escaped her when she saw with pain she occasioned a shock—but, for its extending beyond her sister she was not prepared: the paleness of death overspread the pensive features of Miss Verney!

In their way to the widow Beverley's, they came to a few poor cots situated on the skirts of a word.—" Euphemia," said her sister, " I shall just peep in upon our poor woman in the straw."—" Where is that my administering angel?" asked her ladyship. — " The last of these humble abodes."

They came to the second, the little casement was open, and they heard a faint groan as if from some one in bodily anguish.—" How do you feel yourself to-day my friend, have you much pain in your limb?" said a voice soft and compassionate as that of Humanity's herself.—" Thank God, kind sir, that it has not gone harder with me; I have great pain in my leg, but more in my

mind; who now is to work for my poor frail wife and helpless grandchildren?"

"Keep yourself easy on that head; *I* will provide for your wife and grandchildren. I must entreat you not to retard your recovery by any avoidable anxiety, and when you get over this unlucky slip, you may sit down quietly for the remainder of your life, in your chair by the fire or on the bench by your door. Every thing requisite will be continued to be sent, and as earnest that I shall be the friend of your grey hairs—take this purse."

"The God of Mercies bless and reward you noble sir," said the feeble voice of pain and age, "oh how can a poor ignorant old man like me speak my thanks as I ought, for such goodness!"

"Hush, not a word of thanks," returned the voice of the angel—"as to *noble* he only is so, who feels for the distress of his fellow-man, and does all in his power to relieve him."

"Then surely good sir, you are the noblest of the noble! Such a feeling heart—such charity! indeed sir, I did not think they were to be found on earth."

"I am sorry the narrow limits of your hard lot, compelled you to entertain so poor

sand blessings on his n
lowed by four children,
her threshold, lord Bra
cousin Ned!" cried her l
lighted aspect, "issuing i
of the god of day, from
vel of pain, poverty and a
your *sly* deeds will out y

Cousin Ned looked con
haps than he would have
detected in any of his n
True charity is indeed sly.
often mingles with the exe
virtues. Why should we
surprised in the act of dut
the delicate and exalted m
to be of so modest a nat
violation of her feelings,
observation. In the tru

assured of future provision and spoke comfort to a poor old woman, drew his white hand over the curly head of a ragged child, and put money into the little hands of all, he would have been no less struck at the contrast, than shocked when compelled to view himself in any of those criminally-debasing characters, so inconsistent with his virtues. In this his benevolent visit, however, he felt himself most unexpectedly and abundantly repaid. At the moment he raised his head from the astonished and overjoyed children, he caught the eye of Maryanne! that cerulean eye beamed upon him with a look of such approval! that it spoke volumes to his heart—diffused transport through his soul!

With glowing joy he joined the fair group, but turning round with surprise and disappointment, looked in vain and inquired for Maryanne. "Never mind, take no heed of the girl," answered his cousin, "I am afraid she has her *sly ways* like you, her *stolen interviews;* if folks were but open in their malpractices and published them to *all the world,* I could forgive them; but to be detected *secretly* at the bedside of pain and poverty, administering to the infirmities of age and want, or to the wants

of the little stranger just opening its unconscious eyes to the light of heaven and the evils of life; its tender head hardly sheltered from the pitiless torrent—I protest I have no patience with *such ways;* were it possible that *I* should be seduced into similar acts, I would do them in the *market-places,* all the world should *know* it, I would order my *landau,* fill it with *witnesses,* command all my household to be *present,* send my Mercury before me to proclaim *aloud* my intention, and my trumpeter afterwards, to give publicity to my deeds of charity: nor would I end the business thus, without discharging an imperative duty, due to myself, *id est,* I should sit down to my desk, compose a highflown panegyric on lady Elizabeth Lamont, stating her to be as supported by the evidence of a thousand cases, one of the most *secretly*-charitable and benevolent women breathing! Thus done, I would despatch it instantly to the Morning Post! no doubt I should *contrive* to make so good the insertion, that the first paragraph meeting my longing eyes, was the high laud on the lady Elizabeth—'Bless me! I am surprised! my *modest* charity is shocked by such *undesired* notoriety!' the drawing-room

f company, I colour up to the skies!
a! ha!" concluded her ladyship, who
e last moment, preserved her irony un-
n-in-upon by a smile.

top, fair cousin," cried the viscount;
nount now from your ironical steed,
shall be driven to expose you."

ryanne from the hut glided among
Overjoyed, the viscount kissed with
re her lilac glove. Continuing their
hey arrived within a few paces of the
white cottage of Mrs. Beverley.

)ur Zeno, bless his philosophy, told
should find him hereabouts—" said
other with a mystic smile.—" As this
the place of rendezvous," observed
dyship, " I suspect we are a corps on
me service." The little parlour cur-
were drawn aside, and major Mount-
vas betrayed sitting with the husband-
ıother, and her two youngest children
his knee.

Look! lo! and behold! witness our
opher! the extinguisher of the *pas-*
" in an under voice said the viscount,
ly able to smother his laughter, " on
ɔul he is making love to the widow."

e little pupils were waiting already

equipped, and hastening to open the gate the party entered.

"My lord," said Mrs. Beverley, "I cannot find language to express the everlasting gratitude of my heart, for the important service you have done me independent of your generous bounty!"

"*Service*, dear madam, I am totally ignorant of having rendered you any, but if there is any thing in which I can possibly promote the welfare of your family, I shall be most happy so to do."

"Alas! my lord, have you not already overwhelmed me with your goodness? Major Mountford informs me that you have exerted your influence with the earl, to induce him to use his interest with some of the governors, to get my son into Christ Church School, and that fortunately for me his lordship has succeeded. Greatly as that humane act manifests your goodness, my lord, with you it was not enough. I have to express my deep feeling of your unbounded benevolence—your condescending consideration: that in consequence of my being obliged to go to London with my boy, and incurring unavoidable expense, you have sent me a fifty pound note—O my lord this is too much——" Mrs. Beverley

urst into tears.—" I protest, my dear ma-
am, I know nothing of the matter, I dis-
aim any hand in the business."

At the moment the widow opened the
ource of her gratitude, Mountford slipped
he children from his knee and disappeared.
-" Oh Marcus Aurelius! I have you now,"
ried his brother from the window, " but
y as you will like a coward from your
wn deeds, my *switch*, will assuredly pur-
ue you. You see Mrs. Beverley, what a
trange fellow is this brother of mine; what
nwarrantable liberties he takes with my
haracter; whenever he does any thing of
hich he is *ashamed*, and I assure you that
not seldom, he is sure to lay the act in
y name; and knowing that I have rather
kind of *liking* to him, the rascal takes
he least scrupulous advantage of it, and
ithout leave or licence puts these tricks
pon me. I hope therefore dear madam,
hat you will exonerate me from any share
f an act, which I assure you is entirely his
wn."

" Ah! my lord, I believe I may divide
ith you and the major, the humanity and
harity you have heaped upon me. The
ratitude I owe your noble family, the be-

nevolent lady Elizabeth, the pious vicar and my beloved Miss Clintons, can never cease but with my latest breath! In the hour of sorrow—sent by the Almighty! doctor Clinton was my all-sufficient friend. He spoke comfort to my soul, supplied my wants, raised me up friends, oh such friends! Surely the prayers of the widow and orphan, the sick and sorrowful whom his pious charity have saved, must rise in sweetest incense to Heaven! and call down blessings on his head——"

The heart of the widow surcharged with gratitude, dissolved her in tears. Pressing her hand Bradport flew out of the house; the ladies with their little pupils followed.

"Generous souls!" apostrophized lady Elizabeth, "there seems between you a competition for humanity, which of you shall appear in her loveliest colours; but the contest will remain for ever equal and for ever lovely! What think you of our strange Quintilian brothers, my classical maids? for so you must know they were denominated at Eton school." The classical maids being composed of peculiar materials, were in tears, occasioned doubtless by the scene between the brothers and widow, and increased considerably by her

ladyship's tender apostrophe. Having wiped off the drops of Christian feeling that had dimmed his sparkling eyes, the lord was again at their side.—" Behold, cousin, there goes our knave of spades." The major was in the vista slowly walking under the umbrage of a row of elms.

" Knave of *diamonds* rather say my lord, he is the fairest suit."—" Be it as you will it, charming Miss Verney, a golden-haired Achilles as you please, but if the fairest he is also the *greatest* knave in the pack."

" He is the angel of benevolence! and *he* who came out of the poor woman's cot, must have been his brother angel of charity! he vanished the moment we beheld him—saw you, lord Bradport, where the bright messenger went?"

This from a beautiful mouth in accents of music, was too severe a trial for the viscount. Thrown off his guard, he imprinted a kiss on the rose-pink cheek of Miss Verney. Perhaps she ought to have been offended; but no token of anger, nor *delicate* embarrassment, nor affected resentment, appeared on her perfectly composed countenance; not even a *blush* far less a frown, and a smile only of celestial sweetness, circled round her lips.

"Stop that thief my friend," bawled the viscount unable to smother his laughter from the young husbandman, who had just passed his brother and made humble obeisance to him.

"Please your honour," replied the blooming rustic with an arch intelligence, "the nouble jontleman looks so koind and haunsome, if he thieves owght, it must be ladies' hearts." The ladies smiled, and *some one heart* felt a quicker motion, as the *koind* and *haunsome jontleman* turned back to join them.

"By my soul I believe the young savage has some idea of love—" cried the ever gay Edward, "I like *that* it argues the fellow has a soul. Here you clodpole, if you will promise to get drunk to the health of Alfred Mountford, you shall have this—" exhibiting a guinea on the palm of his glove.

"Please your nouble honour, I wouna proumus *that*, but father and mother, brother Jack, sisters and I, shaul get huge merry o'er a mug of strong ale, drinking to the long life of the koind and haunsome jontlemen of the castle." The conditional donative was put into the hand of the rustic, when with sparkling eyes, honest gratitude, and many blessings as earnestly in-

voked as artlessly bestowed, the peaceful son of labour joyously pursued the "noiseless tenor of his way," hugging himself in the good luck that made him as rich as a Crœsus!

"O by my patience this is too much! dare you come in my path? you treacherous forgerer of a brother's name! outcast of truth! monopolizer of the *virtues* forsooth! when you find yourself overburdened with your good acts—you throw them upon *my* unfortunate shoulders—" cried the viscount affecting an unmerciful switch across the back of the major, "what have you to offer for your fabricating in my *slandered character*, your *own* deed to the widow?"

"Nothing," replied the major with the calmness of Socrates, "only that it saved me a little *mental* inconvenience."—"You slave of sensibility!" exclaimed the viscount with an effulgent smile of fraternal affection, "why should you enjoy the happy consciousness of having made the widow's heart sing with joy, if you are too great a coward to face the tears of her thanks?"

The major smiled.

"This reproof from my lord Bradport," said Miss Clinton, "is rather unexpected, who could so ill stand his *own* ground in

the case, that the tear of sensibility dimmed the lustre of his eye, and the pang of fine feeling rendered so great a coward, that like another Demosthenes, he was impelled to fly."—" Ah!" exclaimed the glowing lord looking at her with an ardent expression, " I have transgressed already towards one of the Graces, tempt me not to a like offence with her sister charmer."

" Pray my dear Ned, what is the nature of the old man's sufferings you were so kindly assuaging by promises of future provision, and *purse*-proof of present benefaction?"—" Pshaw my dear Elizabeth," cried the happy Ned, who now at the side of Maryanne, had dispossessed her of her parasol, and wholly abstracted in the delectable office, was carrying it over her head, " what care I for old man's sufferings when in the company of the Graces! and their bewitching mother."

" We must indeed have the story my lord," said Maryanne.—" Ah! when *you* command can I possibly disobey? Yesterday as I was riding home, this poor old wood-cutter overbalanced with his load, fell from the bank of the pathway and broke his leg. We took him up—he was in great pain—I staid with him and sent

my groom to procure a conveyance. Luckily a cart offered and the sufferer was conveyed to his humble abode. I rode instantly for the village surgeon and the poor old fellow's limb was set. You know the rest ladies, as Eurynome and her celestial daughters, have made no difficulty in descending from the dignity of their divinityships, to the honourable personification of eaves-droppers."

"And pity would it have been lord Bradport, had we lost so beautiful a lesson of genuine humanity!" said Miss Verney. —"Have a care you seducing tempter, I am formed of such combustible materials, that I am not of a temperature to stand out against temptation."

"Well," cried the major, "since the history of the old man is brought to a close, we may as well finish with the proceedings of the young one. Reading to my mother, we were suddenly broken in upon by her first-born, with his eyes starting out of his head, his forehead white and moistened, his speech hasty, disjointed, in fragments told a tale of pain, suffering, poverty, old man and broken leg—demanding at the same time that the queen of the household

and all her subordinate agents, should be sent to his succour.—' The fellow is crack-brained,' I exclaimed, for Heaven's sake my dear mother, let him have what he demands, were it for no other reason than to ensure our own personal safety and peace."

" O you strange animals!" said lady Elizabeth, " what your Quintilianism will arrive at—I cannot divine."

In such sportive converse, winged the moments with our happy party, till they arrived at the vicarage. Lady Elizabeth taking leave was escorted by her cousins, who tore themselves away to attend the earl on an excursion.

Time with the sisters glided on, delightfully enjoyed and profitably employed; and the society of Miss Verney increased their enjoyments. " We are born for enterprise, boundless improvement, and active and social virtue, while our voluntary powers remain unimpaired, my dear children;" were the sentiments their father instilled into their early-invigorated minds. Their domestic concerns formed into a system of regular and reasonable management, were never suffered to be neglected nor to break in upon the profound pursuits of their higher di-

rected faculties. Supinely thrown on a couch, or languidly as carelessly drawing out a few faint tones from their instrument, they sought not in the irksomeness of such existence, what to do with themselves to pass the heavy hours, or rather to murder the precious time assigned them for the serious important business of life! The Miss Clintons had business sufficient upon their hands, and all was duly performed. The orphan daughters of Mrs. Beverley, the eldest nine the next about eight years old, had become their daily pupils. They were pretty interesting children, and our sisters having conceived a lively affection for them, took a tender interest in their future welfare. "Something must be done for them; they cannot get their bread but as gentlewomen, and education only will enable them to do so. We must look into their abilities, observe the bent of their minds, discover the talent that admits most of cultivation," said Maryanne, "and not waste our own time and that so precious to children, in cruelly chaining them down to learn that for which they have no capacity; such as fettering them to a musical instrument without an ear competently susceptible of instruction, and likely to

recompense them for their own labour with the charm of music. I have no patience with this music-mania. Every silly mother without the capability of perceiving the concord of sounds herself, condemns her poor child labouring under her own *earless* defect, to weep, writhe, and torture herself and teacher, because it is the rage to play, whether or not there be a soul to *feel*, finger, beat time, or be at all alive to the elevating sentiment of the harmonic science."

"It is indeed my love," replied her sister, "the foolish rage of the imitators of fashion; whereas, in many cases, the unfortunate child perhaps, possesses some other talent which as sedulously cultivated, would elicit the genius bestowed by nature, and gain her celebrity. In qualifying them for governesses, be it our particular consideration while engaged in the duty, to weigh the importance of our labours: not only the good we design to the dear children themselves, but to all those who at a distant period, shall come under their instructions."

"Ah! indeed," replied Maryanne, "even thus conscientiously let us do our best for them, still I fear, they will have much to

struggle with in that department. I have ever considered the character of preceptress, as the most useful, important, and respectable, in which a female can possibly appear: and the momentous charge still heavier, than where she is herself the mother. Nature having no bond upon her, the moral and religious ones seem to double her duties. In a ratio to such great responsibility, we attach to the character, worth, talent, and elevation of mind: and yet when even thus eminently qualified, have we not frequently heard and even witnessed with almost irrepressible indignation, those superiorly endowed women, subjected before company to the neglect, contumely, or insult of the little-minded being, who, in the wise and enlightened instructress of her children, saw only her humble dependent, and one whom she delighted to make *feel*, how much she possessed the power as well as inclination, to rule her with a lofty crest?"

"Yours is too just a picture in many cases, I am afraid Maryanne. The impression from the circumstance, was early made upon you. But let us hope that our little pupils will find more conscientious treatment; or if otherwise, that our vigilant

patronage shall enable us to snatch them from it: nor shall they be subject to the endurance of that species of cruelty, which though it cuts not the body, has no mercy on the mind—and availing itself of impunity, wounds deeply the sensitive feelings!"

Agreeably for the teachers who felt such interest, they found their scholars possessed abilities, good understandings already wonderfully improved, and tempers so sweet and ingenuous, that every feeling and idea were to be read in their countenances. Under governesses so competent, highly endowed, and rich in splendid attainments, the progress they made was rapid and astonishing: while Miss Verney no less than one of themselves, would not be excluded from contributing her share towards the instruction of the interesting orphans.

At this period, the fair trio were prepared for the pang of regret in parting from their beloved protector. The vicar was summoned to the chamber of infirmity, of an early and most esteemed friend and fellow-collegian, residing in Cambridge. A month was fixed to be devoted to this imperative call. The countess learning his intention by lady Elizabeth, and desirous of enjoying more intimately the society of

his admirable daughters, embraced the opportunity his intended absence afforded, and requested him to commit them and their visitor to her protection, till his return. This invitation from the most excellent of her sex, excited in the breast of Dr. Clinton, the mingling feelings of gratitude and gratification, yet a determination not to accept it. He foresaw the consequences likely to ensue from his daughters becoming inmates of the castle. His penetrating parental eye perceived, that they were upon ground that trembled under their feet, and his heart's most anxious affections, held it a duty of the first magnitude, that he should conduct them over it. The increasing attentions of lord Bradport and his brother, were too evident to escape his vigilant observation; and though unbounded was his confidence in the strongly fortified minds of his beloved daughters, he considered still they were human, and subject to all the sympathies and attachments of their glowing season. Was it reconcileable then, with reason, that Bradport the passionate admirer of Maryanne, should be in daily habits of intercourse with her, and view her with an indifferent eye? and was it reasonably to be trusted, that the idolatry

of this all-captivating adorer, would not find its way to her warm, hitherto unprepossessed heart? Was the singularly sentimental exalted Mountford, daily to feel the influence and discover the perfections of one in whom he combined all he estimated lovely in woman, yet say to himself I must not love? and was the congenial mind of Euphemia to unlock the rich stores of his, contemplate his worth, increasing virtues, and with more than the frigidity of a philosopher of the sect of Zeno, prescribe bound and prohibition to her youthful affections? It was not compatible with nature the doctor decided; the case must be rare indeed he thought, where her laws can be thus invalidated; and he was well aware with mournful remembrance—how insufficient are the powers of reason to eradicate those attachments that take possession of the heart, and have their foundation in the approving mind.

The countess, it was unequivocally visible admired and loved his daughters, and he might reasonably entertain the idea, that so far from objecting she would rather be disposed to promote the alliance between them and her sons. What then? the earl however much he loved his countess, never

suffered her influence to dislodge a fixed intention, disturb a predetermined measure, nor induce him to swerve from the overweening notions of that aristocratic pride that governed him. Though the blood of ancient and honourable nobility mantled on the beauteous cheeks of his daughters, was it likely that the peer bent upon titles, honours, and the aggrandizement of his sons, would ever be brought to consent to alliance with those who in point of fortune were so totally beneath his views? These were the reflections which with a father's prudence, naturally arose in the mind of doctor Clinton; and weighing all probable consequences in his unerring judgment, he determined as far as it rested with him, to shield the peace of his beloved daughters, from the cruel wounds of disappointed and hopeless attachment. But though prudently prepared with forethought, his caution and determination proved pregnable. Thus, often are our most fixed resolves undermined and overthrown by weak reasoning and avoidable attacks, yet that are so linked with circumstance and possessing influence over us, that they assume a power which in the weakness of human resolution, becomes irresistible.

So it was with even the firm doctor Clinton. The countess would admit none of the reasons he alleged for denial, and the doctor though he declined positively her pressing invitation, could offer apparently, no substantial excuse why she should be denied. In this dilemma, struggling between gratitude due to her ladyship and the determination he was bound to abide by as relatively connected with the future peace of his children, he elicited one reason which he hoped would be considered sufficiently strong. Informing the countess, that his daughters as a duty of humanity were instructing the little girls of widow Beverley, in those branches of education which would enable them to gain respectable bread, said—"This is an important task my dear madam, and I am unwilling that the orphans should lose time so doubly precious to them at their season." Even this, so unfeignedly offered as plea for refusal, availed the doctor nothing. The countess would have been among the last to obstruct the work of benevolence. The plea of objection therefore, only superadded to her esteem for the father, and rendered her more desirous than ever of the company of his daughters.

"The advantages they possess in such instructresses is a blessing infinitely great and of high importance," returned the countess; "God forbid then, that I should be the means of robbing these tender children of misfortune, of a good so particularly beneficial. But, my dear doctor, you know the little folks can come to the castle to receive their instructions; in that case, I shall send for and to conduct them back, one of my own personal servants, in whom I can with perfect safety confide: or should it be more agreeable to my young friends to meet them here, remains with them to decide."

Thus, in vain the vicar advanced every thing he could advance, the countess delighting in the prospect of the society of his daughters, combated them all; and strenuously supported by the irresistible lady Elizabeth, he was compelled most reluctantly to relinquish the contest, and with all a father's anxieties, yielded to entreaties that hazarded the treasures of his soul, to all the danger he apprehended, and which even otherwise, as the earl's beneficiary, he could not altogether avoid. Yet so repugnant to his parental prudence was the visit, that his firm mind would ha

never given way, had not an idea passed over it, that undermined his determination. The delicate mind in nice points, ever tortures itself with the scrupulosity of its own conceptions. The sons of the earl were in the habit of visiting at the vicarage. These visits as a matter of course, thought the doctor, would continue in his absence, as they could not with the nicest finesse be forbidden. Might it not then strike others, even the countess, that parental prudence could not have been the motive that determined him to decline the invitation to his daughters, as it would be evident that they were more at liberty and accessible to the attentions of the brothers, than they would have been under the protection of their mother. Nor did the delicacy and pride of doctor Clinton, suffer him to render manifest in the slightest degree, the *nature* of his apprehensions. The period was now at hand, and on the morning that doctor Clinton set off for Cambridge, he committed to the protection of the countess and tender attentions of lady Elizabeth, the amiable Miss Verney and his beloved daughters.

CHAP. III.

UNDER the vaulted roofs of Elssingham Castle, our sisters and their friend had passed a week. The more familiar became the intercourse, the more the countess admired and loved them. Miss Verney too, she found, was a creature of the same mould, whom she was disposed to honour with her highest opinion and affection. Lady Elizabeth was their guardian angel, seldom absent from them and never long. Lord Bradport and the major, sought and seized with avidity, every opportunity to feast in the converse, personally attend, and indeed it escaped not observation, to pointedly prove their admiration of the incomparable sisters: and even the earl vouchsafed to notice them with a condescension most unusual, and frequently honoured them with his conversation.

It will now be necessary to enumerate precisely the visitors at the castle. The first in precedence of every virtue and noble attribute, was lady Elizabeth Lamont cousin-german to lady Elssingham; l

Gertrude Bouverie daughter of the duke of Somereve; Miss Walton daughter of sir Christopher Walton; general sir Charles Molineaux; captain De Courtland; and a charming boy and girl the children of the general.

With the exception of the juvenile twain, the party happened to be assembled in the family drawing-room. Lady Gertrude and Miss Walton were seated together at some distance from lady Elizabeth and the general.—"What do you think of the sisters now that we see more of them lady Gertrude?" asked the other lady in a low voice. —"I have not thought about the matter;" replied her ladyship, in a tone of such total indifference that it well verified her words.

"I cannot see the extraordinary beauty which *some* here so lavishly bestow upon them;" added the inquirer. "They are beautiful certainly—I should think——" in broken sentence breathed out her statue-like ladyship.

Miss Walton disappointed that lady Gertrude had afforded her no latitude to proceed in her unfavourable remarks upon the objects of her envy, with a malicious grin retorted upon her. "Lord Bradport will not fail to let you know that *he thinks* they

are beautiful. Do you not observe his constant attentions to the younger one? did he not protest after she had played the 'Storm,' last night, that the piece had received a thousand additional graces from *her* superior style and execution, though he scarcely allows it any beauties when *you* play it?"

The malice of Miss Walton was utterly defeated. Lady Gertrude with a cold smile that hardly moved a muscle of her face, slowly drew out—" It is Bradport's manner you know."

Lady Elizabeth's ears were as quick as her eyes.—" And did not *you* Miss Walton, endowed as you are with a wonderful capacity for penetrating into motives, observe the attentions of my cousin Mountford to Miss Clinton? and how every fine feeling of his soul was excited into a transport of pleasure, when she played some of those Scotch airs he admires so much, but which, singularly strange! never fails to drive him from the music-room, when *you attempt* them?"

The little graceful figure of lady Elizabeth advancing towards Miss Walton, stood before her as she closed the cutting interrogatories. The beam of a beautiful bene-

volent black eye rested upon her, but that eye was capable of much: indignation and disgust, were visible in a countenance which was too ingenuous for concealment. The dark, scowling orb of Miss Walton, falling before the rays of that excellence which surrounding the character of lady Elizabeth, for ever kept in awe and at a distance all such, snail-like shrunk within itself.

"Now that they are inmates, what is *your* opinion general, of our blooming visitors?" purposely asked lady Elizabeth, as she seated herself by him.—"What is yours? we seldom have different opinions upon any subject."

"I will not have my interrogatory retorted," said the lady with an affected air of impatience, "tell me directly what you think of them."—"I think," replied the general, mingling with his philosophic calmness an arch look, "that they want only the *age* of lady Elizabeth, to render them irresistible."—"You insulting man:" exclaimed her ladyship playfully assuming anger, and rising from the sofa as our brothers entered.

"What! a skirmish with the general, fair coz," cried the vivacious viscount, "by his laurels our valiant commander must

yield the palm of conquest here, and submit to be subdued by the most puissant of the tiny race!"

"What a host of insults! have I to resent; what unprovoked wounds! have my feelings to endure; O days of gallantry! have ye fled for ever? knights of courtesy! have ye left the earth? spirit of compliment! is thy essence flown? return again and defend me from the insult of one who reminds me of my *length* of years; and from the other, who will not let me forget that I have a diminutive form. *Age, tiny* indeed!" she exclaimed with emphasis, collecting her expressive features into a well-counterfeited resentment, which her eccentric humour might have enabled her to sustain, had not her eye caught the thoughtful, detecting smile of the general, when breaking into laughter with the most consummate good-humour, she betrayed herself.

"*Age*," echoed Edward, "I would hug it to my heart if personified by my bewitching cousin Elizabeth."—"*Tiny*," repeated the general with his arch gravity, "I never thought a woman sufferable if she exceeded *four* feet."—"You insidious

animals!" exclaimed her ladyship with a sportive air, "and *you* Ned, if in such *miraculous apostacy* as that you could be brought to offer up your incense at the shrine of *age*, what would you do with that beautiful profusion of flaxen ringlets which grace the youthful head of lady Gertrude?"

"O I would send them to adorn the head of some bald-pated angel: *sans* hair, eyes, mouth, soul, her fair ladyship can kill or *petrify* her adorers as they approach her."

The *acumen* was uttered by Bradport with a manner so bewitching, that had lady Gertrude been even alive to the fine perceptions of the soul and the allusions of others, she could not be offended, nor in that case would it have been uttered. But lady Gertrude, supinely leaning at the end of the couch, with her head resting upon an arm of snowy whiteness, her eye gazing through the balcony upon empty space, and being neither alive to his fascinations nor offended with the poignancy she could not feel, coolly replied—"Thank you I will wear them myself."

"Look there, at our crazy philosopher;" said Bradport to his cousin directing her attention to his brother, who in the pleni-

tude of the enjoyment of his own ideas, was occasionally casting his eyes over the pages of Plutarch, and smiling alternately at the sallies of her ladyship's whimsical humour.

"I would give a diadem to learn what could produce a rupture between cousin Elizabeth and the general—" said the philosopher 'thinking aloud:' "I should have as reasonably expected to find somewhere on Roman record, that the Quintilian brothers with all the science of pugilism, had knocked each other's eyes out—that Cato had sacrificed the liberties of Rome—and that of my maternal parent's two *hopeful* sons, her first-born tired with the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and renouncing all the temptations of the *flesh*, had turned capuchin, and devoted a person blazing with a thousand graces and a life little better than begun, to the incessant ritual and rigid service of a gloomy cloister! All this I must believe and be prepared for revolutions, that shall not only change the heart but transmute the form of man, ere I can possibly divine or trace to its source, what caused the conflict between the general and cousin Elizabeth."

The general smiled, but agreeably to his usual taciturnity, remained silent.

"The information you so earnestly desire my dear Alfred, shall cost you less than a diadem; only walk the distance that lies between us and give me a kiss." Our Zeno, no way inclined to neglect the favours of the fair where his heart was interested, crossed the room, and squeezing between her ladyship and his brother, affectionately kissed a cheek which was faded more from the conflicts of the heart than by the ravages of time.

"Well then, our charming inmates the daughters of your father's beneficiary, were introduced on the *tapis* or more correctly speaking in *tête-à-tête* by Miss Walton—you know Alf, I am hugely irritable and the general provoked me"——"Is it possible" interrupted Alf, "that the general could advance a sentiment inimical to the high deserts of these young ladies?"

"The general advanced nothing—upon the plea that we generally echo each other's sentiments; it was *that* that provoked me. I will not submit to such dearth of thought," she added affecting a lofty style, "general, I allow no man to prescribe to me."—"No,

but *you* shall prescribe to *me*," calmly returned the general.

" I am determined to have an opinion of my own."—" I am determined to echo it—" returned the general.

" Come general, no subterfuge," cried Alfred, " as I know no man more highly qualified than yourself to judge of female merit, I consider it an imperative duty incumbent upon you, to give your suffrage."

" Lady Elizabeth will vote for me—" replied the general with his wonted smile of mental reserve. — " You tiresome man!" cried her ladyship, " you shall be made to speak in despite of that incorrigible taciturnity."

" Out with it general," cried Edward, " for Heaven's sake speak, else her tiny ladyship will be obliged to put you to the torture to make you confess."

" Some truths require no confession; they are so evident in themselves that they are their own vouchers :" at length was extorted from the general as he raised himself from his recumbent position, and like the sun in eastern skies, as he rose a thousand glories seemed to rise on his horizon.

" Once in my life—" he said with a pen-

sive air, "I met with what I esteemed perfection in woman! This lady possessed so inclusively every virtue of the heart and charm of the mind, that she became my paragon of all that is excellent, and delightful to man! From that hour I made up my mind to the conviction, that till the latest of my life, I shall never find such peerless worth again! and if any thing can more acutely awaken the remembrance of that lady whose virtues are perpetuated on my memory! it is the resemblance which the daughters of Dr. Clinton bear in beauty of soul, moral excellence, and transcendence of intellect, to that most esteemed object of my admiration!"

Lady Elizabeth abruptly rose and walked to the balcony. Miss Walton's eye followed her with that malicious expression, which was its peculiar property. The fair lady Gertrude still and silent as an inhabitant of the tomb, and soulless apparently as the famed statue of Pygmalion, giving no more token of her being animated than by the slight motion of her lips, and without having paid correct attention to the last sentence parallelly spoken by the general, said—" They cannot both resemble

lady Molineaux, general, *she* is tall, the eldest Miss Clinton is *rather* little."

"Beautiful lady Gertrude, it was not in point of *material* perfections, that I drew my analogy. The peerless idol of my esteem was a perfect fairy—but, if I am called upon to sit in jury on their personal endowments, I give it as my voice, that they are two of the most beautiful females I have yet beheld."

The eyes of the brothers sparkled with pleasure.—"Thank you general for the justice you have done my Graces, but you shall not exclude the third, from her equal claims to your admiration; remember that they are *all* my daughters, what say you to my Venus?"

"That she is beautiful as Venus, wise as Minerva, charming and good as lady Elizabeth—worthy of such a mother!"

"She certainly has a lovely figure," cried Bradport.

"She certainly is an angel," added Mountford.

"She is certainly better calculated for a mournful Melpomene than one of the *Graces*," said De Courtland with a satiric smile.

"Under any personification, she will ever be admired by the *wise* and good—" replied lady Elizabeth with pointed emphasis.

The malignant spirit of Miss Walton bent upon revenge toward lady Elizabeth, took possession.—"A *fairy* sir Charles, what man of taste and fashion would ever select as an object of admiration a *little woman?* What painter would betray so little genius and judgment as represent perfection of female figure, under the lofty standard of dignity and majesty? What statuary would waste the labours of his chisel upon a *diminutive* form?"

The oblique beams of the general's eye, fell upon her with an equal share of pity and contempt.—"I should be ashamed Miss Walton, to be distinguished as a man of *taste* and *fashion.* The first term in these times, goes for nothing, and the second would do me little credit. But had it been my fortune to earn bread and fame by the wonderful and admirable arts of sculpture and painting, I should have represented as *my* standard of female beauty, a delicate form of small dimensions. That is *my* idea of the beautiful in woman and of the *sublime,* I would rather my eye encountered it in any other of nature's works."

"I detest the appearance of a large woman," said the major with more vehemence than gallantry, recollecting as he must have done, that Miss Walton fell under that denomination.

"Give me the woman I love——"exclaimed the viscount, "whatever are her dimensions; but certainly the form that is large, destroys in its principle, all idea of the delicacy of feminine beauty: and though strikingly sublime as meaning to convey the majesty of a Juno, even from a Phidias, could it be made woman, would be found to excite far more aversion than love."—"Indisputably however, Bradport, the form that is small, can never come under the denomination of a fine woman;" observed De Courtland: "look at the exquisite models of Greece and Italy, the rounded, perfect statues of their goddesses and nymphs; do they not exhibit that elevation of height and amplitude of figure, so indispensably requisite to produce in the mind, every idea of the grandeur, commanding grace, and majesty of the object, which it was the aim of the masters of the arts, to characteristically and strikingly represent? surely the dignity of the queen of heaven or queen

of Sheba, could never be expressed in small dimensions."

"We want neither to fill our land with the queens of heaven nor Sheba," cried Bradport, "their huge majesties would take up so much room, that the delicate forms of *real* beauty, would be jostled off the earth. But as you are neither painter nor sculptor De Courtland, I hardly think you ought to be allowed an opinion: you know you are no admirer of women, I am positive you are not capable of loving one —what the deuce then, have you to do with their dimensions?"

"As to loving the fair, I certainly will not allow myself the merit of being so *hotly* capable as my lord Bradport, but any man however little interested, must be struck with the *positive* superiority of a fine tall woman, when contrasted with one of an opposite personal character:" then turning toward Miss Walton whose champion he had been in the cause of majestic forms, he received a look of approbation for his voice in her service.

The countess now entered attended by the three young ladies, who had just been the subject of secret malice and avowed admiration.—"In the name of vexation my

dear mother," asked the viscount, "where did you contrive to hide yourself and the Graces?"

"We have been botanizing and floralizing," returned her ladyship, "and not in the humour of being intruded upon by any of your sex, we put on our invisible caps. My young friends have great taste in the fragrant science, particularly Miss Maryanne, and we have been very busy planning and laying out for future improvement."

"And did you find amid the beauty of the goddess's creation, a floweret half so beautiful as yourself! Miss Maryanne?" asked the general.—"I met with none sir Charles," smilingly replying, "more *fragile* than woman or at least more perishable than her bloom."

"Avaunt the idea," exclaimed the viscount, "it kills like the fatal tree of Java; do not attempt to make me believe that the beauteous rose on *that* cheek will ever die"——his ardent eyes flashed upon her—Maryanne would have given a kingdom to be relieved.

"It would be pity it should, it is very pretty;" said lady Gertrude in her placid, low, slow, indifferent tone. Maryanne had

taken her seat on the sofa beside her inanimate ladyship, who was twisting round her marble fingers, the auburn ringlets of their owner.

"No pity at all if it were to die dear lady Gertrude, if after its departure my cheek could appear half as pretty as yours." —"I never had any colour," carelessly rejoined her ladyship.

"No, indeed, lady Gertrude, here may well be all the *rivalship* of the contending roses—" said Miss Walton. Miss Walton's words on most occasions were harmless in themselves, but there was a malicious meaning went forth with them, expressed in tone, emphasis or look, that never failed to render them understood.

"Far be contention from me, Miss Walton," returned Maryanne with dignity, "I am totally unqualified for it as it has been no part of *my* education." The countess and her family marked, felt, and admired the provoked repartee.

The earl entering, invited the gentlemen to accompany him in a ride to a neighbouring nobleman. The general most willingly assented; captain De Courtland begged to be excused on the plea of having engaged to drive Miss Walton out; and his sons

not so fortunate as to have an apology, bowed in compliance and tore themselves from the Graces! Shortly after, the *barouche* of the countess stopped at the portico, and her ladyship attended by lady Gertrude and Miss Verney, departed to take an airing.

"Poor lady Gertrude is insipid and insipient; yet I cannot well account for it—I love her tenderly, lady Elizabeth," said Maryanne, "but I am afraid even with my most Christian endeavours, I shall never be able to like Miss Walton."—"No wonder. Lady Gertrude has not a spark of malice in her little lifeless soul; I love her because in her is no disposition to evil: not so the other—heed her not however, my dear girls; she is here upon *views* that will never be realized—so *I* predict, though neither prophetess nor oracle." So saying her ladyship kissed them both, withdrew to her dressing-room to write letters, and the sisters departed for their father's cottage to meet their little pupils.

"What an angel of worth is lady Elizabeth," said Euphemia as they walked along, "the more we know her the more admirable she appears: open, kind, generous, independent. Ah! well indeed, might our

father have read in her soul and features, a resemblance to our incomparable mother!"

"I flatter myself that a daughter of my father's, is incapable of a little inquisitive feeling, but I would give all the islands of the Polynesia, to know the particulars of her early life;" answered Maryanne; "a strange idea has seized me: I think the general loves her—nay, I often fancy that she loves *him* as a husband whom she idolizes. Tenderly fond of the children and they of her, Charles twelve or thirteen, always calls her mamma Elizabeth, and little Mary will sleep no where but with her."

"Impossible! my dear; lady Molineaux is the happiest of women in her husband."—"Be I right or wrong in this haunting idea, it cannot possibly affect the character of our beloved friend;" returned Maryanne; "I believe the noble and magnanimous soul of lady Elizabeth to be incapable of a human weakness: and were I to set out in quest of infallibility in our sex, I would take my way to her, as sure of finding it in this excellent and charming woman."

Such were the sentiments they entertained for this esteemed friend, but the character of lady Elizabeth will speak for itself as performs in our drama. In the mean-

time the family politics of the earl were in a fair train of being made manifest, and as *he* conceived, the objects accomplished upon which they were at work. The first grand point in his parental ambition the military fame of his heir, so early, anxiously, and importantly desired, had been proudly gained! and not only the gallant Edward had added his blazing trophies to the immortal achievements of his primogenitors, but his son Alfred of whom he had entertained no such hope, had bound with no less glory, his never-dying laurels round the house of Mountford. His next object of important magnitude, was to unite his heir to an ancient noble house, worthy of an alliance with that of Elssingham. The duke of Somereve and the earl, were united in politics and by friendship. Their friendly bond began in early life. Architecturally speaking, the first stone in the foundation of their esteem for each other, was laid in the same lordly notions that held it little less than that the clay of ancient peerage, was so virtually superior to other men's, that when mouldered after death into dust, it would remain distinct, as so irreconcileable in its elementary principle, that it could not possibly assimilate with

its fellow mould, nor mingle together in fraternal incorporation!

These overweening principles more imperiously governed them, as they advanced in life. The duke had several daughters and he had early determined that they should not marry but into the most ancient houses of the noblesse. To unite one of his daughters to the heir of his noble friend, was a match the ancient-coronet-coveting duke had long planned with him: and now that he contemplated the viscount returned from the field of fame, covered with laurels, crowned with glory, placed in the immortal niche of future times! he was more desirous than ever of the alliance. That this should take place was the earnest and long-cherished desire of the earl: the equally anticipated union which would reciprocally reflect and receive the splendours of each other's house, and bind more closely their friendship and political interests. Luckily for lady Gertrude, she was of that cold, insipient nature, that it cost her little or no sacrifice and hardly a thought respecting him to whom in rotation, she was to be transferred. In assigning them husbands, as his grace never consulted the affections of his daughters, however much a sense of

delicacy and feeling rendered necessary for their happiness this primary consideration, he merely made known to lady Gertrude the husband he had chosen for her, the *obedience* he expected, and his command that she should immediately avail herself of the invitation of the countess, to visit her at Elssingham Castle.

In his designs regarding the aggrandizement of his second son, the earl had not regulated himself by his usually influencing notions, nor confined himself to the lofty considerations which governed him in seeking to unite his heir. Reflecting, that in the splendid possessions of landed and funded property, which from primogenial right descended to Edward, Alfred in comparison would be but poorly provided for, the politic peer in selecting a *bosom-treasure* for *him*, sought chiefly and as it will appear *solely* for wealth. This was a most amazing aberration from his aristocratic principles, his arbitrary notions, his ancestorial pride! But as the peer weighed in his profound mind, in the probability of the continued life of his heir, that the uninterrupted line of ancient nobility running hitherto in lineal descent, would not be broken by an inferior alliance formed by the more colla-

teral branch of his heir presumptive, he like a prudent disciple of Plutus, accommodated to the temptation of an immense fortune in lieu of noble blood! and for once with the earl, the origin of his pompous genealogy was forgotten!

The father of Miss Walton, the lady fixed upon by the noble peer, for his truly noble son, had been a butcher's boy! For what reason he absconded from his master, *biography* gives no account. He found his way to the West India islands, and finally at one of them to the service of a rich planter. Whether from the *humanity* imbibed in the slaughter-house or feelings innately given him, he was soon found to be particularly calculated for his present service; and in the department of overseer to which he had by steps risen, he recommended himself strongly to his employer for his *inclination* as well as talents, to lash and cut without mercy his maltreated fellow-man. What with wonderful success, the plunder of the property of Europeans dying there, the death of his rich master, an illegal detainment of the best part of his possessions, his strikingly good luck in his sugar and cotton plantations that generally yielded him uncommonly rich crops, the

indefatigable application of his base talents to the purposes of gain, and his long residence on the island, whatever were the cruel, guilty means employed, Mr. Walton acquired an immense fortune: and thus, laden with wealth, after an absence of forty years, he returned to England. Who then, could trace his low origin, his early initiation into the slaughtering trade, and his subsequent barbarous cruelties in the daily practice of which, he had amassed his riches? none: he was now a rich man! new modelled of another mould; a person so elevated that he might well indeed and for better reasons than many others, despise the *low;* they reminded him of his own stock; a point in his memory so ungrateful, that he cared not if it should fail him for ever, the more especially as he was now by the power of money and interest, sir Christopher Walton!

He had crept into the circles of nobility, was ready to canvass for a seat in parliament, and determined to marry his daughter into a noble house! After an uncommon prosperity in the accumulation of wealth, these were the cardinal points of his ambition yet to be attained. The last however, more immediately occupied his

mind. It was a far more important and serious concern to him, than that responsibility attached to the man who stands up in the defence of the liberties of his country and for the redress of its grievances. So *laudable* indeed, was the ambition of sir Christopher, that he would have been infinitely more gratified in beholding his daughter among the ranks of nobility, than finding that he himself had gained the suffrage of the nation, and was hailed every where as the patriot of his country. But to do sir Christopher *every* justice, there might be a consciousness that he felt himself not *altogether* fitted to arrive at such parliamentary celebrity: contriving to be informed of the brilliant oratorical talents, profound learning, legislative and universal knowledge, and many virtues public and private, indispensably necessary to the forming of the glorious character of patriot! If so, sir Christopher possessed at least a certain portion of good sense, in allowing his senatorial ambition, to occupy less of his anxiety, than that noble alliance which should erase for ever, the galling brand of BUTCHER BOY!

In a circle of the great, he happened to be introduced to the earl of Elssingham,

shortly after the arrival of his sons from the field of Waterloo. Like the ambition of the low and worthless mind, that sets no bounds to its audacious aspirations, this miscreant of ill-got wealth, accumulated in the most abject service and by the most brutal cruelty, dared to meditate on a union between his unamiable daughter, and the brilliant heir of this noble house. He learned however, through general report what was *rather* a check, that the viscount was shortly to espouse the beautiful daughter of the duke of Somereve. Having set his heart upon an alliance with the noble family, this disappointment terminated not the views of the knight. The honourable major Mountford it was confidently reported was unengaged; and Miss Walton had not been backward in shewing that she decided on the conquest of his heart.

Sir Christopher failed not to make his court to the earl. The peer *stooped* and took the hint. The ice broken, the business was discussed, and the knight overjoyed in the success of his negociation, engaged to give with his precious daughter, one hundred thousand pounds, and boasted that his will would more than double the plum to her on his demise. This indeed

was a gilded bait, and the peer listened to the proposal of alliance, with a condescension, irreconcilable with the pride of nobility that had hitherto governed him, the more astonishingly, as avarice or *love* of money, formed no part of his character. Such is the magic power of wealth! it causes revolutions in the human breast, no less extraordinary than those sudden vicissitudes of fortune, which have changed the political constitution and decided the fate of empires. Virtue, humanity and honour, the immutable pillars of true greatness, the constituent principles of a good character, such even among the humblest classes of mankind, would have spurned the proffered alliance of a Walton—yet the proud and virtuous earl of Elssingham stooped to meet it!

The countess knowing well the dispositions of her sons, and incapable of appreciating title or riches if unaccompanied by those virtues which she deemed requisite to form the beauty of the feminine character and the felicity of the married state, disapproved of any intercourse with the Walton family, and opposed calmly but decidedly, the designs of the earl. It was in vain. Ever determined to carry his point,

he suffered no opposition even from the woman he loved, and she was compelled most unwillingly, to give the invitation that brought Miss Walton to the castle. It has been shown that the sorrow which she could not altogether conceal, betrayed to the penetrating observation of Alfred, her apprehensions of the storm which she knew was gathering over the head of her sons; and her maternal bosom was filled with the presentiment that in all the wrath of a father's opposed and defeated wishes, it would fall upon and overwhelm them!

CHAP. IV.

LADY Elizabeth and her Graces, bent on a ramble one morning, stole from the castle and traversed its wide, beautiful, and luxuriant domains. The luminary of day shone with resplendent glory. The firmament was uncommonly blue and cloudless. The feathered minstrels poured forth their enlivening strains, and surrounding nature appeared to have put on her gayest mantle. They explored the gloomy recesses of the forest, and suddenly with a capricious dis-

position for vicissitude, emerged from shade and retirement, into gay meadows and flowery lawns, open, and arid with the powerful beams of the approaching meridian influence. They descended into the hollow glen and ascended the tufted sides of the hilly downs; and seated on a knotty eminence, contemplated with enchanted eyes the verdant landscape all around them. —"Ah! who would prefer residing in a noisy, smoky, populous city, after such scenes as these;" observed Euphemia: "how ill exchanged their healthful, fragrant, calm delights, for the corrupt, irrational, tumultuous pleasures of a metropolis. *There*, all is bustle, contention, jealousy, contrariety of interest, and dazzling but deceitful splendour, which even fails to *gild* its hollow happiness: here, nature smiling in her cultivated fields, breathing her fragrance in her bright parterres, and reposing in the sublimity of her grander works, speaks to the soul! expands its intellectual powers, displays her volume of endless variety, and opens the treasures of her hidden stores."

As the fair sentimentalist closed a solemn pause ensued. Every one was absorbed in her own pensive reflections. Every bosom

heaved a tribute to the memory of scenes of felicity past for ever!

"There is surely something cruel in the operations of memory—" said lady Elizabeth sighing, "she seems to trace *too* faithfully and with a pencil dipped in unfading colours, those beloved objects dearest to our hearts, and of whom we have been robbed by death or destiny!"

"Do you think then, that there is a fate in the leading incidents of our lives, lady Elizabeth?" asked Maryanne. "The question will for ever puzzle, and it would be dangerous were we to establish our principles in the belief of it, and suffer our actions to be influenced by it. But, in my reserved opinion, if there be a destiny inevitable, it is in love—in marriage!"

"Have you been in love then, dear lady Elizabeth?" smilingly asked Miss Verney. —Her ladyship sighed.

"Ah! my esteemed much loved friend, there is I am persuaded something deeply interesting wrapped up in your past life—" said Euphemia; "were I not afraid that I should cause to bleed afresh, wounds balmed perhaps, but by the strong powers of your mind, I should entreat you to fulfil

your promise, that we should be made acquainted with it."

"Yes my dear girls, perfectly confiding in the affection you have conceived for me, and cherishing on my part the tenderness of a mother, however much it may awaken painful remembrance—I am induced for your satisfaction, to comply with your request. In none have I ever reposed my sorrows—save the sacred bosom of my beloved cousin Elssingham.

"At the age of twenty, with my father and mother the earl and countess of Dumblaire, I visited Edinburgh. It was then I saw and admired beyond all women, your admirable mother! I have often lamented that our short stay and rather abrupt departure, prevented me from cultivating so rare and desirable an acquaintance: to her character however, for extraordinary talent and every virtue, I was no stranger, nor could I possibly be to that of her celebrated father doctor Maitland.

"In the spring of the following year, I was solicited to accompany through Italy and Switzerland, a young friend to whom I was much attached. About my own age, our friendship had commenced at school,

increased with every year, and is at this hour so indissoluble, that death only can divide us. Constitutionally sickly, her anxious parents decided to try change of climate, fondly anticipating that the salubrious breezes of kinder regions, would waft health to the cheek of their beloved child. Mary wept on my bosom entreating me to accompany them. 'I may never return—dear Elizabeth;' she said. This was enough; whatever were the ligatures that bound me to home, having gained the consent of my dear indulgent mother, I set off with my overjoyed friend. A sea-voyage was recommended by the medical friends. We left the shores of England, entered the Straits, encountered the friendly billows of the Mediterranean, and after a most favourable voyage arrived in the fine bay of Naples. Thence, we successively passed through Rome, Florence, Parma and Milan; made short stays at each, but remained some time at the latter city. It was there that we met with a select party of English, bound like ourselves for the lofty mountains of Helvetia. Sir Benjamin Kent the father of my friend, was a hospitable Englishman, proudly fond of his

island, the company of his countrymen, and particularly so when he met them abroad. This for him then, was a circumstance that added much to the pleasure of our tour, and we proceeded on our journey as one party. There was one among them a military man, upward of thirty. To see him once was security for his never being forgotten! O Clarendel! I see thee now through the retention of twenty years, with undiminished clearness. Yes, that form! can never fade on my memory! A lofty soul actuated by every possible virtue; an august and graceful figure combining all that is lovely in man; urbanity of manners that stole over the feelings and took captive the senses, strikingly distinguished this virtuous, truly noble, and godlike man!

"Our party arrived, for some time unitedly explored, separated, frequently met, parted again to follow our own pursuits, and at future periods traversed all together with unbounded pleasure, the magnificent scenery of the enclosing mountains. But there was one who never left our family, who was constantly at the side of my friend and I; who seemed to make our safety his chief object, and to contribute to our plea-

sure his whole delight. O kind, generous Clarendel! for he indeed it was.

"The health of Miss Kent became much improved. Every thing indeed was in her favour. Balmy, salubrious exhalations, wafted with every breeze, played upon her lips. The vernal season had given way to its more ardent successor. In those seasons, Switzerland is a delicious country: notwithstanding the inclemency of its rigorous months, desolating tempests, and overwhelming avelanche, it partially enjoys from local advantage, all the genial softness and balsamic heat of the delightful regions of the torrid zone, without being subject to such as that, occasioned by the scorching influence of a vertical sun.

"The all-amiable colonel was our faithful attendant, supporting our steps as we tottered on the flinty brow of the mountain, or sustaining us in our efforts to ascend its rugged side. I rallied him without mercy upon his fund of patience and taciturnity; tried to torment him asking twenty questions without giving him interval to answer one; it availed me nothing, he only smiled! He would frequently walk half-an-hour at our side without uttering a word, yet every embodied thought that was exchanged be-

tween my friend and I, seemed to be to him a source of silent delight. At other times his eloquence would pour forth in such copious strains, that it wholly arrested, captivated and absorbed our attention. I was persuaded he loved Mary and I loved *him* for it. Mary indeed admired him! On our first acquaintance with him, she spoke with freedom of the personal graces and mental attractions of our elegant countryman. But in the progress of intimacy, the more he unfolded to our view, she grew close and circumspect, refrained from all eulogy, and finally dropped altogether, the theme of her formerly avowed admiration. Early as I had known and much as I loved her, I was sorry that I could find no better a reason for such evident change, than the instability and inconsistency of the feminine character. But alas! the shaft of fate that had wounded *my* heart to its inmost fibre—had pierced hers!

"I felt emotions when in converse with this excellent man, hitherto unexperienced. I had seen many that I admired, knew many that I esteemed, but none that I had ever loved. Alas! my hour was come—a being was presented to me, who seemed to have none of the alloy of human frailties.

I contemplated him as the reality of that ideal perfection, which I had in imagination worshipped but despaired to find. In the dazzling assemblage of his virtues, I beheld a mortal as approximate to the Godhead in the beneficence of his goodness, as he was in likeness created the divine image. Esteem and admiration were tributes paid to him by every one, but a heavier tax an invincible fatality levied on me—and my heart rebelling against every power to save it, became devoted to the incomparable Clarendel!

"During this internal struggle of which, none had even the most distant suspicion, my friend from having been greatly amended in health, as visibly declined; and the dejection of her spirits was too evident to escape observation. In vain the maternal tenderness of lady Kent, could discover or draw from her the cause. Mary endured and erected the tomb of her sorrows in her own breast. An incident however occurred, that disclosed to me the secret of her bosom. When at Florence, colonel Clarendel sat to an eminent painter for his miniature. It was strikingly like and destined for one who would fully appreciate the gift, a beloved mother. Shewing it to

me he expressed his wish to meet with an opportunity of sending it to England, to this revered parent. I said I was about sending a packet of letters and parcels by a confidential servant of my father's, and that if he would entrust it to me, he might depend upon its safe conveyance and delivery. —'What would I not entrust to *you*?' he said, with a look and tone I shall never forget—and putting the miniature into my hand he quitted the room. I must avow that I felt at the moment emotions sadly hostile to the independence of my heart. Sensations stealing over my soul destructive to its halcyon peace. Sentiments though conformable to nature and reason, yet that militated against my feelings of honour and sense of the obligations of friendship. And though the fair fabric of my youthful happiness might be levelled in the dust—I resolved never to sink in my own estimation, and determined on the conquest of myself!

"I held the picture in my hand. I contemplated it with a passion of so sublime a nature, that it deserved a better term than love. It was made up of esteem, of veneration for the virtues of its object. As I stood thus, the door opened and my friend

Mary was presently behind me. She saw the miniature—I had no wish to conceal it. Conscious of the integrity of my principles, that no rival feeling inimical to her happiness had ever entered my breast, I turned towards her to shew it and explain how it came to be in my possession, when I perceived the whiteness of death upon her lip, and with a precipitate effort she left the room. I seized the opportunity when packing it up, to prove for what purpose it was committed to me, and for whom designed: but she only glanced at the smiling likeness, made few comments, and evidently sought any topic to avoid that which named Clarendel its subject.

"Declining daily, she was at length confined to her chamber. Sir Benjamin and lady Kent, in all the grief of parental apprehension, called in the best advice, but their skill betrayed that the cause lay in the mind. No less unhappy than her afflicted parents, I exclaimed one day, 'O would to God you were again able, to climb over the craggy precipices with our guardian Clarendel.'—'Clarendel!' she echoed with almost a shriek, 'O name him not; would to God I had never beheld him——'

"I was satisfied, learned enough, she loved Clarendel! From that hour I perceived the die of an involved destiny was between us, and that with me might rest the decisive throw! My beloved Mary was amiable, kind, generous and romantic, but incapable of combating in any degree, the attachments of the heart. Ah! my dear girls, were there not women whose powers of mind, enable them to surmount the cross and painful trials of the affections, our sex might better deserve the calumny indiscriminately attached to it, that the weakness of our reason inadequate to the government of our passions, leaves us prey to them. But there have been, are now, and onward will be, women so admirably constituted, that they refute the *inclusive* charge. Women qualified by nature and education, for every thing great and good: and who might retort upon thousands of the other sex, to their utter exposure and condemnation, the imbecility of reason and strong ascendancy of narrow passions, which they so liberally affix to us, as the very elements of our constitution.

"It is but reason and simple justice however, to expect noble efforts, where great powers of resistance have been bestowed.

It was not so with my friend. Tender, ardent, and full of sensibility, she was more prone by nature to strong attachment than capacitated to resist it. One day in particular, the languor of death seemed to hang over her. I sat by her couch drowned in tears. Pressing my hand—'My Elizabeth,' she said, 'I feel I cannot live long thus—there is a question I would ask you—on the sincerity of your reply depends much—it may smooth my pillow of death—it may sooth my last pang!'

'And can you doubt for a moment my beloved Mary,' I said, 'the sincerity you require of me? After a friendship of more than half my life, do you not yet know your friend Elizabeth? Have you still to learn that her soul is incapable of dissimulation?'—'I believe it, I know that soul to be made up of candour, honour, and every noble feeling, say then my Elizabeth, do you love Clarendel?'

"The question unexpected! I was unprepared! A sudden heat flushed my cheek—a succeeding chill seized my frame—I essayed to speak but my voice failed—the powers of my mind taken by surprise, were rendered incapable of affording me their

usual aid, and I sunk at her side without sense or motion.

"My friend and I now perfectly understood the state of each other's hearts. Uncommon as it may appear and incredible to those who are incapable of entering into any elevation of soul above the ordinary occurrences and motives of life, no decline of our early affection, nothing in the feeling of a rival jealousy, entered our bosoms. From a generous sentiment toward each other, we suppressed our thoughts respecting Clarendel. There was between us a struggle of duty to friendship, sustained on both sides with an equal sense of honour, but not with equal advantages. Mary was weak, I could be strong, when the sacrifices which I considered I owed to others, called forth the powers of my mind: and whatever were my mental sufferings, those powers never failed to enable me to attain success, when the conquest of that was resolved upon, which was to refund me with a self-approving rectitude of motive and action.

"My poor friend at length reduced to the melancholy shade of herself, sir Benjamin and lady Kent were too deeply interested not to be able to divine the cause.

They admired and highly-esteemed colonel Clarendel. His fortune was considerable, his military character and prospects great, and his family a collateral branch of a noble house. In himself, he was all that may gratify the desires of parents, actuated by the most laudable ambition in the important object of matching an amiable and beloved daughter; and that he should become the husband of their idolized Mary, I could perceive, was the anxious orison of their hearts. Indeed I grieved for them. Alas! I thought, in the cup of which we were made to drink, the hand of destiny had infused a bitter drop. I contemplated in my friend a fair flower drooping fast, and likely to perish in the spring of existence. She loved—without knowing whether loved by him who had excited this excess of affection. I beheld tender parents weeping over an only daughter, who was sinking under that malady of mind, for which propriety of feeling told them there was no cure: and I felt that the dregs of the bitter drop, had fallen to me! None knew the election of my soul! none knew the anguish which fatally for me had fastened on my inmost heart—none knew that the image of Clarendel—was engraven there

never to be erased! none could conceive what I endured to subdue a passion, which I had determined should never appear! none were aware of the rigid lessons I had imposed upon myself.

'What would I not entrust to *you*' were words too impressive to be forgotten. I tried to banish them from my memory! to see not the look—to hear not the tone that accompanied them, but they still pursued me! I sought relief however in resolution, and by the powers of my reason, I preserved the appearance of that peace and freedom of the mind, which it can only possess when free of the bondage of attachment.

"It has ever been a stubborn opinion of mine, that love in the bosom of a female not excited by reciprocal avowed attachment, ought to be so closely concealed, that I can hardly admit of any circumstance, which can extenuate the disclosure of it to its object. I know this is a rigid precept and bears hard upon our natural susceptibility, but it is the fate of woman and her own constitutional delicacy has enacted the law. Nor can I allow even where there is the consciousness of its mutual existence, that any thing can justify a *premature* con-

fession, nor is it ever necessary on our part. Love in the feminine bosom is never so conquering as when retreating, never so captivatingly visible to the eagle-eye of a lover, as when under the government of modesty and self-control. However fastidious they may appear, inconsistent with nature, repugnant to reason, and impracticable to thousands, these are my notions: yet I am no prude; I am apt to suspect such—I detest the character."

Her fair auditors could not refrain interrupting her ladyship, to compliment her on the profession of such sentiments, and to assure her that they perfectly concurred with her.

"In the mean time, the unconscious cause of all our sorrows, was unremitting in his inquiries after the invalid: rode miles or climbed mountains to procure some rare fruit, and trusted no hand to convey it but his own. Those amiable attentions were not more calculated to support the hopes of her parents, than they strengthened my opinion, that it was Mary he loved. Constantly in attendance upon her, I only left her when lady Kent compelled me to walk out for my health. It was then when alone, that I was impelled to the contem-

plation of a fate fixed invincibly, and I made up my mind to a life of latent sorrow, in the years to come. Hope and joy and those visions of felicity, which fill with rapture the enchanted eye of youth, had vanished from me: and the remnant of my life was only to be ameliorated, by that self-complacency, which my own rectitude of principle and practice of duty, had preserved for me. Urged by my dear lady Kent, I wandered forth one evening toward the close of sunset, more than usually sad. I got into a gloomy, retired, unfrequented path. I felt at the moment all the luxury of that unrestrained, unwitnessed freedom of the mind, coexistent with it, and in the energy of the feeling, I almost unconsciously exclaimed — 'Benevolent Clarendel! you turned pale one day, when your foot accidentally extinguished a worm; ah! then, what would you not feel for me, were you aware of the deep and lasting wound! you have inflicted on my hitherto free and happy heart. What then—I have mental strength and resources in my reasoning powers that will enable me to live—to fulfil the purpose of my being, to perform my duties, while my beloved Mary dies for thee! O to restore her to life and joy,

were the hand of Clarendel proffered me—that hand I prize more than all the world could give, yet would I sacrifice this which bounds my wishes! to give health and happiness to my friend!' A groan of anguish burst from my soul! but enter if you can my young friends, into the debased, agonized, overwhelmed state of my feelings—when I beheld colonel Clarendel at my side! Ah! deeply did I pay for this unguarded soliloquy. I was shocked with myself—I felt I had forfeited my own esteem. I know not how I appeared, I alone knew what I felt. The beam of his mild eye fell upon me like a pitying deity.

'You had better throw off that human covering, lady Elizabeth,' he said, 'your place is not here. You are wholly calculated for a celestial sphere—not for this world of sin and selfishness, trial and sorrow! Your capacious soul is too magnanimous for that delicate tenement: beautiful as it is, your virtues, angelic goodness! are imprisoned in the mould of mortality. This is not your element; fly to heaven and take with you, all that is good, noble, and beautiful in woman!'

"Confused as I was, pained beyond conception, I was yet collected enough to per-

ceive that this singular compliment, was an indirect acknowledgment, that Clarendel had overheard me. I looked for a smile on his countenance, to give some turn to the embarrassment that overwhelmed me, but no smile was there! I was convinced he had heard every word I uttered, but as delicate as generous, his mental ear only seemed to have detected the fated truth, which I had so resolutely determined to bury in my breast. 'From *seeming evil* still educing *good*;' adopting the boundless principle, the only balm I extracted from this unfortunate casualty, was, that Clarendel was now acquainted with the *cause* of that malady under which, my friend was bending to the grave. But I asked myself, would not the delicacy of Mary be shocked at the disclosure of her bosomed sentiments, which to ear she had never avowed? my conscience answered satisfactorily for me, by shewing that this revelation had arisen more from my misfortune than my fault.

"I laboured under such excess of mental pain, that I believe I would have laid down life at the moment, could I have as easily flown to heaven, as Clarendel had sent me thither. The breeze of evening blew chilly

over my cheek or perhaps it was my heart —I shuddered—existence felt oppressive—I longed for dissolution—my soul whispered me it was ready to take wing for those happy skies! where pain and trial, sorrow and suffering, annoy not the beatified being.

'Lady Elizabeth,' said Clarendel, 'honour in its most imperative principle, bids me seize this moment, which chance has given me, to make known my sentiments. Your amiable friend is ill—kingdoms I would resign to restore her to health, would sacrifice my inheritance to give tranquillity to her bosom—but there is one thing I must reserve for *one* to whom it is dedicated, that is my heart—and while it throbs with the pulsation of life, it will enshrine her image and preserve unimpaired, its devotion to lady Elizabeth Lamont!'

"The blood rushed to my cheek and left my heart cold—O worlds would I have given to silence my internal emotions. I could have burst the bonds of mortality to release me from its mental sufferings. Remember my dear girls, twenty years had hardly rolled over my head. Could I chill or turn back the warm tide of youthful blood? could I extinguish the ardent affections of my disposition? alas! had I so

studied to new-mould myself, I had a heart so inimical to such undertaking, that I should have been constantly defeated. Thus struck—unable to reply, Clarendel proceeded.

'Could you misinterpret my attentions to your sick friend? could the penetration of lady Elizabeth ever fail her? did not her mind's eye mark that the soul of Clarendel was filled and charmed, absorbed and dwelt incessantly upon the beauty of hers? and did not that soul of his speaking through its tenement of mortality, in its every look declare, that it was lady Elizabeth he admired, esteemed, loved—as the bright archetype of all that is valuable in woman?'

"His indeed, soul-speaking eyes, melted with indescribable tenderness, as he witnessed the misery of my mind, the conflict of my feelings. Ah! my young friends, I felt I could have given way to my heart—and become a very woman. But my hour of trial was arrived. I saw my dying friend before me. I crushed the struggles of nature by the efforts of duty. I heard only the claims of friendship, and stimulating my mind by the strong sense I entertained of it, I suddenly acquired resolution and

trength.—' You say you love me—colonel Clarendel,' I replied, ' now is your time to rove it. Weigh in your humane magnanihous mind, the sufferings of my beloved riend. *You* only can snatch her from the rave! you only can restore to her unhappy arents their beloved daughter. Do this—and promise you that the heart of Elizabeth Lanont, shall be yours for ever! Believing I vas as much alone as if enclosed within the recincts of the tomb, an invincible fatality eemed to draw the twofold secret from me. That I love you! this bosom had determined to conceal for ever. To have loved Clarendel! renders it a thing impossible to ove another. I will never marry; comply with my anxious wish for the preservation of my friend! and this heart which you prize so much, I will give you inviolably attached—wrapped up in a friendship as sacred as your own exalted passion! and till the latest hour of the life of Elizabeth, it will be thine!'

" It was then the godlike Clarendel appeared as man. He fell at my feet—his tears moistened my hands. ' Resign you —the moment I learn your heart is mine—impossible! marry your friend! never——' he exclaimed in tones that sunk into my

soul. 'Could I offer her a reluctant hand without a heart? nature recoils at it; the innate delicacy of your friend would shrink from it; and honour in all the nicety of its inviolable sentiment, would whisper to her friendship, that it was due to her who irreversibly possesses the heart, that ought to precede it. Unfortunate Miss Kent! ah! why did you cherish a tenderness which destiny interdicts I should ever return, while thousands of my sex would be proud to excite it? And can you beloved of my soul! so inconsistent with the benevolence of your nature and nature itself, resign me to all the bitterness and disappointment of a passion such as mine? Are you so rigid as to exact from me so cruel a sacrifice as the annihilation of my happiness? In our journeying through this vale of mortality, fraught with sorrow and thickset with trials and sufferings, Providence kindly compensates its evils with innumerable blessings. The beneficent Provider, knowing how highly I should appreciate the rich gift! designed lady Elizabeth for me. Would you deraign then, his appointed good? would you rob me of the excellence decreed me, as my supreme source of earthly felicity? Yet, must I witness, bear in my

bosom the agonizing thought, that a young, amiable, and beautiful female, for me! is dropping into a premature grave? O God! surely if there be a sorrow heavier and more insufferable than all, it is in a cruel, adverse destiny in the affections!'

"Seeing the bosomed malady of my friend, pressed heavily on his benevolent heart, I seized the moment.—'Humane, generous Clarendel!' I replied, 'surely benevolence such as thine, will never hesitate to save from an early tomb! Will not that one act of noble feeling, refund you with a self-complacency, which no time shall diminish? In the meditation of his own happiness, when was Clarendel rendered cold and callous to that of others? could that possibly afford him felicity, which laid waste the happiness of the heart! enclosing his image? no—his lofty virtues enable him to rise above the consideration of self. And to what end noble Clarendel, this indulgence of the heart? it is at best but a weak thing, and too often the rebel to our reason. A few years my esteemed friend, will carry off its turbulent passions. Then will appear the result of our wise selections, in that calm, rational enjoyment, which is the true felicity of life: and at that sober

season which shews us every thing in a revealed light, then it will be found that the reason approves of what at first the heart rejected.'

"During the moments of extreme agitation, he had placed me on a wicker bench. He sat at my side, looked solemnly sad, calmly miserable.—'Yours is a philosophy, my beloved Elizabeth,' he replied, 'more rigid than that of the Stoics. *They* taught to subdue the passions, *you* more cruelly teach and demand sacrifices of the heart, which the Almighty never meant when compatible with virtue. Your amiable friend is dying—unerring Ruler! of the universe, O pardon me, why hast thou chosen me the instrument of thy decree? why O why should I have plundered her bosom of peace? why in the flower of youth and beauty, should she descend to an early tomb?'

"He covered his forehead—then starting from the mental pang, exclaimed—'But, better that she should descend to the grave in peace! than that you and I should live in sorrow. No, it cannot be—the planets may revolve for ever, the mighty luminary itself may slowly move, this globe may ever and anon exhibit its fluctuating chan-

ges, but the heart of Clarendel is fixed immoveably!'

'Ah! Clarendel!' I exclaimed, 'if Mary dies—peace will be driven from my bosom for ever!' O memory! can I ever forget the look of anguish that shot across his brightly fair, his godlike countenance. A flood of tears overwhelmed me. Clarendel pressed me to his benevolent breast more with the tender feelings of a father, than the emotions of a lover. It was then I felt the throbbing of his struggling heart! a deep sigh heaved his manly chest, it pierced me to the soul! Nothing apparently could be more fortuitous than this meeting, though I have often contemplated since, the hand of destiny leading us to the spot. It was the fated disclosure that decided, sealed the future destinies of all! It was the moment of mental agony and of a sentiment too exquisite, too fatal to my repose, to be avoidably renewed or thus discussed again. O hour! of lasting remembrance! cannot the long retrospect of twenty years! weaken the traces of that scene, of that separation! that everlastingly severed my heart from Clarendel's? O memory! will your bright colours, your

deep characters never fade, never be effaced? no never—indelible impressions, painful, overpowering, but satisfactory recollections—ye have been my companions too long to leave me but with life!

"Clarendel still encircling me held my hand to his heart! but it must not be! felt, the trial was nearly over, the final moment come, and the agonizing triumph over Love! accomplished!—'Adieu my beloved Clarendel for ever!' I exclaimed with an energy which he but too well understood as his fine countenance assumed the hue of death, then disengaging myself from his tender enclosure, I rose and hastened into the path. I felt ill, my doom of sorrow was fixed for life, yet the kindly-approving monitor within me, spoke peace to my bosom—promised comfort to my soul!

"Supported by his arm, we reached our beautiful villa, situated on an eminence, and surrounded by tremendous mountains. Woods clothed in eternal verdure overhung us, and rich vineyards in cultivated beauty, enlivened the landscape all around. The musk-rose and passion-flower shedding their fragrance clung exuberantly about the porch. The stately oak of bright verdure, the dark

en fir, the spreading elm, and fine al-
ıd tree, in majestic variety environed
ınd thus deeply enveloped in all the ex-
ite grandeur of Swiss scenery, our man-
stood. Their popular airs, '*Les Rans
Vaches*,' the tabor, pipe and mandoline,
ıll directions came on the breeze, and
ressed the philanthropic heart, with the
of the universal happiness of that once
t independent people: but alas! as I
g silently on the arm of Clarendel, and
roached the villa, all felt sad and dreary
hin—all without seemed mournful to
!

The faint beams of the sun now under
horizon, were expiring in the twilight,
its darkening shades were stealing over
white walls of our imbowered retreat.
foliage of a fig-tree hanging over the
dow of Mary's chamber, threw upon it
oom. The fine eye of Clarendel rested
e—and the tear of feeling! obscured its
re. Entering the house, all was silent
sad, and its silence and sadness accorded
ı the saddened state of my heart. Alas!
ıt remained for me! hope extinguished
happiness blighted for ever!

I trusted no longer to my powers of

argument with Clarendel. I knew that they were not sufficiently solid to convince and consequently were more likely to defeat than promote the end. He had reason on his side, on mine, only my own peculiar notions of the sacrifices I deemed due to friendship and my inviolable affection for my friend. I meditated that he should see her, and watched for an opportunity to open the subject and make known to sir Benjamin and lady Kent, the design I had at heart, to bring about a union with my suffering friend, and the exalted object of her attachment. A day occurred—'It is in vain to deceive ourselves, to entertain the hope that he cherishes any more tender sentiment than friendship, for our poor Mary;' said lady Kent looking kindly upon me; 'I am persuaded he has no heart to bestow—of all others he is the man kindredly deserving of our Elizabeth, as best qualified by his own excellence to appreciate hers: how then could he possibly escape? is not his heart devoted, and has it not been offered a willing capture to our beloved girl?'

"I betrayed no symptom of confusion because I felt at the instant, as if an icebolt had fallen on my heart! but totally incap-

able of disguise, and ever an enemy to all species of dissimulation, I threw myself in all the openness of my soul, upon her maternal kindness. Lady Kent had no drift either in her compliment or question. All native goodness and moral honour, with a superior and highly-accomplished mind, she had no motive in her candid appeal, but so far naturally as the peace and health of her daughter were involved, and my future happiness were object of her tender concern. I gave her then a faithful detail of the declared sentiments of Clarendel, but I solemnly assevered, that while the happiness of my beloved Mary depended on him, not the esteem, the love—which I hesitated not to confess I entertained for him, should make me swerve from my determination to decline the hand of this excellent man!

'Generous girl!' exclaimed sir Benjamin clasping me to his breast, 'would you sacrifice your own happiness and that of this inestimable man, to the extravagant etiquette of romantic sentiment? or more justly let me say, to a friendship so singularly noble, that it cannot possibly find precedent.'—'Most willingly,' I replied, 'would I sacrifice happiness by relinquish-

ing that which alone could form it! to restore my beloved Mary to health, felicity, and the best of parents.' He pressed me closer to his paternal breast. Tears of mental anguish, gratitude and affection, dropped from his eyes: and he assured me that while he lived he should cherish for me, the interest and tenderness of a father. Most faithfully has he proved his words, and doubled the portion of his kindness, after my own beloved father was consigned to his illustrious tomb.

"I tried to persuade sir Benjamin, that it was not likely to be a difficult effort for colonel Clarendel to subdue his prepossession for me, knowing my fixed determination which would consequently weaken it daily. Alas! how sadly was I convinced to the contrary, and for once in my life, I deviated from my natural love of candour and sincerity. I expatiated on the godlike virtues of the man, that he was the most generous and benevolent of his sex, and that could he witness the sufferings of my friend, aware as he was of the *cause* (for I had honestly avowed how blamelessly I betrayed her,) I was persuaded he would gladly snatch her from sorrow! and estimate the happiness awaiting him in a union

with her.—'It is all fallacy my kind, excellent girl,' cried the distressed father, 'would you have me take an ungenerous advantage of his virtues because he so nobly possesses them that I should be certain of finding success? no, though the life of my child should depend upon it, delicacy, honour, integrity forbid that I should throw out the slightest hint as an application to his feelings, in this her most unfortunate attachment.' Indeed sir Benjamin is the soul of honour. Colonel Clarendel well knew it and this honourable dealing had its reward. Shortly after this conference, on the delicious evening of a sultry day, I had persuaded lady Kent to walk out. Constant in his inquiries Clarendel came. Some desperate effort I felt, must be made to save my fast-sinking friend. He had declined seeing her after confined to her chamber, well aware I knew, that he dreaded it. As I entered the saloon he stood pensively at the window, his arms folded on his breast, and his fine eyes sorrowfully fixed on the splendid horizon.—'Mary is a little better,' I replied to his inquiries, 'let me lead you to her.'—'Impossible! I cannot see her—' he exclaimed with disturbance of mind. I

took his hand, he turned pale—I pressed it to my lips, the action electrified him.

'Clarendel' I said, 'remember our covenant of friendship, the compact of our hearts—comply with my request, see my friend.'—'Lady Elizabeth,' he replied with great emotion, 'would you draw me on to destruction?'

'No—' I answered with a solemn feeling, 'to save!'—'Yes Elizabeth, to save your friend—you would sacrifice Clarendel?'

"His words sunk deep upon my heart—I but too severely felt his accusation.—'Ah! think not so,' I returned in all the sincerity of the sad truth, 'his happiness is dearer to me than my own! have I not covenanted to be his friend through life?'

'Think you then,' he asked with an impatience not natural to him, 'that friendship is sufficient recompense for such a passion of the soul as mine?'—'Ah! Clarendel, think of *my* severed, desolated heart—has no sacrifice been mine?' and the question softened him to agony.

'What then,' he quickly returned, 'the heart that is governed by resolution must be reasonably cold. Yours is controllable to the fancied duties of friendship, and is sacrificed as ransom for the life and happi-

ness of your friend. Mine, knows no laws but love and honour. I have struggled—done my best for the *sake* of your friend, but it will not do. My love for *you* is irrevocably fixed! it is the fiat of Heaven, and cannot possibly be dissolved by time nor altered by compromise!'

"I found he was getting into that strain to which I had interdicted myself listening. Taking his hand it trembled in mine, and drawing him toward the door, he stood on the threshold with a look of such agonizing conflict, that no time can weaken on my memory! the impression it made. As if impelled by an invincible fate, he entered the apartment of the invalid. She lay on the couch the beautiful image of death. Clarendel was evidently shocked. Taking her hand with a sympathizing look, Mary appeared to feel the resuscitating touch, as that of our blessed Saviour! when he raised from death the daughter of Jairus, and a faint tinge momentarily dwelt upon her pallid cheek.

'Would to the Almighty that the high regard, the profound esteem I entertain for Miss Kent, could raise her from this couch of sickness—need I say much to assure

her, that it would remove a weight of affliction from my heart?'—'Yes,' she replied in a low voice but distinctly uttered, 'that heart is so devoted to its object—that every one dear to it is consequently embraced in the regard of Clarendel.'

"This insinuation of my poor friend's I perceived, was understood by him, and she expressly designed it should be so, from a generous sentiment towards me. I seized my moment.—'What object do you allude to my dear Mary?'—'I mean *you*, colonel Clarendel loves you I have long seen—with the fixedness of fate!'

'Clarendel loves all the human race;' I returned. 'His capacious heart has room for every being of God's creation. Think you it could be filled by *one*? and that one not deserving by the thousandth part, of filling the immensity of its benevolence.' —'Yes,' she answered, 'his heart is unboundedly good, but his hand is confined to one and his love has singled her out—and as the most amiable and generous of her sex, she is best deserving of and kindredly formed for Clarendel!' Clarendel writhed with mental suffering!

"Implicitly confiding in a heart so good, delicate, feeling, and exalted in its notions

of honour as Clarendel's, I replied to her by an interrogatory, which in the strict language of propriety, could be justified only by the motive that dictated it, and for which as it was unexpected she could not be prepared.—'And would not *that* hand my beloved Mary, save you from an early grave?'—'Oh God!' she involuntarily shrieked and was seized instantly with hysterics. Clarendel with indescribable emotions left the room. Ah! painful indeed beyond conception was the self-imposed task. I had caused agony to the bosom of every party, but the malady of my friend admitted but of one remedy, and owing to the contending emotions it excited, in the crisis of the case, the suggested remedy aggravated the disease. It would swell volumes were I to detail the self-sufferings confined to my own breast! the constantly excited agonizing emotions of my heart! and the sacrifice of a love the most sacred, ever generated in the bosom of woman! Nor were all the powers of description mine, would I undertake to do justice to the mental anguish, the bosomed struggles of love and humanity, and the sacrifice at length obtained, which robbed of joy! the severed heart of Clarendel!

"He came a few days after his memorably distressing visit. A deep, uncomplaining melancholy sat upon his fine countenance. In a tone of sorrow he inquired after the health of my friend.—'She will never be better,' I replied, 'till your fiat is spoken! Ah! think my revered friend, that it rests with you, whether the young beautiful and amiable Mary, is to be consigned to the grave! or live to the enjoyment of that felicity which only the hand of Clarendel can give her.' He trod the room with hasty steps and agonized looks.

'Would Miss Kent accept the hand, when she is so well convinced her friend possesses the heart? impossible! such selfishness is inconsistent with her liberal nature, and wholly incompatible with the integrity of friendship. Surely her delicacy, justice, reason, would never suffer her to overlook that it is due only to Elizabeth—as she herself nobly-candid, affirmed.'

'Clarendel,' I replied, 'the agonies of unrequited love, generate a despair that throws its ice over the noble and disinterested sentiments of the soul. If then in a bosom innately generous, such opposite effects are produced, think O think, what

sufferings must be endured arising from the cause.'

'Elizabeth,' he returned, 'how much more severe must be the agonies of *requited* love, when required to be sacrificed on that altar where it never burned! Surely it needs less reason, must occasion less effort, far less anguish, to resign the hope of obtaining the object who never cherished for us a reciprocal feeling, than to quit for ever the beloved one, whose mutual return of tenderness gives soul and cement to the passion. Can you expect that I can possibly relinquish happiness and Elizabeth? are you so unreasonably zealous in the cause of friendship, so cruel as to demand it of me?'

'Yes,' I answered with smothered emotions, 'in a ratio to his excellence I expect from Clarendel. See you not my revered friend, that fate steps between us? How, you will say, does not the destiny of our wills rest with ourselves? are not our hearts reciprocally disposed—at our own disposal? Yes, but the faded form of the friend of my early youth, glides before me and separates me from Clarendel! Why these trials are assigned us beloved Clarendel, is not for you and I to know but to submit to

them. The life of a fellow-creature seems in our hands; that life is valuable because the being is good, and that being is our friend. Can we then, allow her to sink if we can save? Why it is not equally incumbent upon *her* to combat with the adversity of the affections, is a question which reason answers for her; the invincible powers of the human mind, the Great Bestower deemed not her gift; the self-conquest therefore is too much: in just proportion to what *He* gives He expects, and shall we from our fellow dare to exact more? Clarendel, I will divide with you the sacrifice. I have admired you above all men, loved *you* only. See you the golden glories of yon farewell sun? as the bright intelligence of their beneficent Creator, I invocate their departing beams to witness this interview, to quit not their horizon ere they fall upon my vow—to linger and carry through the ethereal space to Heaven, my solemn asseveration, that my heart in the holy form of friendship, I dedicate to Clarendel! Say then only beloved of my soul! will you save! will you marry my friend?'

"The dew of mental conflict broke on his forehead; I pressed my lips to his

clammy hand; fell on my knee, clasped his —raising me to his tortured heart—'I will give her my hand,' he replied in the hollow tone of despair, 'but remember my love for Elizabeth can never be transferred; it is fixed as the immutable decrees of Heaven! and her irresistible influence over my soul! her power over my heart—has compelled me to sacrifice myself, to abdicate happiness!' I had endured much to gain my point. My mind during this final conflict had been wound up to a high pitch of hope and anxiety for its success, and its success overpowered me.—'Good—generous—godlike Clarendel!' I exclaimed and seizing his hand with agonizing gratitude put it to my lips, to my heart! when overcome with the commingling sensations of my bosom, I fainted in the arms of him who only could participate in the conflict I had had.

"And now the struggle against love obtained; the rigid duty to friendship performed; the crisis past, the trial over, my fate fixed! I determined from a motive of regard for the feelings of all, to withdraw. My uncle admiral Lancey and his family had arrived in the canton. At this juncture—I was particularly glad of the cir-

cumstance, and my uncle with whom I had ever been a great darling, insisted upon my spending some time with them. I tore myself from the bosom of my friend, and the kind arms of her father and mother. Clarendel, for some time I had avoided as much as I possibly could, but aware of my intention, he came on the morning of my departure. He appeared calmly resigned to his fate! but when the vehicle drove up to the door, oh I see at this moment through the lengthened succession of more than twenty years—his look of anguish! A gentleman sent by my uncle to conduct me, preceded in the way to the carriage. Clarendel led me to it. His whole frame was agitated. I got in, he spoke not a word, but wrung my hand with a farewell agony to his sacrificed love—with an everlasting adieu to the hope of Elizabeth and happiness! and the thrill communicated to my severed heart! vibrates even now on its chords, with faithful anguish!

"Deprived of her friend, he paid the kindest attention to Mary. This was sanative balm to her wounded heart. She recovered rapidly. Shortly after he made proposal to sir Benjamin. From having acted candidly, honourably, all parties un-

derstood each other. He offered his hand but delicately reminded him, that he had no heart to bestow upon his amiable daughter, as that adversely for all three, had been devoted to her friend. The worthy sir Benjamin overcome with gratitude at the sympathizing generosity of Clarendel, and the heroic proof as he styled it, that I had given of my affection for my friend, wept with anguish! but declined accepting a sacrifice though even to restore his daughter to health! which should render joyless through life, a friend so inestimable, and a lover so deservedly entitled to her preference; and acted up to every principle of rectitude and honour. With the generous, a generous opposition is never suffered to prevail. Clarendel as the dear proof of his love! had bound himself to me, and all goodness and honour he kept his word. The nuptials shortly after took place which perhaps, were registered in Heaven! I joined them three weeks after. Mary flew to my arms, embraced me with rapture. Happiness sparkled in her eyes, and it was then I *felt* my reward and was satisfied!

"A philosophic tranquillity seemed to have taken possession of Clarendel, and this ray from his Maker! threw over his aspect,

a self-placidness in lieu of joy. The day before we set off for England, I happened to be in our library collecting my books and drawings when he entered. He looked steadfastly upon me! caught me in his arms, pressed me with ardour to his breast, put his lips to mine as the adieu of the most exalted passion, that ever glowed in the bosom of man! and drawing from his vest a diamond of great value, he read in a voice well adapted to the inscription within it, these memorable words—'Unchangeable as the Divine love is mine!' then putting the ring upon my finger, our souls were united as friends for ever.

"My poor friend has never enjoyed health, but felicity such as is rarely the lot of the married, has been her enviable destiny. Yet I hesitate not to say, however amiable, affectionate, generous and accomplished, Mary was not calculated in point of mental congenialty, to be the wife of Clarendel. She was too soft, yielding and uninquiring, and guided more by general opinion, than capable of being excited to any exertion of her own ideas. Her mind wanted vigour and expansion, and she was destitute of a certain species of humour and eccentricity, particularly pleasing to Cla-

rendel in the female character. It would appear more a partial feeling for my friend than a sound position, were I to allege in defence of this languor of the mind, that it was produced consequently from that of the body. Many of the most profound and extraordinary geniuses of which our island and other countries can boast, laboured under distressing natural infirmities or those contracted by intense study; yet the powers of their mind as proved by their vast works, were in no degree impaired. But the beauteous Mary had a thousand gentle virtues; Clarendel all goodness studied her happiness, and when not separated from her by military duty, has devoted himself to her through life. Her eldest girl about fifteen named after me, is the lovely 'softened image' of her father. Her son, twelve, the joy of her heart and maternal hopes, daily unfolds the qualities of the paternal tree: and two sweet little girls blending the dispositions of both parents, form her care and parental enjoyment. Her ill health however, deprives her of much of the latter, and ever since she has been a mother, the chief of the former has devolved upon me. The plan of their education, the choice of their governesses, the

essential cultivation of their hearts, the right bias of their minds, has been my pleasurable task: in short, nothing can possibly be as it ought in the partial opinion of my friend, unless suggested, ordered, and superintended by her beloved Elizabeth. Am I not then amply refunded for the sacrifice? ah! yes, I can never regret that I preferred to my own the happiness of my friend!

"After that eventful period of my life, my mind assumed a negligence to every thing but the sense and performance of its duties. Born to title and distinction, I fleeted amid their splendours and gaieties, but as a shadow whose impalpability, precluded all interest and participation. Think not my dear girls that vanity is a trait in my character, when I assert that wherever I came, the gay, gallant, titled and rich, and what is ten thousand times more desirable, the wise, learned and good, gathered round and paid homage to lady Elizabeth Lamont. The duke of —— a Scottish nobleman, more truly illustrious for his virtues than noble inheritance, disclosed an ardent passion for me. What then, I had taken the veil I might have said; I had indeed internally renounced the pomps and vanities of life; I was dead to hope and joy;

I had no heart to give; I had dedicated it to the virtues, the remembrance of Clarendel! and I had too much principle independent of my vow, to accept the hand of the man I could not love. Another loved me with the tenderest affection and modestly sued for my hand. He indeed possessed neither title nor riches though of a noble family, and in the best acceptation of the adjective, noble blood truly flowed in his veins. Every accomplishment of the mind and beautiful quality of the heart, belonged to him; and had I never loved Clarendel—I would have given my hand to Edward! but the same insuperable objection rose between us, that has for ever distanced his sex. Thus my amiable friends, my morn of life was fatedly clouded! and succeeding sorrows deeply augmented the gloom. Suddenly alas! I lost my beloved father! Struck with grief my amiable mother soon followed him to the tomb! Of three sisters whom I tenderly loved, death insatiable, deprived me. Three brothers in the prime of life, the cruel despoiler made his victims! and many early friends dear to my heart. The beneficent Creator has spared me one brother with whom I live. The earl of Dumblaire, is unmarried; possesses

an excellent heart, is feeling, generous and benevolent, but his habits are dissipated, and though tenderly fond of me, I have yet vainly strove by unremitting kindness and attention, to wean him from a mode of life so unprofitable. My venerable friends sir Benjamin and lady Kent, have been to me the tenderest of parents: and if the idea can be admitted, I believe I am as dear to them as their own daughter. My time is divided between them, my brother, the family of Clarendel, and my beloved cousin Elssingham; of whom it may be said, if there be on earth an angel, the etherea essence, is lodged in the still beautiful person of that countess.

"And now my dear girls, because you have conceived an attachment for me, you had a curiosity to learn the particulars of a destiny, that have left me unmarried. For your satisfaction then, I have unlocked my heart, disclosed its early sufferings! Though reason must deride the idea of giving a sober thought to such absurd pretension to supernatural knowledge and prediction of event, yet the words of the gipsy (the husband that should have been *thine* you gave to another)—I confess struck me. Yes I did so, and the renunciation of what I so

dearly prized! was due to my beloved friend, with whom I had spent most of my careless and happy years. And with thee O generous and benevolent Molineaux! I have shared thy sacrifice—kept my vow! and could I recall my youth, and were again encompassed by those who so vainly sighed for me, not even Edward! nor the ducal coronet with all the virtues of the wearer, should induce me to revoke it."

"Molineaux! dear lady Elizabeth," exclaimed Maryanne with emphatic emotion, "did you think to deceive us by the name of Clarendel? O that was impossible, for every time you displayed the portrait in all its sublime views! general Molineaux was still before me."

"No wonder my sweet friend, that you are such a connoisseur in portraits of the admirable and good, when the masterly strokes drawn by doctor Clinton, were early given you as exercises. But I did not attempt to blind you to the discovery you have made; Clarendel, is the family name of the mother of general Molineaux, given him at his baptism: to Mary and I, it had music in it, a specific charm that operated upon our hearts!

"Thus my young friends, I have narra-

ted to you my bosomed sorrows, because I love you and esteem your virtues. You are all beautiful, and as respecting the affections, the fate of the heart—may yet have much to combat: if so, summons with a determined firmness, all the powers of your reason. The magnanimity of the human mind, the piety and resignation due to the great Creator, are best proved in rising superior to the trials with which we may be visited, and the evening of life will close with a supporting satisfaction, when all other props may have given way. Wear on all occasions, the fair face of candour, the spotless garb of honour. They will render you invulnerable to the shafts of malice, and the breath of the calumniating will never be able to sully their purity. Religion and virtue, will bear you through all the painful struggles of the most adverse fate; and their divine light will open a prospect even here, of that eternal happiness beyond the grave!"

"What a striking precedent you have afforded us my illustrious friend," said Miss Clinton, "that even in *these* times, the female character, can demonstrate that heroic goodness and magnanimous generosity, which the page of ancient history so grand-

ly exhibits: and though there was no temptation to *sin* given *you* as a trial, there was the sinless strong one, soliciting you, to accept the hand of him whom you unconquerably loved—the most deserving of men. So in proportion to the inestimableness of the object sacrificed, was greater the conquest of lady Elizabeth over her heart, than those of Cyrus and Alexander, in surmounting their passions for their captives, which, by their praiseworthy conduct on those occasions, have thrown a ray of intrinsic glory on their names."

"Were it possible, my father will still more admire lady Elizabeth Lamont, as exalting so much, the feminine character;" said Maryanne; "for indeed my angelic friend, I honestly confess, that I have treasured up every word of your deeply-interesting narrative, as a treat for his delighted ear."—Her ladyship smiled her licence.—"*Practically* demonstrated, what a rare lesson have you not impressed upon us, dearest madam;" said Miss Verney; "were we to read an instance of such extraordinary friendship, in a novel of the day, we should indeed, find something *new*, and smile at the enthusiasm that portrayed so

unnatural a character. Nevertheless, there are still *some*, who, if they aggregate not in themselves the uncommon virtues and great powers of mind of lady Elizabeth Lamont, would be found to possess those similar to *them*, which enabled her to prove so admirably, that she preferred her friend's happiness to her own."

"And does my Venus believe then, that she could resign the hand of the man she loved — to constitute the felicity of another?" — "Yes, for those I esteem and love, I am positive that I could quit happiness, and take for myself, the portion of sorrow."—"Ah! my noble-minded girl, may you never be put to the severe test—" returned her ladyship, with a long-drawn sigh.

"You shall have Glencarnie then, my dear Penelope," sportively cried Maryanne, "*he* you know, any day, will match you in heroics." A crimson blush for a few seconds, was visible on the delicate cheek of Miss Verney.

"Why not keep him yourself?" asked lady Elizabeth, ever inclined to divert the pain which she perceived felt, "according to the vulgar adage, charity begins at home." — "Alas!" responded Maryanne,

with tongue and hands I have fought many a hard battle for him, but was never able to wind *my* spells around his heart; and the ungrateful rogue only loves me as a favourite sister."

"Never mind my poor girl," said her ladyship, "you shall have captain De Courtland, if he is not already *better matched*." The captain at the moment emerged to the sight, driving Miss Walton in her splendid curricle through the avenues of the park.

"I know not how to account for it upon any rational principle," said Maryanne, "why the light and elegant form of that man, and his insinuating countenance of baby-fairness, should create in me a species of terror, which, as there appears no cause for it, is apt to fasten upon the mind in its weak moments, with a superstitious presentiment, that the dreaded object will be the instrument of some future evil."

"I enter fully into your feelings," replied the lady, "because I suspect the man—though under an exterior so little justifying my suspicions, that I may be liable to incur the charge of uncharitable. But I found my mistrust upon the conduct of my cou-

sin Alfred, who, you must have observed, never exchanges a word with him: and when I questioned him upon the singularity of the circumstance, he only smiled and bid me remember that he himself was a singular animal. Noble and feeling, he is incapable of treating with contumely, the meanest domestic of the household; how comes he then, to comport himself thus toward a gentleman, a brother-soldier, and above all, the man who watched with care and tenderness at the bed side of the brother he adores? This is the question, which I have been naturally led to put to myself; but from the fear of exciting an uneasy feeling in the maternal bosom of the countess, I have refrained expressing my distrust of De Courtland. She speaks with gratitude of the attentions that he paid to her wounded Edward; but like myself she has her fears, her mental reservations; she perceives I despise De Courtland; and I see that she shudders at the intimacy subsisting between him and her too easy, generous son. May the developement of his character justify not *all* our suspicions, for even the general the most charitable of men, is prepared for his future appearance in that of a villain."

As our party entered one of the avenues, the general and his two quondam companions in arms, in social junction, were walking together.—" Ha! where have ye been beauteous truants?" cried the viscount seizing with rapture the hand of Maryanne.—" We have been at a banquet," she replied, " feasting on the delicious converse of lady Elizabeth."

"I take it that her ladyship is a witch—" said the general, " she seems to bind her spells over old, middle-aged and young."

" Would to Heaven we could lay an embargo on the next entertainment, unless the hostess and her Graces, can be brought to admit *us*, to so enviable a feast;" cried the major drawing at the same time the arm of Miss Clinton under his.

" You are very selfish major Mountford; I was not disposed till now, to give you the slightest credit for so *liberal* a quality." —" Nay my fair—" retorted the major, " we may divide it then; you are inclined to exclude me from your feast, and I to prohibit you from holding it, because excluded from it."

" But that would only cause deprivation to me, without advantage to you," alleged his beautiful accuser; " for I find as much

difficulty as Rasselas, in entering into the idea of that depravity, which should induce any one to injure another, without benefit to self." The eloquent eyes of the major told her how worthy of Miss Clinton, was her remark.

"*I* will arrogate a good share of the feast to myself;" cried the general pressing in his capacious embrace, the delicate form of Miss Verney; and with the hand of lady Elizabeth on his other arm, proceeded onward: while the happy brothers in the transitory possession of what they most desired, felt all that excess of felicity, which indulgent nature imparts to man, when the objects of his attachment, are the chaste disciples of virtue.

As they approached the castle, the light figure of a genteel-looking young woman, holding a handkerchief to her face and apparently in tears, passed hastily on afraid seemingly of incurring observation. The lynx-eyed philanthropy of lady Elizabeth suffering her not to escape—"What is the matter?" she asked.—"A slight pain in my face madam:" she replied, in a stifled voice.

"Pain," rejoined her humane ladyship,

" you must have met with an accident, your handkerchief is stained with blood."

" I see no necessity for this delicacy Miss Stanley," said her ladyship's waiting-woman whom the former had left behind, in her precipitance to get out of the way of our party, " why don't you tell my lady what has happened to you?"—Modest, diffident and amiable, Miss Stanley spoke only by tears, which seemed the effect produced on wounded feelings.

" What is the meaning of this my good Vernon?" inquired the lady, " pray relieve me."—" I feel it my duty to do so, my lady; Miss Walton, the mistress of Miss Stanley, thought proper to strike her on the mouth and has cut her lip, because she *dared* defend herself against a falsehood, of which, Miss Walton insisted furiously, she should not presume to contest the *truth*."

" When did this happen Vernon?"—" Just now my lady; the first thing Miss Walton did, after she returned from her drive and entered her dressing-room, where every thing was punctually prepared for her, was, to strike her servant." Mrs. Vernon being a good and feeling woman, and much superior in every respect to the generality of her class, could not refrain add-

ing: "it is rather a cutting thing my lady, for the daughter of a gentleman and a soldier too, who died in the service of his king and country, to be treated thus, and by whom? while in the faithful discharge of her painful office."

"Vernon," said her lady, "I have ever respected you, I honour you now."

"A *soldier's* daughter," cried the viscount, "d——n—" We know not whether this terrific word, met with the like leniency from the recording angel as the oath of uncle Toby, but it had hardly escaped the lips that uttered it, when conscious of the indecorousness of the expression, which the glowing feelings of his bosom had sent forth in sudden eruption, a deep blush crimsoned the cheeks that glowed antecedently with manly beauty.

"Struck!" exclaimed the general, "is it possible a female, could act thus?"

"Great God!" ejaculated Mountford: 'Hard was the hand that gave the blow, soft were the lips that bled!' but harder still was the depraved heart."

"What do you mean to do Miss Stanley?" inquired her ladyship in a sweetly feeling voice.—"To leave Miss Walton and the castle immediately, please your

dyship;" replied the amiable-looking girl, rough her tears, blushes, and under the isadvantage of her wounded mouth.

"And whither would you go Miss Stan-y?" asked the lady with a look so com-assionating, that it entitled her to a better ppellative than that of woman.—"My nother madam, will gladly receive me, nough destitute of all provision but her idow's pension."

"Do you wish to find another situation, liss Stanley?" asked Miss Verney.—"Yes a'am, I would gladly embrace the offer of ny one, where I might meet with if no ore, than common civility."

"Common civility!" echoed Maryanne a voice as dulcetly uncommon as Echo's erself, "surely Miss Stanley you have aims to more than that; go to my father's ouse where its superintendent a good and rincipled woman, will make you comfort-ble."—"And where its benevolent master nd his daughters, will make your safety nd welfare their concern; where neither ows nor malice shall reach you, and where ou may remain with a Christian assurance welcome, as long as you please:" added iss Clinton.

"No, my dear Euphemia;" said Miss Verney with impressive significancy, then turning to the distressed girl—"My present waiting-woman is going to leave me in three months, in consequence of her engagement to marry; if you will accept of my situation Miss Stanley, I promise most religiously not to strike your mouth; your salary shall commence this day; go then directly to my father's, where you will find his housekeeper a worthy woman, but a Scotch *Jacobite*, who will I rather fear, kill you with downright kindness."

Miss Stanley burst afresh into tears of overwhelming gratitude.—"Make yourself easy," said lady Elizabeth, "you are going to an angel: Vernon, when Miss Stanley is ready to leave the castle, order my chariot for her conveyance; and to your prudent care I commit her, to place her under the roof of Mr. Verney."—"I grieve to part with her my lady, she is an amiable young person, but I shall be most happy to remove her from Miss Walton." The poor girl quite overcome with her good fortune, walked off with her friend Vernon, to conceal her emotions.

"My Graces," said lady Elizabeth, "I know not which of you to admire most or

love best, as respecting the maltreated Miss Stanley; but for prudence, I must give the preference to my Venus; it would not have done for *you* my dear Euphemia, to shelter the deserting slave of Miss Walton."

Rarely was it the case when lady Elizabeth gave pain; but after all she was but woman, and perhaps she had determined, to raise a blush upon the cheek of Miss Clinton.—" I thought," replied the latter deeply colouring, " that the slave-trade had been abolished."

" From such detestable slavery, poor Miss Stanley is now free; but alas!" said the major, " there are slaves of a *certain* class, who can never hope to be free again."

" There are those too," cried the viscount directing his sparkling eyes to Maryanne, " who would kiss the chains that enslave them, and would not have them taken off, to extend the enfranchised hand, to receive a sceptre." The additional vermilion on the beautiful but treacherous cheek of Maryanne, confessed far more than *she* wished, but conveyed a thrilling pleasure to the bosom of him, whose fetters sat so delightfully upon him.

" Good God! is it possible!" exclaimed her ladyship to the general in an under

voice, "that *this* can be the woman selected by the earl, for Alfred Mountford!"—"Black and white;" smilingly replied the general, as all arrived at the portal of the castle, the great bell of which by its first peal, summoned the wanderers to dress for dinner.

CHAP. V.

Our visitors Euphemia, Maryanne, and Penelope, had now been three weeks at the castle. Modest though learned, beautiful yet unconscious of the peerlessness and power of that beauty, solid, with the good sense and wisdom of age, and mingling with all a certain portion of that sportive liveliness so captivating in youth, they became decidedly the objects of the highest approval, of the countess, lady Elizabeth, and the general. What then may be supposed to be the position of our brothers? certainly that the fair sisters employed their thoughts, occupied their souls—and were paid too evidently those exclusive attentions, which however, belonged not to the fund of good-breeding due to all. Bent

upon speedily realizing those projects which he had contemplated in theory, and in which he had been preliminarily active, these attentions at length, escaped not the observation of the earl. Our prudent sisters with circumspect eyes, saw how they were situated. They remembered well the words of lady Elizabeth—"If there be an invincible fate it is in the affections;" they felt the conviction of the position—but deeply educated in the principles of rectitude and reason, they determined to guard against this fiat of fate! if they could not overthrow it. They never walked out without lady Elizabeth or the countess, except when they went to their father's house on the benevolent purpose of meeting their pupils, and then, one of her ladyship's male domestics attended them thither, and the faithful and trust-worthy Robert, conducted them on their return to the castle. Thus, whatever impressions the captivating brothers had made upon their unadulterated hearts, that excellent school in which they had been educated, had so fortified and drawn around them such strong and nicely-correct lines for their conduct, that no encouragement could possibly be afforded to their devoted admirers, nor chance of meet-

ing but in the company of others. But whether there be to a certainty, a fate in love—or the insufficiency of human prudence gives this appearance of pre-ordination, can never be further proved than by the incontrovertible position, that the most systematic caution has often been defeated, by an incident as trivial as completely unforeseen.

At this critical period, the countess's footman presented a letter to Maryanne, as she sat reading alone in the dressing-room of lady Elizabeth. The superscription told her that it was from her beloved father. Hastily opening it she read with delight the effusions of his paternal love, the assurance that he was in perfect health, and that his worthy friend was much recovered. The recovery of his old friend operating most pleasingly upon the doctor's spirits, he had given latitude to that delightful flow of soul and indulgence to that eccentric humour, which ever had for his daughters, their powerful charms. Maryanne eager to make her sister as happy as herself, by communicating the contents of this most agreeable letter, without bonnet or shawl, descended to the garden and entered the labyrinth, where, one of the gardeners

informed her the ladies were walking. The *Cretan* path serpentined in every turn, and as she stood a moment perusing the source of her filial pleasure, lord Bradport came so suddenly upon her, that ere she could well raise her eyes from her letter, with very little indiscretion on his part, she felt herself in his encircling arms. Maryanne knew that it was the intention of the gentlemen and understood, that they had all set out, to visit a nobleman, whose seat lay ten miles distant. Thus, secure as she believed, from the possible chance of such a meeting, it will be easier to conceive than describe her uneasiness when she encountered the viscount. Surprised into agitation, a deep blush covered her cheeks with its speaking crimson. Had it not been already done, then was the moment for the god of love, to rivet for ever, the chains of the enslaved Edward. A gentle breeze from the wings of Zephyrus, wantoned among her auburn ringlets as they hung over her snowy temples. Her thin white robe in loose folds, sported around the light and elegant form it covered; and her azure orbs still sparkling with filial joy, lit up her countenance with lustrous beauty.

"Ha! what! an angel! in my path—"

exclaimed the overjoyed lover. It would be difficult, nay, impossible, to do justice to the embarrassment of Maryanne. Bradport saw it—but there is a property in virtue that enables her easily to rally, and perhaps her fair votary never appeared less open to encroachment, than at the critical moment when thus so embarrassed. Bradport felt it.—"Pardon me this intrusion Miss Clinton," he said; "indeed I am entitled to your forgiveness, for I protest that in breaking in thus upon your private walk, it was no premeditated offence of mine, as I was solely in search of my cousin, with whom I have a matter to consult respecting these letters, which has necessarily detained me from riding out."

"There can be no pardon given lord Bradport, unless offence had been committed;" summoning all her powers of self-command—"I also am in pursuit of lady Elizabeth, as I know my sister is with her to whom I am anxious to communicate the intelligence I hold and the happiness I feel."

"And what may I presume to ask, contributes so much to your happiness?"—"A letter from my beloved father."

"My worthy friend then, is in good health I conclude?"—"Thank the Almighty, in good health and good spirits too, and in the regular succession, presents his regards to my lord Bradport."

"I am supremely proud to have a place in his memory. I thought indeed, that esteem, admiration and friendship, in their superlative degrees, were the only sentiments, which I could possibly entertain for Dr. Clinton: but there is another I find, that predominates at present, I have a strong envy against him."—"That is more than paradoxical, it is irreconcilable; envy is a little unamiable passion, the natural product of a mean soil, and cannot possibly take root in the breast of lord Bradport."

"It is a malignant passion in any breast but mine; but as Maryanne reigns there—and has excited it, I rather conclude that it is some ardent feeling strong in her service, that has put on its dress and appears thus incog."—"Where can my sister be? one of the gardeners told me I should find the ladies in the labyrinth;" said Maryanne while her heart beat with emotion and a species of terror—hitherto unfelt.

"Ah! why so cruelly impatient? my soul has longed for an interview; my heart has been tortured for weeks past, to disclose its ardent passion to the adored object who has enslaved it——" The white dress of a female, appeared through the foliage of the adjoining shrubbery, and passed them near. In the hope that lady Elizabeth and her sister were nigh, Maryanne quickened her pace but trembling, the letter dropped from her hand. Presenting it to her, Bradport snatched the hand that was extended to receive it and pressed it with ardour to his lips. Finding her position required all her self-possession, by an immediate effort she covered her emotions, and collected firmness of mind.—"My lord this is language to which I am wholly a stranger and cannot listen; remember that it is to a daughter of Dr. Clinton's you express yourself, and as such, I must be respected."

"*Respected*," repeated her ardent lover with strong emphasis, "by the omnipotent Power, I swear, that I respect you as much as I do the exemplary mother, who gave me birth: and may ten thousand evils light upon me, if I have a thought unworthy of the proud honour, the pure sen-

timent, with which I worship the adored of my soul—a thought derogatory to the excellence of the daughter of my venerated friend. The coronet that is suspended over the head of the heir of Elssingham, is but a paltry offering to thee! but if that of an empress were in my right, I would place it with unalterable selection, on that beauteous head. Say, O say then, is thy devoted Bradport so fortunate, as to have created a reciprocal feeling and that you will accept his hand? utter not the dreaded negative—O drive me not to despair! I cannot possibly reason down a passion such as mine! Ah! then, let me live in the rapturous assurance that I possess the heart—and shall be blessed with the hand of Maryanne! Say then, best, fairest of thy lovely kind, say but that you love me—and Edward Mountford is the most honored, enviable, happiest of men!" He caught her hand; hope animated his frame; his brilliant eyes shot fire; the bloom of beauty and warmth of passion, glowed on his captivating countenance; and the ardency of his feelings gave a radiance to his person apparently new, or hitherto had not been discovered even by Maryanne. Her cheek assumed a crimson that answered his question more

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might have been the presence of Miss Walton, it was relief at this perplexing crisis, to the besieged Maryanne: but Bradport with all the sanguinity of love, and too well pleased with the fortunate moment to let it escape him, determined it should not be so long.

Maryanne quickened her pace.—" Will you leave me thus, in the tortures of suspense?" in an impassioned voice he cried, " by Heaven! I cannot endure it. Oh say my beloved Maryanne, that your heart is not callous to the passion of Bradport. Relieve my devoted soul! allay the contending emotions of hope and fear, of anticipated felicity or the dread of disappointment! Assuage the doubts and alarms, the anguish of a heart alternately agitated with the prospect of happiness and the agonies of despair! and save my unsettled mind from the ultimate consequence of my unrequited love—distraction! Why thus shun me so cruelly and purposely as you have done, since you came to the castle? Have I in any form offended you? have I dared to look, to utter a sentence, to offer a civility, to shew an attention, to evince a preference, which even the rigid decorum of a daughter of doctor Clinton's, may not re-

ceive without any abatement of that delicacy and dignity, which are such prominent features in her character? Is it a crime to love? if so, I am guilty in the fullest amplification of the word, and the most guiltless of her sex has excited it."

Reduced to a dilemma from which there was no escape, convinced of the impossibility to evade the ardent effusions of her importunate admirer, the emotions too of her heart, reminding her that his image was deeply impressed there—and conscious that she had betrayed on his sudden appearance and declaration, those tell-tale tokens which proclaimed the power but too evidently, that love had given him, Maryanne by a strong effort assumed entirely that dignity of character which her education had stamped upon her, and shewed undisguised, the candour, honour and singleness of a disposition, cultivated into principles that governed every action of her life.

"As you have observed my lord, I have indeed been careful in avoiding giving you an opportunity to declare sentiments, which, I am not artful enough to pretend, I did not perceive. I consider that I am honoured by an attachment which, as it selects me in preference to those who can

bring you fortune and all the splendors attached, I feel all the gratitude due to your generosity, and the candour which your own candid nature claims in return. I confess that I admire you—and I believe that a thousand virtues are the natural gifts of lord Bradport."

Joy sparkled in his eyes, he seized the hand of Maryanne, and pressed it with ardour to his lips. "Yet, stop my lord; build not upon the presumption, that from admiration, few are the degrees distant to love—that is forbidden: indulge not hope, because I am convinced, that there is an insuperable obstacle between us, to a union with me: and that determined me to save you the declaration of an attachment, hardly possible to be unattended, by unpleasant consequences and an unfavourable issue."—"For Heaven's sake explain—what can you mean? what insuperable obstacle can you possibly conjure up to torment me?"

"You need hardly ask lord Bradport: the sentiments of the earl, and the no less inexorable parental pride of doctor Clinton, who could never be brought to give his consent to a daughter of his, connecting herself by marriage to a family where the head of it were he the first peer in the realm, did

not consider an alliance with *him*, an honour, rather than any derogation, of his noble ancestorial dignity."

"Then by the mighty Power who made me, and who witnesses the sincerity of what I aver, I protest that the pride which governs *me*, urges me to aspire to possess the hand of his angelic daughter! Whatever are the erroneous opinions of my father, or his views respecting me in that point, where I alone have the right of decision, they shall never preponderate. From my childhood he has ever distinguished me with the fondest affection. As a father I owe him much; in every thing else I would yield to his wishes, sacrifice my inclinations to comply with them, but the debt however great which he has against me, amounts not to the interdiction of my happiness. Nor is there any duty on my part, that can reasonably demand such sacrifice. No, there is no bond of obligation, that can sanction a rebellion against nature, in this cruel tyranny over the heart; nor shall I ever be compelled into misery by taking vows which in the sight of Heaven would be perjury, and from which my soul would revolt. It would be a vain attempt, the earl may essay

it, but he can never drag me from the adored object with whom my heart has intwined itself as its fate!"

"Here then, lord Bradport, it must rest. But however capable may be my heart, of cherishing an unchangeable returning affection, that affection must ever be secondary to the sacred love, which fills my breast for my beloved father; and the fate of the former must be decided by him. Consult him then, and ere you entertain any hope of obtaining my hand, you must procure his consent, his most unqualified approbation."

"Would you then prefer me?" eagerly asked the agitated lover.—"Yes viscount, to all mankind."

"O God!" he exclaimed in all the wildness of exuberant joy, "am I thus so blessed?" and dropping upon his knee in extacy, pressed her tremulous hand to his lips.—"Rise my lord I beseech you, and engage that you speak not again upon the subject, till you have discussed it with my father."

The happy viscount agreed to abide by the obligation thus imposed upon him, and at this auspicious termination of a scene, in which both their hearts were so deeply interested, the countess, lady Elizabeth, Miss

Clinton and Miss Verney, opportunely for the relief of Maryanne, issued from one of the windings of the labyrinth.

"Here are letters for you my fairy cousin," cried the felicitous lord, his bright eyes sparkling with the secret joy that played in his bosom, "in what tulip had you hid yourself? in search of you I have been all over the island of Crete, and also Miss Maryanne, who has been no less anxious to hit upon her beauteous fugitive sister."

The letters were delivered by the still-agitated lovers.—"What do you mean to do with your boy?" after the perusal of hers, said lady Elizabeth to the viscount. The young ladies as if by a natural impulse, turned their eyes upon him, but my lord Bradport not much in the habit of *blushing*, blushed not.

"Hear the extract of my friend's letter," pursued lady Elizabeth.—'According to your request, I have called repeatedly at the school, both before and during his illness, to see your cousin's orphan boy. I am persuaded that he has been previously half starved, wrong treated and neglected since. My medical friend confirms my suspicions by his opinion of the child's case, and at my request engaged to write to the

viscount on the subject, by to-day's post; which will also inform him, of your receiving this.' So writes my friend lady Anne, and as she is an excellent mother herself, I put implicit faith in her judgment."

"Half-starved!" repeated Bradport with shocked emotion, "may famine be the portion of the wretch, who could stint the sustenance of a child! Doctor —— pronounces that a decline will inevitably follow, if he is not immediately removed. Write then, I entreat you my dear Elizabeth, by to-day's post, to lady Anne, and request her to take instantly from this most cruel murderer, my dear boy."

"My dear young friends," said the countess smilingly, "understand, that my son very properly, is practising the duties of a father, that in the event of his being one, he may be the better prepared to discharge the obligations involved in the capacity." A thrilling sensation of an indescribable nature, accelerated the pulsation of Maryanne.

From some cause best known to himself, an increased crimson suffused the countenance of the viscount.—"This is a lovely

boy about seven years of age——"—"Surely my dear mother," he interrupted, "you can entertain the ladies better than with the whims and actions of your son——" but, the countess proceeded. "His father was a lieutenant belonging to the regiment of my son. Without fortune on either side but an ample fund of affection on both, he married imprudently as the world would call it, a young lady to whom he was unconquerably attached; and without regret, the young bride quitted the shores of England, to embark for Spain with the husband of her heart. Those shores again, she was destined never to behold! Amidst the clamour of war, she brought this infant into the world, and three days after expired in the arms of her husband!

"My hero had just entered on his first campaign. Young, giddy, thoughtless, but possessing the tenderest of hearts, (a *mother* may be allowed to say so,) he was open to all the kindly sympathies of our nature. To his friend the lieutenant, he was much attached; dragging him from the breathless form of his wife! to the scene of battle and death! 'cheer my friend,' cried my Edward as the distracted widower pressed his motherless babe to his breaking

heart—'should it be my fate to survive you this day, I swear by a soldier's honour, to be a father to your boy! and if ordered otherwise — spared himself — my beloved brother will supply my place.'

"At the beginning of the action, the gallant officer received a shot in his breast! My son could just repeat—'I will be the parent of your infant—his friend through life,' when he beheld the smile of gratitude —received the faint benediction 'God bless you—' and felt as he supported him, the last struggling sigh of his friend! My son immediately despatched to England, his baby-charge. Need I add, that the smiling present was cordially received by his mother and cousin Elizabeth."

The young ladies at the affecting recital, were moved to tears; and the viscount who had moved off at the commencement of the narrative, now joined them, with all that gaiety of heart and vivacity of manner, which so contrasted those sober and benevolent virtues, radically belonging to him. But surely Bradport was paid—the pathetic story so much in his favour, drew from three lovely mouths the well-deserved eulogy, and the tear that still trembled in the azure eye of Maryanne, whispered

his sanguine hopes, that his influence over her heart was more secured by it.

The following morning after the usual conferences of the ladies, respecting engagement and design, Miss Clinton accompanied by Miss Verney departed for the vicarage. Those duties discharged which the benevolence of their hearts dictated and their moral and religious principles enjoined, "I cannot pardon myself," said the former, "for allowing the dear children to depart, when the lowering horizon so evidently presaged a storm."—"Why so self-merciless my beloved friend?" returned Miss Verney; "they must have reached home ere the surcharged clouds began to wreak their fury; and Tom their rustic but devoted attendant, would carry them both, sooner than their feet should be wet to their injury, with even the dew of heaven: surely if their paths through life were of Tom's cutting out, they would lie among the enchanted bowers of that happy country, strewed with roses! and where the foot of misery never left its print."

A terrific flash of lightning now glared red through the apartment, and a thunder-cloud seemed to burst over the peaceful mansion. Euphemia from infancy, had

been accustomed to view with a species of awful and sublime delight, the progress of the thunder-storm; and the mind of Miss Verney delightfully occupied in writing to her father, had no space for *nervous* apprehensions. The clouds hung low and heavy ready to open their floodgates, when at this impending moment, a loud ring at the gate was heard, and presently was announced major Mountford, already bearing earnest of the deluge that instantaneously followed. The major apologizing for his intrusion, smilingly craved shelter from the *pitiless* storm.—" My father's doors have never yet been shut against any who sought a friendly cover," said his daughter with a gaiety that cost her some effort at the moment, " surely then, the son of earl Elssingham with indisputable claims to his hospitality, will not be the first in being denied his sheltering roof."

Whatever were his claims as the son of earl Elssingham, with the major was a remote consideration, he thought only of the pleasure which the unexpected meeting afforded. Miss Verney taking up her writing-desk, begged to be excused leaving the room, as she was in haste to finish her letters. The major quickly relieving her of

the desk, accompanied her with it to the doctor's study. In vain Euphemia had sought her eye and sent her a look of impressive significancy, it was disregarded by her companion.

The thunder continued and seemed to rend the concave; the lurid flash in forky beauty, darted from the opening cloud; and the waters of the firmament descended in perpendicular torrents.—"This to me is a grand scene Miss Clinton," said Alfred in a tone of sublime feeling, "but I hope that you are not afraid?" He was little aware that the turbulence of the elements were gladly welcomed to divert from his observation, the agitation created by her situation. She would have given the mines of Golconda, to purchase the presence of Penelope; but Penelope had not finished her letters; she went to the window; Alfred was immediately at her side.

"This elemental strife has ever afforded my mind a sublime feast," she said, endeavouring to brave the position from which she could find no plausible means to escape; "when a child, I always ran into the garden or fields to view it, and yet it strikes me awfully as the tremendous voice of

God! calling hardened, unthinking sinners, to thought and repentance!"

"That mind must be competently elevated to contemplate with the requisite sublimity of feeling, the magnificence of the thunder-storm and the howling desolation of the infuriate tempest;" returned Mountford: "need I say how gratifying to me, is that congruity of taste and kindredness of soul, expressed by Miss Clinton. Surely if there be on earth a foretaste of celestial happiness, it must subsist in the congeniality of the mind, the ready anticipation of corresponding ideas, that delightful gratification arising from finding the indescribable refinements of our soul perfectly understood, in the pleasing indulgence and mutual interchange of entering into and subscribing to all the little flights and eccentricities of our humour; and to crown all, in the reciprocity of the affections—in short, in that complete mental knowledge of each other, which implies that one soul actuates both: and I could lock up that female in the inmost recesses of my heart—who cherishes from innately possessing them, my ideas, feelings, and sentiments."

Euphemia coloured. She was well aware that she could hardly utter an opinion upon any subject, without affording him that gratification, on which he thus built so fundamentally, his terrestrial happiness. "Is not mental inequality in the married state, one of the causes which produces frequently much infelicity and moral deviation? or what is no less inimical to conjugal felicity, a total incomprehension of those fine sensations of the soul, which, when participated with the partner of our bosom, form here our natural and sweetest heaven. What say you Miss Clinton?"

"I agree with you," she replied finding the subject which he had stolen upon her, unavoidable, "that there can be no exalted domestic enjoyment, without mind; no esteem but what is founded in the virtues of the object; and no reciprocal confidence where the bond of faith, is not the perfect congeniality and knowledge of each other; in short, there can neither be charm nor security for friendship, where there is not equality of reason and mental culture. Where the inferiority rests envy will occasionally arise, and where the superiority exists, what is acceded in pity, will be withheld in esteem. Still more irksome

and joyless must be the fate of the wedded pair, doomed to drag on through life, those chains which bind two natures foreign to each other. Yet I am persuaded, that the too frequent instances occurring of misconduct in one party or other, are caused more by the destitution of the influencing principle of religion, than even by the ill-assorted unions, where we find this disparity of intellect. Marriage is a sort of sortilege, and we are enjoined by laws divine and human, to make the best of whatever falls to our lot. Comparatively viewed, a state of disappointment to a criminal one, is felicity. No charity upon a sound principle, can mitigate a voluntary dereliction from rectitude. No circumstance however aggravating, painful and repugnant, can justify the adoption of a bad measure or guilty act, upon the sophism of being driven to it. Surely it would be most unorthodox doctrine, that should plead its necessity. It is consistent unquestionably, with reason and human feelings, to select for the objects of our affections, those, most consonant to our own natures, and on whom particularly in the choice of a partner for life, depends our happiness."

Perhaps Miss Clinton was induced to ramify upon the subject, from a politic motive, that by monopolizing most of it, she should elude the application of it to herself—hoping at the same time, that some household incident would take place, to cause a diversion of it altogether: but contrary to the hopes of the critically situated young lady, no circumstance of the kind occurred. Distracted between the decorum due to her feelings in declaring his passion while its fair object was deprived of the protection of her father, and the propitious moment that offered, the correct soul of Alfred sustained a struggle. He raised her hand with tremulous respect to his lips; at the instant of the act the chariot of lady Gertrude, drove up the woody lane that bounded one side of the lawn. The hand of her ladyship, waved gracefully from the carriage window, while Miss Walton bent her head with more of an insidious grin than gracious smile, to which as her heart could not give rise, her countenance could not possibly exhibit.

The thunder now in rumbling grandeur was heard at a distance; the heavy torrents of rain had gradually ceased; and the face of heaven with a radiant smile, broke

through dissolving clouds.—" The storm has perfectly subsided; we may now return to the castle; I must inquire whether my friend has finished her packet;" said Euphemia her heart fluttering to escape from her position, but that extatic sentiment which nature infused, reason justified, the mind cherished, and the soul lived upon, and which gave exquisite touch to the sensibility of Alfred, overflowed its prescribed bounds.—" Stay Miss Clinton," he said in agitation, " I would relinquish life rather than offend you—but I cannot let this moment fly me—impelled by the irresistible power that has given birth to them, I must reveal the sentiments of a heart, which cherishes your image in its tenderest recesses, and dwells incessantly on the virtues of the incomparable original! Yes, I may indeed with truth assert, that mine is a passion of the soul! employing its most exalted faculties. Surely the genius warranted by fate! who binds in one mine and that of a beloved brother, and conducts us alike to misery or happiness, hovered over and drew around us in the same moment, those indissoluble chains, which thus fatedly unite us to the daughters of Dr. Clinton. Can memory in her brightest visions ever

afford a pleasure, equal to the remembrance of that delightful, auspicious hour? Assuredly it was the critical moment—the dawning, the spell of that destiny, from which even had we essayed, it would have been impossible to disengage ourselves. How fatal to me, this irresistible passion may prove, I may be doomed to feel! and whether I have not a rival of the highest desert—I tremble to inquire, I dread to learn."

"Yes—" agitated, falteringly said Euphemia, "one indeed, who can never be rivalled in my affections—one to whom I have been long engaged—and from whom no influence can possibly alienate me."—"What then, are my torturing suspicions confirmed? is Lochmoira my fortunate, happy rival? O hope extinguished—disappointment insufferable!"

It was not in the nature of Euphemia to inflict pain; she perceived with regret, the anguish which she occasioned, by the ambiguity of her reply, and her heart impelling her to more ingenuous treatment, she summoned up resolution to remove the suspicions that distracted the breast of Mountford. She beheld the perturbation of his soul, knew the exalted character of his passion, was convinced its sincerity ad-

mitted of no change—and with an effort struggling between modesty and the sympathetic sentiment of her bosom, she essayed to relieve him from those fears that he had a rival in Lochmoira: which, notwithstanding the buoyant hope that his attachment was regarded, at times threw their despair over his mind.

"No, major Mountford, your rival is my father: who, occupies my mind, regulates the affections of my heart, and whose excellence and approbation form the supreme study of my life."

"Ah! my beloved Miss Clinton, had I no other rival, your devoted Mountford would cherish hope. Yes, I venture to affirm your father would plead my cause; enter into the devotion of my heart; and do justice to an attachment that is worthy of its object, because positively incapable of change! Yes, I am strongly induced to believe, that he would give me his angelic daughter. But be candid I entreat you; remove the agonizing idea or confirm at once the dreaded truth! am I not too late? is not the exalted soul of the earl united to Euphemia's? does he not occupy a supreme place in her heart? declare it, I am prepared for *my doom*—I shall close life a

martyr to the most devoted passion that ever animated the breast of man! but I would sooner die than attempt to supplant the truly deserving Lochmoira."

"Yes major Mountford I will be candid. The honour you do me in your preference demands without reserve, my unequivocal sentiments. The earl of Lochmoira occupies indeed, that place in my affections, in which he can never be superseded. At the early period when I was only six years of age, he was the guardian playfellow of myself and sister. We were instructed in the classics with the juvenile pupils placed under the eagerly-sought tuition of my illustrious father, but particularly educated with his beloved Glencarnie. He regarded him as a darling son, who daily afforded him the most gratifying promise, that his most sanguine hopes would be fulfilled in his future character. I esteem this amiable, admirable, exemplary nobleman; I feel for him the tenderest interest that sister can possibly entertain for brother, but my heart acknowledges no other bond. I was ever taught, never in any case, to adopt dissimulation. Rare indeed must be the case that can possibly justify it; *my* moral creed contains it not nor can ever admit it, though

qualified by circumstance into something like an admissible form. Why then, should I hesitate to own, the deep impression made upon me, by the virtues and exalted character of Mountford? His elevated sentiments I soon perceived, were the grand overflowings of his sublime mind, and the generous qualities which so eminently adorn him, the dictates of a virtuous and benevolent heart. I listened to you, and was delighted—could *I* be otherwise, when my father was evidently charmed. You soon gained his most unqualified approbation, you soon found the way to his affectionate heart. From that hour your conquest over my beloved father, was not the only one, spare me the confession major Mountford—or must I be impelled to add, that you created an interest in the heart of his daughter—never to be forgotten."

"Oh happiness unutterable!" he exclaimed, "bliss beyond the deserts of Mountford—his devoted heart alone claims it. Extatic thought! have I really found that unspeakable felicity which I so ardently contemplated, but feared would never be realized? Does there exist for me in the bosom of the most perfect of her sex, a congenial *sympathy*, a reciprocal senti-

ment? Clinton, to be allied to thee! to possess thy incomparable daughter! was the proud ambition of my soul, the aim of my earthly felicity. My faithful orisons have been heard, and all I desired, a partial destiny promises me!"

Though rolling on in the distance, a tremendous clap of thunder was heard, and seemed to return in sound to its first point of nearness. Euphemia was struck! but Alfred under enchantment, his soul filled with the vision of certain happiness—heard it not.—"By that bright sun," he resumed, "now forcing its splendour through the dense clouds of gloom and tempest, as the 'best image' of the glorious Godhead! I vow to love thee through life, till death—with never-dying affection! Ah! could you have seen through the medium of my soul, known the conflict it has endured between hope and fear, your bosom would have throbbed with sympathy at the sufferings you thus inflicted, by your irresistible ascendancy over its finest faculties. I had heard much of the genius and transcendent character of Lochmoira. I first saw him at the castle. Justified in my suspicions by his too-evident admiration, I then tortured myself that you were engaged to him. I

beheld the captivating powers, revered the splendid virtues, felt the magic of this extraordinary being. I admired, esteemed, could have loved him as I do the brother of my soul! but he crossed my path of hope and happiness, destroyed my peace and joy, loved the object of my fond idolatry! Unfortunate Lochmoira! thy boundless benevolence, thy thousand virtues! demand a kinder fate."

"Alas!" said Euphemia with a prophetic feeling, "I fear that there awaits us, no more propitious destiny. What avails it that we esteem each other with a corresponding sentiment? What will it avail should you even obtain the consent of my father? I feel that an adverse destiny steps between us—an interdiction not only inimical to us, but that will more unrelentingly pursue my beloved sister, and demand the sacrifice of the happiness of the viscount."

"O terrify me not," exclaimed Mountford with emotion; "for myself I fear nothing; I can stand firm to the purpose of my soul, though surrounded with difficulty, opposition and trial. But my too easy generous brother, for him I dread! Yet, *why my beloved* Miss Clinton, this cruel

foreboding? why fabricate for ourselves by gloomy anticipation, that infelicity which a kind Providence will overrule? Is such mistrustfulness compatible with that perfect confidence, which we ought to repose in his supreme goodness? Are we justifiable in supposing that *we* can penetrate through the veil of futurity, and read his decrees?"

"Far be it from me major Mountford, such sinful presumption or impious misgiving. Reason is given us to foresee the probable evils and misfortunes arising from certain circumstances, and religion to support us under them. I feel persuaded indeed, that our first meeting entangled the destiny of the sisters—no less than that of the brothers! and that that hour registered sorrows, which we are appointed to endure. The earl I am convinced, will never be brought to sanction the selections which his sons have made; and my father is no less defensibly unbending, when necessity compels him to the trial."

"I admit all the adversity to which you advert, in the opposition that may be made, by the earl to his sons uniting themselves to any however eminently superior, save those whom he may have selected for them.

ut by the beloved object of my heart—
y the sacred name of Euphemia! I swear
hat no power on earth can draw me from
he fixed destiny of my affections. The
espect I feel for my father, and the duty I
we him as a son, direct me consequently
o solicit his consent, to my espousing the
oved object whose exalted character and
laims, justify so indisputably, the choice
have made. But should he contuma-
iously withhold it, against every law of
eason, nature, and parental affection, I he-
itate not to declare that I should set at
naught, such misused authority: of this
however I am well assured, that I shall be
blessed with the unqualified approbation of
my beloved mother. Say then my angelic
friend, will you unite your destiny to mine?
will you engage never to resign me though
difficulty and misfortune—time and distance
—should intervene? will you assure me
that you will never be induced to quit for
another—your devoted Mountford?"

"You require more from me than a sa-
cred principle will permit. The tenderness
I owe and feel for my father, can never be
forgotten or superseded, even by that which
I cherish for you. Deeply impressed with
the solemn truth, that the happiness of his

daughters has been the study of his life, and that no sordid, ambitious, or tyrannic feeling, can ever influence him to oppose it, should sorrow embue every hour of my future existence, I would not marry without the perfect approval, the voluntary consent of my revered parent."

"By Heaven! I had no such idea," exclaimed this most honourable of lovers; "I estimate his approbation as you do yourself."—"Fully sensible," added Euphemia, "that the generous and exalted attachment with which you distinguish me, claims all that is in my power to afford, I solemnly engage while Mountford's preference undecreased exists for me—that no opposition nor adverse circumstance, shall estrange me from him—to return his affection with mine till the latest period of my life—and to reject the hand that offered to supplant him, though holding out title, wealth and honours."

Dropping upon his knee, Alfred raised her trembling hand to his lips.—"May I perish," he assevered in a solemn tone, "the moment my corrupted heart, ceases to love and vibrate with unutterable joy, at the name of Euphemia!" A tear from her lovely eye, fell upon the hand that com-

pressed hers. "This precious drop sheds its sacred essence, and ratifies the union of our souls!" said her amiable lover: "from this hour of ineffable happiness, my beloved is mine through all the vicissitudes of fate!"

Miss Verney entering, smilingly announced that she had just sent off Thomas with her packet; and the day brightening with resuscitating beauty, our Graces proposed to depart for the castle: but the major protested against so imprudent a step, alleging that the fields, lanes, and park, having been so completely deluged, were as yet impassable for such delicate pedestrians.

"You are quite in the right, major," replied Miss Verney, while an unusual vivacity gave new beauties to her smile, and wit to her speech, "I am afraid that in walking, we should be condemned as having taken *many imprudent steps*, ere we reached the castle." The major with an urbanity peculiarly his own, gallantly refunded the repartee; and mounting his horse set off full speed, to order a carriage, for the return of the Graces, to the Gothic halls of his forefathers.

CHAP. VI.

We must now portray explicitly, the character of Miss Walton, who was struck when she first beheld and continued deeply captivated, with the handsome countenance, elegant person, and commanding graces of major Mountford; and who now languished under all the tortures of her disregarded passion and mortified pride. Miss Walton, though possessing not one amiable trait, and whose nature was totally inimical to the existence of an exalted sentiment, was capable to a high degree, of being enslaved by the beauties of a face and figure, which even in the breast of age, might have fanned the embers of the expiring affections, into an emotion of admiration. Anxiously as she evidently on all occasions anticipated his presence, studied by every manœuvre to attract his notice and rouse his admiration, still were practised in vain, all the arts to which she had recourse. His attentions to, his eagerness to obtain and the delight with which he took his seat beside Miss Clinton, she ob-

served with that gnawing envy and rancorous hate, which early determined her to destroy if possible, the happiness of her undesigned but powerful rival. Knowing that she could not find so warm a coadjutor as her mother, she had daily written to her and communicated the progress which the sisters seemed to make in the affections of the brothers, with her malicious comments thereon, wary observations, and information respecting all the inmates of the castle; giving withal a favourable impression of none, save the earl and captain De Courtland. Her politic ladyship perceiving the unprosperous state of her daughter's affairs, respecting her being ennobled by alliance with the illustrious house of Elssingham, and considering like a dutiful mother, that she required her support, counsel and consequence, wrote a pompous letter to the countess, announcing the honour intended herself, in an immediate visit to her.

Lady Walton's letter hardly served as her herald, so soon did she follow it, and so anxious was she to forward by the majesty of *her* presence, the projected marriage that would place her daughter in that station, which the liberal mother considered, she

was destined by nature to adorn, and entitled from fortune to fill. To behold her assimilated with, bearing the name, and obliviating hers in the blood of nobility, was the last orison with which this anxious parent closed her eyes. It is necessary to look into the conduct and origin of a person, who now flaunted, fawned, and mingled at the assemblies of the great, because her splendid equipage, magnificent saloons, ostentatious entertainments exhibiting a dazzling board groaning with the quantity of superb gold and silver plate, and where luxury in its newest fashions rose in columns from every dish, were her passports to their favour and familiarity. In the midst of her vast prosperity, this lady with that little and low mind which was her only certain and unchangeable possession, studied nothing so much as to outvie those who were her superiors in title, in the style and grandeur of her appearance and mode of living; and nothing afforded her more delight than when her rich-liveried lacqueys and gorgeous carriage, drove close to one of a plain description, belonging to any of the noblesse. It was then that might have been seen at its acme, the look of vulgar purse-proud exultation, that sat upon the

broad red brow of my lady Walton: and well might it have *humbled* the spirit of the countess who sat therein, could she have *understood* the look and been capable of perceiving that the splendid coach alongside of her, deserved more of her attention than a hackney vehicle equally at the call of the most filthy or fine.

This lady of opulent and arrogant memory, was born the daughter of a washerwoman. At the age of twenty, it was her good fortune to enter the service of a young lady of the most angelic disposition, lately married and destined to cross the Atlantic with her husband, who had received an appointment to one of the West India islands. After a two years' residence this youthful couple were severed by death! The husband adoring and adored, was attacked by that malignant fever so rapid in its progress, fatal to the many, and died on the third day. His blooming wife never more held up her head; her heart was rent—she had closely attended the partner of her fate! and while performing that painful duty, the ravaging malady made sure of its victim—she expired six days after her husband! Shortly after the death of her amia-

ble mistress, Smith her maid, instead of covering herself with the sable garments due to the memory of her lady as token of her dutiful respect, flaunted about in the gayest robes chosen from the wardrobe of the deceased, whilst a veil that had cost twenty guineas, taken from coffers which she pillaged, wantoned round the head of this unprincipled young woman. Through the veil however though so dishonourably worn, the fair skin, ruddy cheeks, and flaxen locks of the wearer, had charms for Mr. Walton. He declared the conquest she had made. The lady actuated as much from policy as the stubborn principle of virtue, determined that it should be a licenced one, and she became the wife of Mr. Walton. With her new dignity, she considered it necessary to carry a lofty crest, and she was soon distinguished as the most haughty lady on the island. So far no positive evil; but her tyranny and brutal treatment of the unhappy beings, who in fearful humility awaited her absolute will, rendered her as much their inferior in every human virtue, as she was their superior in the undeservedly possessed gifts of fortune. Their most trivial faults, the slightest neglect of her despotic orders, the

nallest intermission of the tasks assigned em, were punished with blows from her vn merciless hand, or consigned to their overnor to receive as many lashes as the egree of her rage dictated; wholly obdu- te to the reflection, that the incisive ongs her cruel mandate authorized, at very lash, gashed the flesh of the wretched ictim, and ensanguined the ground with at blood! which, at the awful hour of re- ibution, will assuredly call for vengeance!

Born and bred for the first ten years of er life, amid such inhuman scenes; im- ibing the barbarity of such a mother; ac- ustomed to see her strike her trembling aves for whom there was no appeal; and om inclination perhaps, and natural faci- ty to profit by such example, Miss Walton id full credit to the parents from whom e had the honour to spring. As an in- ance of which, at the tender age of nine ears, she solicited as a *treat* to see a slave shed! and at the side of her mother, ughed with pleasure proportional to the ontortions of face and writhings of body, hich agony occasioned in the unhappy fferer. Consequently, setting apart any hysical tendency, Miss Walton became he creature of example. When a child

she was in the daily habit of striking the negroes who attended her. It had never been given her to know nor did it ever occur to her, that they belonged to the same species to which she herself belonged. They were black, ugly, that was sufficient with this juvenile tyrant, to justify the stripes and blows which she was in the constant practice of bestowing upon them: and her canine favourite her darling Pompey, lying on his white satin cushion, was attended by these maltreated creatures, with as much enjoined care as *they* would have been treated with inhumanity, had they been dying! An only child, and knowing that she should be launched into the world of fashion a rich heiress, her pride and arrogance grew with her years, and according to *her* moral view of things, her friends, sable train, all around her, were created only for her ease, pleasure, and the ebullition of her passions. At the age of ten, she was sent to England for the purpose of fashionable education, and placed at a first-rate seminary in London. Opulence will ever be meanly, servilely adored. The teacher of *morals* and the polite *arts*, because she was well paid and received rich presents, instead of curbing, flattered the

vanity and fed the pride of her young pupil: who after a lustre of such tuition, returned to astonish the western world, a finished piece!

Those qualities for which she had been early distinguished, were now ripened by her boarding-school education. More unamiable, haughty and inhuman than ever, she had hardly attained her seventeenth year, when she gave proof of that hardness of heart, rarely found in so young a creature. A splendid ball was about to be given by one of the opulent settlers, who had several handsome daughters: and Miss Walton somewhat conscious that she could not rival them in beauty, determined to eclipse them by the profusion of her diamonds and finery. Her dress therefore, was dazzlingly rich, and when the momentous hour arrived, she gave orders to her timorous attendants, that they should pin and adjust every part of it with studied nicety. Unfortunately for the poor girl whose province it was to plait on a broad lace tucker, she had deviated somewhat from mathematic precision, and a lady at the ball, made the important discovery and communicated it to the wearer. Though smothered, her rage knew no bounds, and

the following morning she gave orders that the culprit should receive the lashes, due to her crime!

Lady Walton had no sooner entered Elsingham Castle, than she commenced her observations on all who graced it. The exalted character of the countess, her elegant manners, her transcendent virtues, created an awe in her visitor, which all her landed and funded possessions, ample stock of pride and inexhaustible store of impudence, could not dissipate. She was ill at ease; she felt humbled; she could not comprehend her; she disliked consequently most heartily, the peerless peeress. Lady Elizabeth also, was a personage too noble for her ideas to reach. This then, was another tax levied to no purpose upon her comprehension: she shrunk from the inquisition of her eye, and it was to her an enigma of which she could by no reflection arrive at the solution, that though the lady of sir Christopher Walton and moving in her luminous orbit of opulence, these weighty advantages should avail her naught, when this formidable lady entered the room, from whom she slunk like a snail into herself, and hated from the bottom of her heart. Sir Charles Molineaux no less unwelcome-

ly, next, crossed her path. She dared not meet the oblique glance of his eye. She could not unravel the confused ideas which his intellectual excellence excited. The entanglement resembled as far as it could, that perplexity of the perceptions experienced by the goddess Calypso, when she beheld Minerva in the companion of Telemachus, concealed from her limited divinity and inferior immortality. But this my lady Walton could well perceive, that the general took but little notice of herself and daughter; she therefore pronounced him no *gentleman*, and despised him accordingly. She courted, complimented, and fawned upon lady Gertrude Bouverie; but though totally deficient in energy of character and warmth of heart, the integrity of lady Gertrude was part of herself, and it would have been no more difficult to change the one than corrupt the other: nor was it possible for her to conceive the motives and meanness, far less the turpitude of such a mind as lady Walton's; it was seldom therefore, that she received more than a cold smile or monosyllable, from the marble beauty. But the all-lovely sisters—the accomplished, learned, highly-gifted

daughters of the honourable doctor Clinton —the blood of nobility running in their veins—the Graces! "O that way lay madness——" it was they who planted the thorn in her breast that rankled to the quick; they, whom all admired! the one distinguished by the attentions of viscount Bradport, and the other by the devoted preference of major Mountford! a preference vainly sought by *her* daughter, though her hundred thousands were bartered for it: it was more than her portion of reason could endure; it was a stab to her pride, the spur to vengeance! There was one however, whose very polite attentions supported the lady under this severe trial; who soothed her irritated passions by his well-adapted adulations; fed her vanity, administered to her self-consequence, and more particularly in private, paid her the highest homage! this worthy was captain De Courtland. The earl too, in his lofty unbending manner, observed towards her great respect; introduced her to his company with a pompous distinction; and while this gratified her inordinate self-esteem, it gave fresh energy to every malignant feeling.

An event took place which was not calcu-

lated in its consequences, to tranquillize the ruffled passions of this lady. The birth-day of the earl was at hand. A numerous company of the nobility and gentry in the vicinity and for many miles round, received cards to a rural fete, ball and supper: and his grace of Somereve arrived at the castle the preceding evening. The morning dawned with celestial beauty, that ushered in this memorable day to the house of Mountford. In the ancient hall, a select party sat down to dinner. The illustrious brothers were surrounded by a corps of the officers of their regiment and several young men of rank, brought together by the invitation of their friends of Quintilian memory, to participate in the festivities of the grand anniversary. As the company from all quarters were assembling in the state-rooms, the countess and her ladies left the dining-table earlier than usual. This secession was speedily followed by our heroes who, as the soul of their detachment, drew their satellites around them and flew to the lovely scene.

On an extended lawn of velvet softness, the rising banks of which were closely embraced by an amphitheatre of thick embowering trees, were exhibited in enchant-

ing prospect, the fairy-formed-like accommodations for this numerous assembly. A semicircle of communicating marquees were erected for the purpose of tea and coffee, so that however distant the parties, they were all in sight. The bright green awnings threw a grateful shade over the superbly adorned heads of beauty, and relieved the eyes from the streaming splendors of the setting luminary; while festoons of Flora's lovely bounty were suspended from them, and invigorated the senses with their delicious odours.

On the border of this beautiful plain, under the patronage of its wide-spreading elms, and facing the crescent where sat regaling the enchanted spectators, was raised a stage the elastic boards of which, were constructed so, as to give spring to the feet and fire to the hearts of the dancers. A canopy of scarlet designed to arrest the dews of even, falling with the shades of night after a sultry day, was carried over the platform in fanciful drapery, while above and beneath the aurora horizon, garlands of coloured lamps on each side and from end to end, were trained with exquisite effect and beauty. Every tree was lit up in all the brilliancy and variegation of prismatic

splendor; and the blaze of the eternal day! in the regions of the blessed! however profane the idea, stole into the minds of some of the most devout. To the wondering concourse it seemed the work of enchantment: but as it was designed, partly executed, and wholly superintended by the countess, lady Elizabeth and her Graces, the genius of taste it may be said, presided in the construction and gave the enchanting touch to the whole.

Though nearly five hundred graced the lawn, tea and coffee were soon dispatched from a multitude of ready hands. The inviting platform with increasing illumination, attracting all eyes, the buzz prevailed of a general movement; but the most dauntless females had not ventured to cross the plain, somewhat fearing to exhibit their persons to the criticism of the arch sons of Mars, and the numerous others composing the assembly. But music fires, and the band of musicians after the performance of our national airs, proceeded to the alluring stage.

"Who among the celestials will enlist under my colours and gain the field?" cried the general who was in the party with our sisters.—"O fly with *your* two of my

Graces," returned lady Elizabeth, "and I will send the third after you with a reinforcement, when I lay my hand upon the truant goddess."

The godlike man drew under his, an arm of each of the sisters, and thus destined to lead the way, hundreds of admiring eyes were rivetted upon them. Consistent with themselves their dresses were simply elegant, and tastefully calculated for the rural scene. Apple-green jackets nicely fitted to their shapes, and white crape petticoats adorned at the bottom by broad borders of laurel leaves, gave them the personification of the wood nymphs of the sylvan region. Among the profusion of their ringlets were entwined wreaths of roses; on the bosom of Euphemia suspended from a necklace of pearl, rested the soul-speaking miniature of her mother; and on that of his Maryanne, reposed in all the tranquillity of a happy father! the benign features of doctor Clinton.

"Heavens! Bradport, are these the deities of this Tempe?" exclaimed a brother-officer, "by Cupid I swear, that were all our baggage-waggons laden with laurels of mine, I would tumble them all at the feet of these celestials."—"*Tumble* them," re-

peated a young cornet laughingly, "faith captain that would be a pity, you might smother the divinities in the abundance of your homage."—"You may save them my hero, to offer up at other altars," cried the viscount, "for were you loaded with the laurels of another Alexander, your idolatry here, would be paid in vain."

Lady Walton and her daughter who were two of the party, lent a greedy ear to remarks, which though uttered in under voices, were to *them* perfectly audible.

"By my soul," resumed the admiring son of Mars, "they are worthy of the immortalizing verse of Petrarch; let me fly to them, hear their angelic accents, look in their heavenly eyes, touch their snowy hands, and die at their feet."

"Hush!" cried Alfred, "they are forbidden fruit."—"The devil they are! would to Heaven however, that they were within my reach: I should certainly seize the delicious tempters, though I should have to encounter the dragon that watched the golden apples of the Hesperides."—"But the enterprize here, would be *doubly* hazardous my doughty captain," rejoined Mountford, "for the precious fruit is guarded by *two* dragons."—"Of Quintilian memory I

presume," retorted his quondam companion in arms.

Miss Walton bit her lip. The eulogy passed on the sisters by the handsome officer, was discord to her ear, but the insinuations of the brothers and that the golden fruit was watched by them, struck conviction to her mind, that the suspicions which she was constrained to harbour as so inimical to her own cause, were but too well founded: this indeed was the deathblow to her hopes and as hope expired, revenge rushed to fill her place.

Lady Elizabeth speedily dispatched Miss Verney after her sister Graces. We cannot pass over on this occasion, a description of this interesting creature. She wore a white satin petticoat with an azure blue crape dress, ornamented in an elegant style with silver stars and festooned at the bottom with silver fringe, while a crescent of diamonds sparkled through the dark clouds of her shining, ebon hair.

"What beautiful sylph is that arrayed in stars and a robe of ether, with sable locks clustering round a neck as pure as the snow on the brow of Morven?" asked a Highland officer; "would to the spirit of Fingal that I were near her, like another

aron, I should be tempted to commit a heft upon one of these jetty tresses."—

Do you admire black hair for a female, olonel?" asked major Mountford.—" Ay, bove all other, as I generally attach to it, n uncommon portion of wisdom."

The critical moment was not lost on Miss Walton. Turning herself so as to ensure the observation of the colonel, she certainly displayed a head of very fine jet black hair, but the dark *eye*, expressed only, an uncommon portion of *design*.

As the politic views of lady Walton were centred in major Mountford, her eye watched the brothers, and she had taken her seat as near them as she possibly could, for the business of hearing all that might fall from them in jest or earnest.—" You must know," said the viscount, " that my incomparable cousin lady Elizabeth Lamont, truly indeed, the mother of the Graces and mythologically denominated Eurynome, has selected for her celestial daughters Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne, the two sister-angels encompassed with laurel, and your raven-haired star."

Lady Walton boiled with rage as she listened to the florid types of the viscount, while her highly-accomplished superb daugh-

ter, probably the richest heiress in England, blazing in diamonds and magnificently arrayed, was regarded not by a single compliment or inquiry.

"They are the three stars of the first lustre, colonel," said Mountford. Miss Walton writhed. "Faith ay, without competition. I am determined to transplant the jetty-locked Venus to the hills of my fathers, and as my own satellite she shall ever move constantly around me."

"Then God speed you if you deserve an angel, my Highland chieftain," returned the major, "but I must prepare you ere her transportation: know then, that she has as much wisdom as the wisest seer on your mountains, and understands Latin better than you do your beloved Gaelic."—"She is just the creature then, to suit Scotland and her isles. That is the land of learning without labour. The Scotch as it were, are intuitively gifted by nature for the reception of whatever is profound, and no abatement of my *amor patriæ*, wisdom indisputably is the character of the people."

"Then by the wisdom of Cupid," exclaimed Bradport, "I would not introduce you to the golden treasures of the Hesperides, for the value of dad's coronet. They

are already half Scotchwomen, love your country, admire its music, its genius, its women, its men; how could they then, thus previously impressed, be proof against the dangers that come on the winds in your Highland accent, and lurk in the expression of that roguish eye?" The son of the Caledonian mountains laughed heartily, loud, and long, and displayed teeth, white as the perpetual snows on the summits of Ben Lomond.

"Lord Bradport," hastily cried his father as he approached him, then lowering his voice, "remember the paramount claim which my illustrious friend the duke of Somereve, has to your respect: I require therefore, that you lead out to dance and pay every other distinguishing attention, to his daughter: and make known to your brother that it is my desire that he pay similar compliments to my visitor sir Christopher, in dancing with Miss Walton and paying his chief attentions to her."

"May I be bit first by the tarantula, and desperately excited by music, dance *alone* till I drop, ere I choose for a partner Miss Walton—" mentally exclaimed the major who behind him unseen, heard the mandate of his father.

Bradport bowed compliance with the wishes of the designing earl, but his heart received with the injunction, the stab of disappointment. He had determined to dance with first and solicit accordingly, the hand of his adored Maryanne. But the generous Edward even in the midst of his errors and impelling propensities, had a soul exaltedly excellent, a heart tenderly alive to every amiable duty. He considered the occasion the joyous anniversary of a father's birth-day, and estimated it as it ought; he felt the respect due to his early friend and to the rank of the duke of Somereve; and he admitted, though sorely against his inclination, that lady Gertrude had the first claim to his hand—however much this precedence of duty was inimical to the devotion of his heart. He settled nevertheless, with allowable policy, to acquit himself of his duty toward the earl, and secure his own felicity at the same time, by engaging for the second set, the dearly-prized hand of her he loved. But Alfred differently situated, settled the point in a different manner. There existed no analogy of circumstance he argued, therefore that no claims rested upon him to the performance of analogical duty. Sir Christopher

Valton was neither the early, long-valued riend of his father, nor friend at all. He ad risen from a base origin and waded to he possession of wealth, through the blood f his oppressed fellow-man. He could not ossibly deserve his esteem, and he refused ll avoidable tokens of his respect. That it was a joyful occasion had due consideration n the mind of Alfred, and a filial sentiment whispered him, that it became a duty to comply with the wishes of a father on that day, which too assuredly with the uncertainty of life, might never to him return again. "And does my filial duty consist n dancing with Miss Walton, merely because my father requires it? absurd! can that be gratification to him which deprives his son of enjoyment, imposes pain and restraint by binding upon him the fetters of compulsion, and destroys the natural felicity of the hour, by exacting the sacrifice of relinquishing the object of his most justifiable selection?" questioning both the parental right and the reason in so doing, and having debated his cause according to his own tenets, he decided not to dance with Miss Walton.

The young men of his party, flocked round the viscount, for introduction to the

Graces, in the hope of obtaining their hands for the ball. In the meantime his provident brother, secured that of his beloved Euphemia. "By the soul of Ossian," whispered the colonel of the Highland legions, "I must have the constellation with the bright crescent peeping through her sable locks."—"Miss Verney," said lord Bradport, "allow me the honour of introducing you to colonel Cameron the early friend of earl Lochmoira, brothers-chief of the clans of Cameron and Glencarnie."

"I could wrap you in my plaid you mild orb of beauty—" said the chieftain with a grace so peculiar, that like the language of his mountains, in translation it admitted of no adequate description. Miss Verney blushed—the chieftain's mode of expressing his admiration, was certainly singular.

The officers in compliment to the military character of the earl, were dressed in the full uniforms of their respective corps. The chief of Lochaber united in his martial costume, the independent dress of his native mountains: the philibeg, tartan hose, and cap with the sable plumage, and proudly devoted to the ancient customs of his Highland hills, upon coming upon the lawn, he had superadded his tartan plaid,

which wound round him, with one shoulder and arm at liberty, gave to his figure that was tall, stout, athletic and lovely, inexpressible grace. His fine Roman nose gave dignity to his aspect, and was strikingly in character with his garb of old Gaul; his large blue eyes beamed benevolence and honour, while there lurked at the same time an arch expression, that seemed determined to have its play, but was incapable of exceeding the bounds which propriety prescribed: his voice was melodious, while his Highland accent produced a sensation so pleasurable, that it vibrated on the ear when he had ceased speaking. Thus, adorned by nature and distinguished by dress, he rose pre-eminently graceful amid this splendid assembly, and many a female eye stole to the chieftain, while heedless of observation, his peculiar fascinations, were all lavished upon the blushing Miss Verney.—"Fair crescent," he said, "would to the spirit of the Camerons, that I could behold thee emergent over the top of their mighty Ben Lomond, and resting thy silvery beams on the house of C——t."—"What then colonel," she returned in a kind of saddened tone, but smilingly, "clouds

would unexpectedly intervene—and obscure my light from thy house for ever!"

Perceiving that from his distinguishing attentions she had many eyes upon her, in spite of her habitually collected mind, she felt confused. The chieftain saw it—and with all the decorum of his chastened gallantry, taking her hand with respect said: "Miss Verney I am informed that your father from his veneration for the Scotch, is half a Scotchman, and that his lady was a Scotchwoman: pardon then the liberties of her eccentric countryman, and let me hope that you will consider I have some claim to the hand of her amiable daughter, for the dance."

"Indeed colonel Cameron, gratitude urges me to confess, that as a Highlander, you have direct claims upon myself. When a child I travelled over your mountains with astonishment and delight, and was regaled by your lairds and ladies with all that courtesy and kindness, for which they are so justly celebrated." The chieftain a proud lover of his country was gratified with the encomium; and upon the topic of his isles, with his charming partner, he got fast into mind, and his bosom already glowed with an embryo passion.

"Alas!" whispered the viscount, "must I solicit for another that felicity which I so enrapturedly promised myself, the hand of Maryanne? but young, handsome and amiable as he is, I have no fears——"—"These are dangerous adjectives lord Bradport, but who is this youth whom you place in so favourable a light?"—"The earl of Glanmore. I knew him first when a very little boy. He has been educated by one of the most distinguished senators and patriots, the learned and benevolent sir James Moreland."—"That indeed is his passport to esteem; much will be expected from the pupil of such a preceptor."

Blooming, graceful and modest, the young earl approached. Bradport introduced him to his beautiful partner. Glanmore bowed.

"In this young man Miss Maryanne Clinton," added the viscount, "your own kindred nature will enable you to find all that is lovely of heart, and indicative of future greatness." Glanmore blushed.

"Remember you young rogue, that it is only for you and that plaided chief there, that I would sue for a happiness which princes might sigh for but should not ob-

tain :" with a significant glance—Glanmore smiled.

To do honour to the earl, to testify his great regard and feelings of early friendship, the duke of Somereve determined to dance with the countess and open the ball. The earl appeared highly gratified by the compliment.—" My dancing days are fled duke," said her ladyship with an angelic smile, " but you and I have led off many a dance and in different climes."

" Nay, Almira, your day is not yet over," returned the earl anxious that she should indulge his grace, " you look as beautiful as ever and appear to have renewed your youth to greet me on my birth-day."—" Think you so my lord," delighted ever to make him happy, " alas! poor woman can never find an antidote against the spiteful ravages of time, but as we have something to do in our own actions, I am determined to avail myself of the honour intended me by the duke, and thus, playing the dancing girl at my late hour, testify at once my friendship for him and love for my husband." The earl kissed her hand, his grace put the other to his lips. As the noble president of this festal scene, we cannot with the notice due to her, pass over the

dress of the countess. She wore a white satin petticoat with a deep border of green oak-leaves edged with gold, and over it a corresponding green crape train, splendidly ornamented with golden trimming of the like form. Her bosom sparkled with the brilliants that surrounded the speaking likeness of her lord, and from a turban continually on fire from its blaze of diamonds, fell a thick plume of green feathers intermingled with sheafs of gold. Thus, as she gracefully stood in chat with the duke, the eyes of her sons were rivetted upon her.—"Look at our angelic mother," whispered Edward, "I am afraid that like the son of Ninon de L'Enclos, I shall become the victim to my passion for my mother."

The first sets for country-dances were now arranged on the splendid platform. The countess and his grace took their place, and lady Elizabeth with sir Charles Molineaux were the second couple. The viscount in his military dress was radiant in person, brilliant in the full play of his graces. His heart glowed with joy, his sparkling eyes were all on fire. Alas! then, between him and his partner what a contrast! he danced with ice—when he took

her hand, the heart of lady Gertrude received not one sympathetic emotion. Beautiful as the imagination can depict her, she seemed the famed statue that has enslaved the admiration of the world but can never affect the heart. The white sarcenet slip over which she wore a lace dress of rich texture, could not rival the inanimate whiteness of her whiter skin, and the brilliants on her person were the only part of her, that seemed capable of *reflection*, and indicative of life and colour. If so ill-matched in the dance, for life—how much more unsuitable this projected union! But the viscount had a potent stimulant that operated upon him with secret efficacy, and counteracted the chilling influence of his icy partner. Maryanne in succession to her lifeless ladyship—had engaged to bestow upon him her hand! The eager anticipation of felicity philosophically analyzed, *is* the felicity, hence arises the frequent disappointment in our expectations. But Bradport in his mixed cup—was fated to taste all extremes—and yet to prove that the anticipation however wildly exquisite, fell far short of the happy reality!

The second sets were now all in motion. At the head of one Maryanne faced her

brilliant partner the enraptured viscount. All eyes in their vicinity as they commenced dancing, were now upon them.—"What a transcendently lovely pair! how well assorted! *they* seem indeed, to be destined for each other;" was whispered from one to another till it ran through the ranks of the dancers.—"Who is this radiant being! angel of beauty! with whom the viscount is so enviably matched?" asked many of his sex in audible whispers. Miss Walton who happened to be in the same set, with agonized ear overheard these remarks, and failed not to snatch every opportunity to convey them verbatim, to her mother, who had purposely taken her seat near. This was inflammatory aliment for the digestion of her ladyship.—"What! one of these presuming sisters, *poor* as they are has twice danced with title, while *my* daughter splendidly apparelled, loaded with diamonds, the most highly *finished* lady here, the richest heiress in England, who will have more than three plums! estates, slaves and plantations, has only stood up with simple gentlemen—monstrous insolence!" Such reflections were forced upon my lady Walton, who indeed, was doomed to behold her haughty daughter, proudly

triumphant among hundreds for being the finest belle, dancing with only one of the neighbouring squires, who seemed totally to deny her finery and precious stones, that homage which they so evidently demanded. But, even that, caused comparatively, small aggravation of feeling, to what she endured when she marked that major Mountford had selected and still retained the hand of Miss Clinton, and that to her own dazzling powers of attraction, she was rendered yet more conspicuous by his visible admiration and ceaseless attentions. This was past sufferance! in *her* she was compelled to view the detested rival of her daughter, and the maddened blood boiled in every vein that meandered through her huge fabric. In such state of morbid feeling, the most trivial incident is considered equivalent to designed insult. So felt lady Walton, and her eyes glared with wrath as she perceived at this moment of aggravation, the Highland officer dancing down the ranks with the *hated* Miss Verney.

The colonel now without plaid and plumage, appeared a hero of times gone by; and moving unveiled in all his graces, all eyes anew were bent upon him. His yellow hair in curling profusion contemning the

restriction of art, clustered round his forehead of snow. Singularly graceful, with the lightness and ability peculiar to his nation, he danced his part majestically striking. Beaming with reflection as fixed upon Miss Verney or engaged with her sister Graces, his eye saw not the many glances from silken fringes stolen at him.

Major Mountford and Miss Clinton the couple following were now got to the bottom of the dance, and in the full view of lady Walton. Miss Walton with her new partner captain De Courtland, had preceded the colonel and Miss Verney, and all at the time were taking rest while they could.—"By my soul," lowly speaking said the colonel, "I never saw such beautiful black eyes, so mild, yet full of lustre and intelligence; that partner of thine is an angel."—"She is one in beauty of soul as well as in form and feature," replied the major.—"Ay, she is the golden fruit;" rejoined the chief.—"And I shall guard it too, with more than the fire of my dragon tongue;" returned the major.—"I' faith but I must foot it with her nevertheless; let it never be said that Ronald Cameron gave up the sport, the heart-enlivening pleasure, of dancing with an amiable woman, a bonny lassie, and

an admirer of the Scotch."—" You are most heartily welcome, my Highland hero, and few there be whom I would except."

Miss Walton overheard them only in part but more than enough; and what she lost, De Courtland who stood close to them, faithfully preserved and reported verbatim. Born to opulence, frittering away life amid splendour and festivity, and in this gay and beautiful scene, not one happy and social feeling had place in the breast of Miss Walton. Envy was her bane, malice her food, and revenge her privy counsellor. However hopeless she considered her case, she could not refrain stealing dark glances at Mountford. She had never seen him in the dazzling advantage of a military dress, and he appeared a blaze of fair, manly beauty, and consummate elegance: and his smile of ineffable sweetness, was reserved for her detested rival! Evils seldom come alone. At this moment the earl of Glanmore was swinging corners with Miss Clinton, when a comb dropped from her hair. Several gentlemen on the wings of admiration, flew to rescue it from the feet of the dancers; but Glanmore succeeding in being its preserver, with a modest grace put the comb to his ruby lips, ere he presented it

to the owner. This act of gallantry in the young lord, as it evidently betokened admiration, sent a wound to the enemies of Euphemia, like that occasioned by the poisoned arrows of the Indians. The diamonds on the person of Miss Walton sparkled with new colours! and the couch on which sat her mother, creaked from sudden and violent pressure.

"I am afraid Zeno, you will get into a scrape with dad," whispered his brother, "for peace or policy's sake then, as a sort of douceur, dance a set with the West Indian dromedary."—"If I *do*, may I never more dance with her whom my heart enshrines. I could foot it with my mother's fat good-humoured cook, with a social feeling; frisk it gaily with age, poverty and ugliness, if a worthy soul inhabited the body; but even my father's purple wrath, shall not compel me to belie every feeling of sincerity and common honesty, by uniting in the most happy of all amusements, with a female whom my heart detests."

"Never mind my boy, I will step between you and dad, if it cost me a thousand falsities of the heart, the patience of Job, and the pains of purgatory; I will

take the black mountain off your shoulders for a couple of dances."—" I cannot match your generosity Ned, but will imitate it; I will take your beautiful statue for the same term and try to animate her."

Mountford hitherto, had danced only with the three Graces; but lady Walton notwithstanding the hopeless state of the bargained-for union, with the contumacious infatuation of those so ardently bent on the attainment of their object, that no defeat nor despair of success can make them relinquish the pursuit of it, still cherished the expectation that he would next, solicit the hand of her daughter; when to her great chagrin she beheld him lead out lady Gertrude. Bradport however, approached and propitiated her wrath, by requesting the *honour* of Miss Walton's hand, for the ensuing set; and the latter lady, gratified consequently by being led up by the all-captivating viscount, for whom scores of hearts throbbed hopelessly as his bright glances caught their languishing eyes, proudly exulting bent compliance with his request. But a heavy trial yet awaited my lady Walton: the moment big with aggravation, with exasperation, with *insult*, to her infuriate feelings, was at hand. The

several dances were forming as the last, that would take place on the grand theatre. What then was not the maddening shock sustained by the knight's lady, when the duke of Somereve, notorious for his lofty and unbending character, after having danced but with the countess and lady Elizabeth, rose from between them and requested the honour of Miss Clinton's hand. Her ladyship sickened—malice flew to her support, and revenge engaged to exert his ingenuity, to resent her wrongs!

His grace indeed, had been struck with the extraordinary beauty and elegance of the sisters: and his daughter however coldly, had impressed him favourably with their talents and amiable qualities. Finding too, that noble blood flowed in their arteries, marking the interest the countess and lady Elizabeth took in them, the pleasure which it gave them when expatiating on their virtues and merits, and willing to pay every compliment to the peeress, direct or indirect on this memorable occasion, the duke decided on distinguishing the eldest of her favourites, by taking her up to lead off the finishing dances. A general buzz of observation now prevailed. All eyes were directed to the honour conferred by

the ducal peer; and when the dances concluded he placed his distinguished partner by the side of the countess. Shortly after supper was proclaimed, and the numerous dancers and spectators of the exhilarating scene, descended the brilliant platform to enter the castle. A suit of rooms, amongst the superb draperies and ornaments of which, were interspersed garlands of the loveliest and choicest flowers, were thrown open for the reception and to the admiration of the company. The rich feuillages intwining every where, sent their delicious odours though the apartments, while illuminated with innumerable waxlights and coloured lamps, the long and many tables, presented a magnificent entertainment to the enchanted eyes of this splendid assembly.

CHAP. VII.

SHORTLY after the grand fete, as the duke of Somereve from other engagements was obliged to leave, the earl and he agreed to bring matters to the point and purpose, by opening their negociation. Accordingly,

the viscount was sent for to the closet of the earl.—" Bradport," he commenced in a tone of kindness, " as the heir of my noble house, in you have centered my sanguine hopes, and from your boyhood I augured I should not be disappointed. You have signalized yourself in the battles of your country. On the theatre of war you displayed that prowess and energy of talent, which, from the origin of their military character, have perpetuated to ages yet unborn, the fame of your noble primogenitors: and the laurels of glory that give splendour to your brow, I acknowledge I am proud to add, to the long roll of valorous achievements, which for nearly five hundred years, have distinguished the house of Mountford! I have cherished for you I confess it, a partial affection. I have supported you splendidly, indulged you in every thing that your youth and disposition for pleasure and gaiety, could possibly desire, and extricated you from debts and difficulties, but never added to the uneasiness of such positions, by my reflections, nor embittered your enjoyments by reproaching you with their excess."

" I acknowledge it my lord, and lament that I have no way of testifying that bound-

less as has been your goodness, no less unbounded is my gratitude. But, were the life of my father at stake—and the immolation of mine could preserve it, I would lay my head upon the block." The earl smiled.

"This, Edward, is the language of romance, and you lament that there is no way given you to testify your gratitude and affection for a father who, you acknowledge, has been an indulgent one. Yes Bradport there is a way—and upon much easier and more reasonable terms than the sacrifice of your life: and by complying with my wish in an object that has long been a most desired one, you will prove at once beyond a doubt, the sincerity of your professions. Prepare your mind then, to espouse shortly, lady Gertrude Bouverie."

The temper of Bradport was of that happy construction, that it led him to the sunny side of human prospects: he was therefore, seldom made up to meet the rayless gloom. Whatever sufficient reasons he had to believe that the projection of this union was in negotiation, and that lady Gertrude was at the castle for the purpose of being forced upon him, he had never given it a serious thought: but when the

olt fell—he felt he was struck! Maryanne ashed upon his soul—and thus, motionless, e sat for some seconds incapable of answer, nd the earl proceeded.

"You are well aware of the friendship which from youth, has bound the duke of Somereve and I together, and you are to learn now my dear Edward, that many years ago the mutually desired bond, which was to unite that friendship if possible more closely, was the projected alliance of our families by marriage. I require of you no sacrifice; lady Gertrude will have considerable dowry, and I think it may be admitted, that I have provided you a beauty whose face and figure are without blemish; you can find no difficulty."

"And you might have added my lord, cold as death—and silent as the grave—and heartless as an Egyptian mummy—and if no less beautiful is no less marbly petrifying than the famed statue that only breathes not, to be less animated than she. No by Heaven! I would be annihilated sooner than chained for life to a lifeless body! In a few years the beauty you speak of will perish; what will become of my happiness? where shall I find those fine feelings, mental beauties, and congenialities, which ever

renovate and form the soul of domestic felicity? never with lady Gertrude."

Displeasure sat upon the features of the earl, and rubbing his eyes affectedly, exclaimed in an ironical tone—" Strange! how came my vision to deceive me? I believed I was addressing my heir, but I am undeceived by hearing the language of his brother. But let me see if the delusion lies not on *his* side, and that Bradport has not egregiously mistaken himself. How comes this young man? I thought *beauty* was your idol; hitherto in the female world, it was all you sought. The beauties of the soul that would have had a charm for your eccentric brother even had they looked through ordinary features, was mockery for you. This great apostacy in your former worship I confess surprises me, but I shall be pleased if it leads to a reform in your moral habits. To apologize for the surprise which you have occasioned me my lord Bradport, I am under the necessity of reminding you of your notorious derelictions of moral rectitude, frequent lapses in that which constitutes moral honour, and repeated offences from the infatuation caused you by beauty: that you have pleaded it was irresistible, ever laughed at the *chi-*

nerical fascinations of mind as you were pleased to term them, and often advanced that the sovereign felicity of the life of man consisted in consulting his natural desires. Were not these the tenets of your once adopted and *practised* creed?"

At the expense of his cut up feelings, a crimson blush gave radiance to the countenance of the viscount. He felt the reproach of the painful truths which his father nettled ere he well began, flashed upon him. The image of Maryanne in all the splendor of mind and dignity of virtue, passed before him and was strikingly contrasted with those of her sex, to whom indeed, he had devoted so many of his mispent hours. The immoral sentiments which he had frequently supported more from the heat of feeling than the approval of his reason, were now he felt, retorted upon him without his having the fair advantage at the embittered moment, of accounting for the renunciation of them, and for a revolution in himself so much to his credit. It was now that the errors of his past conduct in distressing reflection rose before him. It was now that the soul of Bradport could it have been seen by mortal eye, would have appeared in native loveliness. The vices

that could not amalgamate with the excellence of his nature, sunk to dross and left his virtues in all their innate purity. He longed to declare to the earl his fixed attachment, but the policy of reason told him it was not the time. Bradport too, sincerely nay tenderly, loved his father, but knew well the governing points of his character and the violence of his temper when they were opposed. Unwilling therefore, to add to the bitterness of the disappointment which the rejection of lady Gertrude occasioned, he suppressed the declaration which his heart throbbed to reveal, till the acerbity produced by the demolition of the long-projected union, should abate and cease to ferment the mind of the earl.

"I acknowledge my lord," he replied, "all that you have brought against me. I have a just sense of the errors too often committed, and of those loose sentiments which perhaps, I more thoughtlessly uttered than seriously maintained. But if I have erred and my opinions have been wrong, surely there is no necessity for continuing in them, merely to preserve a reprehensible consistency; nor need I blush to be found receding from them, though it may occasion a triumph over me. When I

marry my lord, I must have a female of my *own* selection, and *she* whom I shall select, will be the most effectual remedy for my immorality."

"A female sir, of your own selection! and who can *you* select so much to your honour and deserving of an alliance with, and to the honour of my house, as the illustrious daughter of the duke of Somereve?"—"The honour of your lordship's house and my happiness, are two distinct things but yet may be united. I must however, look chiefly to the latter in my choice of a wife."

"What reasonable objections pray let me hear can you possibly allege against a union with this highly distinguished young lady?"—"I have stated them already my lord, but as you appear to wish it, I will be more explicit. The pretensions of lady Gertrude cannot possibly be disputed. She ranks high, her claims to personal admiration are evident, and that she is entirely free from any unamiable quality, I readily admit. I respect her as the daughter of the duke of Somereve the old and valued friend of my father, but I can never feel for her any warmer sentiment. She is destitute of

those requisites capable of inspiring me with that affection, which, to constitute my happiness, must be excited. I am therefore, decidedly hostile to this union, and could I do it, I would rather relinquish my birthright, than take to my arms the wife whom I cannot love."

"This then sir, is the proof of your professions of *unbounded* gratitude," cried the earl with struggling wrath, "dare you thus without feeling it a matter of conscience, oppose the wishes of a father to whom you owe so much, and who proves unquestionably, that he has entirely your interest at heart?"—"My lord, I must necessarily dare any thing when my happiness is at stake; it is one of the chief rights of reasonable man, the free agency of his mind in those points which directly concern him: nor does my conscience suggest to me, that in order to discharge the debt of gratitude which I am in arrears to my father, I should render myself unhappy for life."

"Away with those pernicious notions," cried the peer angrily ironical, "no doubt you have been studying the maxims of 'Paine's Age of Reason and Rights of Man;' pray viscount, what have you gained hitherto by your *free agency*? reputa-

on for the shameful prodigality of money, e indulgence of licentious habits, and the ommission of deeds little to your moral edit." The warm feelings of the viscount narted under this stroke of too justly inurred reproof, and in particular as it was nexpected from the quarter whence it ame. Hitherto the earl had been so lenint in his animadversions upon the conduct f his son, that it was language to him wholy new.

"Pardon me my lord, but this unprovoked attack is most unwonted and inconsistent with all your former indulgence, and what appears irreconcilable with your paternal feelings is, that you bring my errors against me not with the Christian motive of effecting an amendment, but as it were to avenge yourself for my non-compliance with your wishes. It grieves me my lord, to deny you any thing, but I am too positively convinced of your goodness and justice, to allow myself to think that you feel this a reasonable proceeding. Excuse me in questioning only in one point, the right of your parental authority. Is it not an indefensible abuse of it, your desire to shackle me with bonds in which my heart has no share? Is it not repugnant to com-

mon delicacy the idea of marrying a woman with whom I have never exchanged a hundred words?"

"There has been a great deal *repugnant to common delicacy* and moral justice too, hitherto surmounted by my lord Bradport," interrupted his father with the mixed expression of sarcasm and ire, "and I confess that I am no less surprised at his *unusual fastidiousness*, than at his revolution of sentiments." The consciousness of the truth of the accusation, again mantled on the cheek of the viscount.

"You have candidly acknowledged my lord, that with his grace of Somereve, you projected the alliance of your families many years ago. What have his daughter and I to do with a project of marriage formed then? we were not consulted, and if we had, to be taught the weight, responsibility, and future consequences good or bad attending such an irrevocable deed, would have been a hard science totally incomprehensible to the infantile mind. However much it may be the desire of the duke and you, to cement your early friendship by the union of your children, I cannot allow that the desire because long and ardently entertained, amounts to a right to expect

from them, that they should marry when there is not only no attachment, but a total incongruity of disposition. Poor lady Gertrude like the other daughters of the house of Bouverie, is destined to be made over as the property of the purchaser, accordingly as determined by the views of her father. I should feel more for this beautiful creature did she feel for herself, but nature in consideration of her future destiny, kindly gave her insensibility: and she *feels* not that she is no less subject to the traffic of the duke, than the poor African to the brutal slave-dealer, who barbarously kidnaps him from the kind bosom of his sable partner. I beg pardon my lord, for obtruding upon you sentiments that you have called forth. I lament sincerely that I must defeat an object, which you have had so long in view, fondly cherished, and ardently desired to have accomplished: but though I should be so unfortunate as to incur by it the serious displeasure of your lordship, I solemnly assever that the wife of my bosom, shall never be lady Gertrude Bouverie!"

What motive induced the earl to sit out so patiently the militating sentiments of his son, may appear inexplicable, his govern-

ing principles and violent temper considered. He did so however, till the final, fatal and closing period of the viscount, round him, when pushing back his chair in haste and rising in wrath, he exclaimed, "Ungrateful! undutiful! insidious hypocrite of filial affection! is it on *you* that I have lavished my wealth, my partial fondness, centered in *you* the acme hopes of my honourable ambition, and rested on *you* my expectations of paternal gratification and happiness, to be thus so deceived—disappointed, disgraced? I cast you from my heart where hitherto you have had too strong a hold—for ever."

"O say not so my lord—" cried the softened Edward rising from his seat and arresting the hasty steps of the earl by taking his hand and pressing it to his lips, "I have been too long accustomed to a distinguished place there—to be ever reconciled to the loss of it."

"Promise me then," cried the peer struggling between anger and affection for his son, "that you will not enter into any matrimonial connection without my consent."—"Without previously soliciting it my revered father, on a *soldier's* honour, I engage never so to do."

How the earl could possibly restrain his wrath and sustain himself even so well as he did, under so severe a defeat of hopes as his son had occasioned him, will be no difficult solution. He knew him well: was well acquainted with the tenderness of his heart, the strength of his filial affection, the pliability of his disposition, the generosity of his soul—and resting securely that the gaiety of his temper and habits and general admiration of the sex, rendered him little liable to any serious impression, he trusted that he should yet be able to work upon him, in time gain him over or subdue him to his wishes, and finally to the accomplishment of the darling object. Thus, with true judgment, confiding more in his influence than his power over him, he was enabled to bear the defeat of the preliminary onset, with a degree of patience foreign to his nature.

The earl suppressing his own shagreen, communicated to the expectant duke, the result of the conference, disclosing the averse inclination of the viscount to marriage, but politically making light of it, observed, that though their negociation opened with an unfavourable promise, he trusted much

to a prosperous issue. "You must give me more latitude than you take to yourself duke," said the earl smilingly, "as I have indisputably the hardest side of the battle to fight. Daughters, are more easily disposed of; they dare hardly rebel; opinion or preference of their own, duty teaches them is default of duty, and that parental wisdom perceives best, what is for their honour and advancement. Generally speaking, *they* are by nature flexible things; but to bend to our wishes and propositions a fiery, impetuous heir of a noble house, whose line of ancestry has run unmingled without a bastard bar or blot or blood but of true nobility, for five hundred years! is not duke, so facile a task."

"True my lord," returned his grace, "I readily admit that the difficulty is on your side. Our sex from lordly prerogative naturally kicks against opposition and restraint; on the contrary, women from being the subordinate half of the human race, have no legal freedom of will nor inclination; are entirely subject to the unerring sagacity of paternal authority, and as our all-sufficient judgment shall direct, transferable to them whom we destine to be their future rulers."

To these modest, liberal, and just sentiments the earl heartily subscribed, and his noble friend by way of codicil to his will of parental prerogative, just added: "Flushed with the fame which the well-earned laurels of his valour have entwined round his coronet, no doubt there will be some difficulty just at present, to put the trammels of wedlock upon the viscount. But when the young warrior is a little subdued and brought to our wishes, bear in mind my illustrious friend, that my daughter has no opposing voice—but is the destined means on my part, of bringing about what we have so long planned and ardently desired to see consummated, the union of the houses of Mountford and Bouverie!"

Thus, still anticipating, gratified in the prospect, and elevated with the presentiment! that the noble blood of their ancient families would flow together, these exalted personages with great cordiality of soul and sentiment and stronger friendship than ever, took leave of one another. The day after the departure of the duke, Alfred was summoned to the study of his father. "It was your fate Alfred, to be born my younger son," prologued his lordship, "consequently

you are untitled and poor considered, with him who by his right of primogeniture, is heir to my titles, dignities and fortunes."

"Titles with me my lord, are empty things, nevertheless I am well aware how much the bulk of mankind are governed by names, and whatever are my own opinions, if the intrinsic nobility of virtue, accompany these high-sounding distinctions, I am ever willing to accede them that deference to which otherwise, they are not entitled. That which your lordship calls poverty as considered with the immense property to which my brother is heir, is upon the same principle of comparison, princely wealth to the poor and portionless thousands of the community. As to myself, independent of the *noble* fountains whence in both it springs, my proudest possession is the *guiltless* and virtuous blood of my parents." The earl kindly smiled.

"You have many oddities Alfred, but many virtues. I wish you to consult your own interest, as much as I am disposed to promote it. My object is, to aggrandize your fortunes equal to your noble descent, and this can best be advanced by an advantageous matrimonial alliance: therefore, *three* hundred thousand pounds may

be yours, with the agreeable accompaniment of a young and highly accomplished female."

Alfred too well aware of what was to follow, his indignant virtues were all in arms, but his sober philosophy prepared him for answer.—"Accomplished in what my lord? who is she? of *noble blood* of course." The earl looked rather disconcerted and stiffly replied—"The daughter of sir Christopher Walton."

"Impossible! my lord, you condescend to jest."—"I am serious;" he returned haughtily.

"Serious! I am amazed! I know not how to find you credence! Would the illustrious earl of Essingham, descend so much as to unite his anciently-noble, unmingled, and virtuous blood, with that of a base-born plebeian? base incontestibly, as a ruffian of cruelty, whose ill-gotten wealth was acquired by villainy, torture, and oppression. My lord, you must certainly be a stranger to his character in the western world."

"Young man," replied the earl superciliously, "you have yet to learn *that* wisdom which teaches to credit in many cases, far less than *half* what the world reports.

It is too often the fate of those who have been particularly successful in the accumulation of wealth, to excite envy and suffer from slander. It is not easy for the man who has spent nearly a lifetime in one quarter of the globe, to clear his actions in the progress of gain, from the clogs of malice, which pursue him in another: and the favourite of fortune never yet lived, who had or has not consequently, his enemies." —" I must admit my lord, the certain quantum of truth in the position; but the good man invincible in his integrity, can surmount them all, defy malice and confute aspersion. There is a something glorious stamped on the brow of the man of honour, worth and conscience, that withers calumny at its approach, silences audacious misrepresentations, fears not man in his highest capacity, and dreads not even the visitations of his God! You have heard me avow on occasions calling forth these sentiments, that I would never calculate confidently on the humanity and strict integrity of the man who had amassed immense wealth, in either Indies. I may be wrong in this prepossession or in not readily acceding to many exceptions, but I never fail to see spectres of murdered natives—mangled

slaves—and plunder, injustice and oppression, in their most hideous forms! I must now inform your lordship, that the proposition you have made me is so repugnant to my feelings, contrary to every sentiment of choice and affection, that I cannot too soon dismiss it from my view: and to close the ungrateful subject, hear me declare, that if the aggregated wealth of the western world were hers, I would not marry Miss Walton! Nay my lord, in the language of Coriolanus,

> ——————————— 'Present me
> Death on the wheel, or at wild horse's heels,
> Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
> That the precipitation might down stretch,
> Below the beam of sight, yet will I still——'

be thus determined!"

Bitterness commingling with stung pride and ill-smothered passion, were visible on the features of the earl, fated as he felt himself a second time, to meet rebellious opposition to both his early and late digested plans: and what gave particular acrimony to his present defeat was, that his son had cut him with truths, from which he could not possibly defend himself.

"Then live the soldier of fortune—" he cried *rage sparkling* from his eyes, "trust

not to your doting uncle—depend not on me, I will cast you off—sink into poverty and obscurity, drive yourself beyond the pale of elevated society, cut yourself off from my countenance—and be for ever forgotten by my illustrious house."

"There are those belonging to it who would never forget me in any condition however depressed: and blessed in the possession of the woman of my choice—whom my judgment approved of and my heart acknowledged! then indeed, the wealth and sway of empires in competition with her, I would contemn."—"Romantic fool—if you neglect the duties which you owe yourself, will you dare violate those due to me? Where I ask, is *your conscience, your strict integrity*, the testimony of the *substance* of those high-sounding terms, which you appear to have got by rote, to save yourself the better task of printing them on your heart? the son who breaks through the obligations that bind him in gratitude and obedience to the wishes of a father, the more especially as that father has indubitably in view his ultimate good, will never hesitate to trample down all other ties, when so doing suits his purposes."

"I am fastidious in my terms my lord. A man twenty-six years of age, may be allowed to dislodge the word *obedience*, and put in its place the more binding one, *affection*. As it is so perfectly consonant with my own principles, I readily confess, that the due consideration of the happiness of parents, constitutes the first of human duties, and that the man who violates these natural bonds, forfeits confidence to be placed in him, and his claim to the reputation of a soundly moral and religious character. But all duties are reciprocal, and to render them pleasant as well as indispensable matter of casuistry, they must be mutually performed. In what then, have I violated the duty which I owe your lordship?"

"You dare to oppose my opinions on all occasions."—"Not oppose my lord, *dissent*." —"It is sufficient presumption your dissension."—"I owe to myself, to preserve unshaken my opinion, when I feel convinced that I am right; this is the privilege of reason, the gift of the Creator without distinction to man: moreover my lord, I trust, that you will do me the justice to admit, that it is seldom but in cases wherein I am myself particularly concerned, that

I take the liberty of marshalling my sentiments in hostile resistance to yours."

"You defy my authority consequently insult my experience, repel the proposal which I deem so highly to your advantage, despise my wishes, and refuse that gratitude which the strong claims of a father demand of you."—"I neither defy, despise nor refuse what is justly due to you my lord, and I only dispute your authority, when you contrive to render it so elastic, as to stretch it infinitely beyond my happiness, and seek to involve me in an infelicity —for which I can find no adequate expression."

"What mean you sir?"—"Would you not if you could my lord, compel me to marry Miss Walton? a woman for whom I have the most invincible aversion; whom I have sufficient reason to pronounce deformed in soul, defective in heart, destitute of every amiable feminine quality, while there exists a principle between us so incongruous, that the elements of fire and water may more amicably be assimilated. Is my submission then, to a proposal so repugnant to my heart, what you require of me as the test of my filial duty? impossible! surely such sepererogation extinguishes

every feeling of nature and the immortal light of reason itself. Pardon me the liberty of the interrogatory, was *you* my lord, compelled to marry? no, on the contrary, the partner of your bosom, was your earnestly-sought and proud election, and it was your happy destiny to espouse the most amiable and exalted in point of human excellence, possibly to be found among the daughters of Eve. An angel! fell to your enviable lot: blessed in the possession of such a treasure yourself, it must occur to you, that you seek to do *me* the most cruel injustice in wishing to unite me to Miss Walton: therefore my lord, I am persuaded that your mind is too noble, not to feel, that by persisting in your proposition, such conduct would be justifiable upon no principle of right or parental affection. Repugnant to every feeling of the heart, to marry merely for the advantages of fortune, I very early determined that no motive of the kind, should ever influence my selection of the female whom I destine to be the partner of my life, the companion of my soul!"

"And *I* have determined," cried the earl rising in wrath, "that the son who can contemn the interest I take in his fortunes, act

independently upon his own absurd and contemptible notions, despise the voice and shake off the rightful authority of a father, shall be left to himself to feel the consequences of his ungrateful conduct, when too late."—" It grieves me my lord, that I cannot contribute to your satisfaction, by a compliance with your wishes. It is my misfortune that you should levy upon my gratitude, the only tax it cannot pay. But, I solemnly assever, that I could bare my breast with joy, to receive the death-stab which thus averted, saved the life of my father!"

" Halt young man," cried the earl with sarcastic ire, " this is very heroic asseveration but costs you nothing. I counsel you to weigh in your wiser moments, the good fortune at your feet. That the ball hardly rolls to one out of the thousand; and most absurdly since you have quoted Shakespeare, remember what he says in a passage more applicable,

> ' There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

" Then let shallows and miseries be my portion, for never by Heaven! from this

conference, shall the grating subject be suffered to obtrude upon my mind."

"Remember sir, that if you dare enter into any matrimonial tie without my approbation, I swear to deprive you of all that I meant you should possess, and to consign you to your ruined fortunes."—"I promise that whatever attachment I form, whatever resolution I may find it necessary to adopt as absolutely inseparable from my happiness, to ratify no engagement without previously acquainting you of it, and soliciting your parental approval and consent."

"Engage then," cried the parent in a threatening tone, "that you will never fulfil it if I do *not* approve."—"Nay, pardon me my lord, to bind myself by such a promise would be an act most supererogatory, and a manifest violation of the justice which I owe myself." The earl like the agitated Ætna ready to erupt, with threatening effervescence in his aspect desired him to leave the room.

Since their visit at the castle, the earl was not without his suspicions, that the beautiful and rarely embellished sisters, had captivated his sons. But the earl in the affairs of life as well as those of the cabinet, was no bad politician. He conceived

that in some cases, suspicion expressed is encouragement given. He therefore avoided any allusion to surmises, which should he find verified and his sons perceive that he had discovered, the chief point of difficulty to them he considered, would be done away; while the confirmation to himself would be more insupportable than the surmises: the fear of which, prompted him could he have effected it, to bind them down by their parole, knowing well how inviolable that would be, never to marry without his consent. The same considerate and amiable motive that cautioned the viscount to conceal from the earl his attachment to Maryanne, influenced his brother likewise, to refrain from a declaration that he would have made with pride, but which a filial feeling told him, would aggravate to their highest degree, every irritated passion in the breast of his father. Thus, though affairs wore an almost hopeless aspect, yet as no hint had been thrown out by his refractory sons, that their affections were disposed of, hope still lingered in the bosom of the peer and whispered him, that his matrimonial negociations particularly his darling one—would yet have a successful termination!

CHAP. VIII.

THE grand fete was the death of hope to the views and wishes of lady Walton and her daughter, and their measures accordingly were soon determined upon and as promptly pursued. Her ladyship sought by every means which cunning suggested, to encounter the earl, in the course of her designedly directed walks. To his lordship, chance entirely appeared to throw the knight's lady in his way, as she strolled one day through the lovely parterres, rich meadows and umbrageous groves, which in *studied* admiration, she extolled for their matchless beauty and state of high cultivation. Thus, fanning the natural pride of the peer and making flattery the exordium, she opened her secret budget; commenced by observing that sir Christopher and she, regretted much that they had ever availed themselves of his lordship's inclination and been prompted by their own desire, to enter into treaty for the alliance of their families, as they had every reason to conclude that there was no prospect of its ta-

king place; and they feared that the future happiness of their amiable daughter, would be affected by it, as she had already suffered greatly from the palpable neglect of major Mountford, who had not even observed towards her the customary civilities due to every lady; and that he purposely avoided leading her out to dance on the night of the fete, though it was so publicly known that she was an inmate of the castle. The lady then, entered into a verbose detail of the excessive sensibility, amiable qualities, exalted sentiments, innumerable virtues, boundless merit, and invincible attachment of her excellent daughter, for major Mountford: and lamented that the generosity and disinterestedness of her affection, had stood so much in the way of her exaltation, that she had rejected many of the first rank and titles, since she became attached to him.—"But my lord," added the lady, "there is too substantial a reason for the indifference and neglect, which the major has evinced towards my daughter; and a similar one accounts for the coldness manifested by the viscount, in his very slight and constrained attentions to lady Gertrude Bouverie."

"Pray madam, to what reasons do you

allude?"—"Your lordship must have been much deceived if you have not perceived, that your sons are captivated by the daughters of doctor Clinton, and certainly paying their addresses to them."

The earl was all alarm; his suspicions were at once embodied in the terrific truth; and the enchanting prospect of the alliance with his ducal friend, now vanished—as his hopes were put to the rout, by the unwelcome but convincing insinuations of lady Walton.

"Impossible! I cannot believe it madam, they dared not—"—"Nay then my lord," she returned interruptingly, "here is proof that admits of no doubt and must subdue the strongest incredulity. This letter, my daughter and I have just now picked up as we crossed the lawn, open as you see it, indeed the most *scrupulous honour* could not have closed their eyes against it."

The earl read the letter. Astonishment, indignation, the defeat of his measures and the excitation of every angry feeling, strove for the mastery on his expressive features. The wily lady Walton and her daughter who just at the moment *contrived* to come up to them, witnessed with joy the successful *effects of* what they had administer-

ed. Now lit up, they added fuel to the flame, and with skilful choice of inflammable materials. With no common policy they made truths the groundwork, and raised upon them stratum upon stratum of their own cunning workmanship, till the pile rose in the eyes of the peer, portentously high. They supplied him with discoveries, detailed facts, and furnished him with documents of *unquestionable* authenticity. In short these ingenious ladies confirmed all his latent suspicions, destroyed his self-cherished hopes, and sent him to his closet with every feeling inflamed and maddened by disappointment, to view the demolition of the alliance which the duke and he had so long erected, to the perpetuity of their early friendship. For hours he traversed the apartment till reflection gave weight, magnitude, and conviction, to every circumstance detailed, when every irritated feeling becoming too violent for the control of reason, in such state of dementation, he sought the countess, and entered the drawing-room regardless of the presence of all in it.—"Dismiss these girls from your company and my castle—" cried her lord in a voice choked with passion.—

Dismiss—" echoed the alarmed countess, to whom do you allude my lord?"

"To the artful daughters of your vicar," e replied in all the thunder and lightning f anger, "whose snares have been laid and ractised too successfully, since introduced y you into my castle and supported by the nachinations of your cousin, to take an indecorous advantage of the disgraceful condescensions of your sons, whose rebellious opposition to my wishes for their prosperity and the honour of my illustrious house, is now accounted for in the manifest *cause*, but their disobedience to my parental voice, and contempt of my authority, shall severely recoil upon them, and my everlasting displeasure pursue them as the stroke of fate——" Here the earl almost strangled with passion, was obliged to come to a close.

"What charge my lord, can you possibly substantiate against the virtuous, admirable daughters of Dr. Clinton?" asked the countess with the hectic of vexation on her cheek.—"The charge of the most indecorous conduct," thundered the lord, "the younger has been detected in secret assignation in the most sequestered situation, alluring the heir of my house to her pre-

sumptuous wishes, and encouraging him by her blandishments, while he shamefully forgetful of the dignity of his rank and fortunes, was seen at her feet."

"Distraction!" exclaimed Bradport with fury, "what means this—am I to have spies and informers set upon my honourable affections, most guiltless actions, and in my father's house? My lord, much as I revere you—much as I feel that I am everlastingly your debtor, yet if you suffer and sanction this—though ruin should be my portion and I should be inflicting a painful performance upon my heart—by Heaven! I will disunite myself from you for ever." The earl wiped his forehead.

"My son Edward," said the countess who though agitated was firm and undismayed, "from you whose bosom has ever been the seat of truth, I demand an explanation of this affair, which, as it seems to be painted by the hand of malice, I feel that it is my duty to send back to its author, the deformed piece."—"Then by a soldier's honour I swear, that you shall hear truth as openly spoken as it has been secretly maligned. That I was on my knee at the feet of Miss Maryanne Clinton, I confess is fact—were it necessary I would

oclaim it to all the world, that from the our wherein I first beheld her, I have ved her with the most honourable and nconquerable attachment, that ever glowd in the breast of man, and my brother lone knew it."

"Degenerate of my blood—" cried the arl with rekindling passion, "dare you his confession? have I fostered in my reast the wretch who thus departs from he lofty dignity of his illustrious ancestry, nd stings me to the soul."

"Nay by truth and before Heaven my ord, you do me injustice. The last drop f that blood I would lose to preserve the ife of my father! and that surely is the est proof that the quality of its *true* noility, is preserved still. In your recent ommunication of your particular wishes, especting my happiness in the tenderest oint in which it can be considered, if I bstained then, from the declaration which have now made, it was in respect to your eelings in anxiously avoiding to increase at he moment the irritation, which, by the mpossibility on my part to comply with our wishes, I painfully to myself occaioned you: and resting in the affection which *your lordship* has ever evinced to-

wards me, I intended to embrace a more favourable season, to make known to you my unchangeable sentiments. But favourable or unfavourable, the hour is arrived—' and turning to his mother said—" I am bound to conclude the explanation which your ladyship has demanded of me. I candidly confess, since Miss Maryanne Clinton became a visitor here, that I have anxiously sought for an opportunity to disclose to her a preference, which, as it is as honourable as fixed, is worthy of her and consequently incompatible with clandestine manœuvre. But the scrupulous rectitude of the incomparable daughters of Dr. Clinton, teach them to *shun* rather than turn into a *sequestered* path, if by only so doing, they could gain the richest coronet in England. Already ennobled by blood and every virtue, they seek no such vainglorious distinctions. A circumstance your ladyship will remember, in which my cousin is engaged, obliged me to seek her in the gardens, where I learned that I should find her in the labyrinth. Turning one of its many paths I met Miss Maryanne Clinton. Similarly situated to myself she had a letter in her hand, which she was eager to convey to her sister who, your ladyship will recol-

lect, was in company with lady Elizabeth. As the objects of our search were to be found together, I joined her. This was the only time I ever met her alone, and I had little reason to hope that alone, I should meet her again. I confess then, that I gladly seized the auspicious moment—and at the risk of her displeasure, I declared a devotion which I am as proud to acknowledge, as she was unwilling to listen to and encourage."

"I give credit to the exactness of the truth which I am convinced you have spoken," replied the countess, "and Miss Maryanne Clinton like the phœnix from its ashes in resuscitated beauty, rises more transcendently bright, from the aspersion vainly attempted to be thrown upon her."

"*This* charge then, falls to the ground," cried lady Elizabeth laughingly, "and as I have got the credit of being an accomplice in the business, I see no just cause nor impediment why I should not come in for my share of the exoneration. But who is the *spy?* that is the query, have you forgotten my lord Elssingham, that we *must* be informed of *that?*"

The truism that a guilty conscience needs no accuser, is often verified.—"*Spy* ma-

dam," emphasized the lady Walton, her large red face assuming the refulgence of a harvest moon, "how dare you make use of such a term? the *heiress* of sir Christopher Walton, is out of the reach of such appellation. Miss Walton was merely walking in an adjoining path, when she witnessed the condescending posture of the viscount."—"O then, it was your daughter who played the part of the *spy*," responded the lady Elizabeth, "and pray how came she *merely* to give this information to the earl?" No answer was returned. "Now, in the present case," continued her ladyship, "it is as evident as mathematic demonstration itself, that the *informer* must be a *spy*, consequently the terms become synonymous, and I find no difficulty either in point of conscience or judgment, in pronouncing your daughter to be a *spy* and *informer* of the most malignant cast."

Rage flashed from the eyes of the earl, but fell with no effect upon her little ladyship.—"Bold woman," he cried, "dare you thus insult my company—in my presence—in my own castle——"—"Lady Elizabeth Lamont dares any thing in a good cause, and cares neither for *company*, lords nor castles, nor the fiends frequently found

n them, when the virtuous are to be protected and the malicious exposed."

The peer transferred to his countess the lightning of his anger.—"At the peril of my displeasure madam, listen to what I have to unfold of the conduct of the elder, who under the pretence of a benevolent purpose, made the house of her father the scene of secret meetings with your younger son, to the utter confutation of that *extreme* decorum artfully worn by her."

"With no disposition to qualify the term, it is a *lie* my lord," said Alfred, "engendered by some malignant fiend, and blasting itself with the pestilential breath that uttered it, instead of the immaculate being it studied to reach: and as the same demon whose falsifying breath aimed to dim the purity of her sister, so more *particularly* was it directed against Miss Clinton!"

"My lord," said sir Christopher, attempting in a sneaking voice great consequence, "was *my* daughter invited here to be insulted, defamed, and have the liberties taken with her to which you are an auricular witness? surely you are too much a nobleman of the ancient peerage, to sanction this." The lord seemed collecting all his

inflammable qualities to burst out into a fresh blaze.

"As this charge against Miss Clinton involves you my son Alfred, I call upon you, who, according to its truth or falsehood, are bound to confirm or confute it: did you ever meet Miss Clinton at the house of her father, since his absence?"—"I *did*, and am proud to bear the weight of the whole accusation. Your ladyship will recollect from the anxiety you experienced, concluding that I was on the road on my return from lord Broomfield's, the thunderstorm that produced a deluge. When I entered the drawing-room, you were surprised to find that I had escaped the tempest and inquired where I found shelter. Though I am persuaded that you require no attestation to strengthen your conviction of the undeviating rectitude of Miss Clinton, yet it becomes necessary in this hour of slander, to more explanatorily repeat particulars, in order to its exposure and overthrow. I was about passing the vicarage, when the collected waters were ready to descend. Perceiving that I could not possibly escape, I hastily rung at the gate and delivering my horse to Robert, took shelter without the ceremony of inquiring for his ladies, so little

id I think of meeting them there.—' Miss linton and Miss Verney are here,' he said nd shewed me into the parlour. The voice f God at the moment seemed to rend the louds! Miss Clinton after the exercise of er benevolent duties, was just as I enter-d, expressing her fears lest her little pu-ils should not have reached home, ere the ain fell with such sudden, inundating vio-ence: and Miss Verney disturbed by my ntrusion, shortly after took up her desk nd offered as apology for leaving the room, he haste she was in to finish letters."

" And you might have added major Iountford, had you seen and understood it, he look that Miss Clinton directed to me ot to leave the parlour, but which I was ompelled to disregard, as my father's ser-ant who was going to London, was wait-ng for my packet. However trivial, this ircumstance is sufficient to prove the nice ense of propriety possessed by Miss Clin-on, and which, all the powers of malice vill find as difficult to confute, as to take he power of punishing the calumniator ut of the hands of the Almighty!"—" I hank you Miss Verney;" responded the ountess.

"The circumstance thus explained that led me thither," resumed Alfred, "I solemnly assever *that* was the only time that I have entered the house of doctor Clinton since his absence; nor would I now condescend to state this fact, as being wholly unnecessary to the exculpation of Miss Clinton, but in respect to you madam, who require it of me, and to prove how much the earl has been imposed upon, by the *evil genius* or *genii* that most surprisingly, have found their way into his castle."

"Since you deal in *facts* lofty young man," cried his father preponderating between passion and irony, "disprove if you can the *proved* writer of this letter; deny your having received it if you have the effrontery; is not this *delicate* epistle an answer from the the *scrupulously decorous* Miss Clinton, to one written by you? give truth the lie if a soldier's honour shrinks not from the everlasting stain."

The honourable blood rushed hot through the veins and crimsoned the snowy forehead of Alfred.—"The honour of all the myrmidons who have slaughtered their fellow men and died the face of the globe in blood, is nothing to me," he haughtily exclaimed, "but by the sacred principles my

nother instilled into me, by my own in-
erent love of truth, and in the sight of the
lessed Eternal! I solemnly assever that I
ever wrote a line to Miss Clinton, nor re-
eived one from her."

However much the solemn asseveration
of his son must have staggered the credulity of the earl, nevertheless, holding the letter before the eyes of Euphemia, he demanded to know whether that was or not, her hand-writing. For a moment, she looked amazed, confounded—but with the dignity of offended rectitude, firmly replied.—"To such a question, asked in a manner to which the daughter of doctor Clinton is a stranger, I deign to reply earl Elssingham, only in respect to your incomparable countess. Though amazingly like, I religiously declare in the hallowed name of my Maker! that that is not my autograph, consequently was never written by me."

Overcome by the strong feelings excited on witnessing a beloved and exemplary sister thus insulted, and feeling that respect was no longer due to the earl, Maryanne seized the epistle, while indignation lit up her features into a blaze of beauty.—"It is an admirable forgery nevertheless," she cried, "here is no inconsiderable talent nor

unpractised hand. My lord—it must flash even upon the mind of the infidel, that there is a Supreme Power! who not only registers the deeds, but marks in blazing characters the *motives* which precede them: and as assuredly as all must account to him! so shall you to my father, for this violation of the respect and protection, which you owed his daughters."

The peer in spite of his indignant glance was visibly disconcerted.—" Do you disclaim *this too*, madam?" he asked shewing a slip of paper to Euphemia. A death-like paleness shrouded the glowing loveliness of her face. Maryanne again painfully excited, took it like the letter without ceremony from the hand of the outraging peer.—" O! this is *my* note endorsed undeniably by the hand of my sister, and which I perceive, has furnished the means and promoted the *performance* of the work!"

Lady Elizabeth requesting the note, read it aloud.—" Fair idol of my sister-worship Jane is from home, the doctor is up to his eyes in writing, and Mrs. James protests, that as her friend the vicar has one daughter with him, she will not suffer me to leave her this evening. Kiss my dear father for me. In our chamber you will find

he bundle of habiliments, which I looked ut for widow Jenkins and her children. Your Maryanne."

"To be sure," cried her ladyship, "friendship, filial love, and clothing the widow and orphan, certainly stand up in judgment against Miss Maryanne. Now for *further proof* to support the prosecution." On the other side of the note were written with pencil, the few disjointed sentences, which lady Elizabeth read as follows:—"What sublime sentiments—O virtue! in thy simplest form thou art lovely, but when illumined with all the powers of mind, the magic of language, the graces of manner—his soul indeed may claim kindred to—this surely is the *actual* existence of that perfect portrait, drawn by the fine pencil of my father—what refinement of feeling—how generous their opposition—a lovelier virtue is not under heaven, than fraternal affection——"

These ideas had been excited in the mind of Euphemia during the serious and comic argumentation, which took place between the brothers, on their accidental visit at the vicarage: and the reader may possibly recollect the circumstance of her committing them to paper, and the uneasiness it caused

her when the small document of her unconscious effusions, were taken hold of, and finally secured in the compressed hand of Alfred.

"This is indeed in the style, as well as beautiful characters of Miss Clinton," said her ladyship, "what then?"—"The inference—" vociferated the peer.

"'Tis as clear as noonday;" replied the amiable defender of insulted excellence, "her admiration and love of VIRTUE, under every form and character."—"Her *love* of my son Alfred," retorted the indelicate lord, "it is indeed clear, that the fine sentiments of the *languishing lady*, were excited by her admiration of this *much-favoured* young man."

"O moment productive of mental agony! can I ever blot thee from my remembrance!" thought Euphemia, who stood the image of death and trembled so apparently, that the ready arm of general Molineaux supported her to a seat. Anguish was depicted on the features of the countess, rage flashed from the eyes of the viscount, and contempt ineffable! from those of his brother.

"How came this note bearing the characters acknowledged, to find its way into

your pocket-book, sir?" interrogated the earl.—"Argumentally employed with my brother, I took it unconsciously at the moment, from the hand of Miss Clinton, the first time I had the honour to be entertained in the house of her father;" replied Alfred, "and have preserved it as a relic of superior excellence." At this crisis, Miss Walton attended by captain De Courtland, entered the room. "From the manner in which it was deposited," resumed the speaker, "there was not a possibility of its dropping from my pocket-book. How came it then my lord into your possession? and through what channel did you gain the intelligence, that it ever *had* a *place* in it?"

"Audacious young man, dare you insinuate that your father would descend from the honour and dignity of his character, to possess himself clandestinely of any of the contents of your pocket-book?"—"By Heaven! no my lord, you do us equal injustice in comprehending me thus; the earl of Elssingham no less illustrious for unblemished honour than his noble ancestry, is utterly incapable of descending to a mean and perfidious act." The noble personage slackened in his honest but unprovoked re-

sentment. "By what means then my lord, you obtained the note, is the point which your own irreproachable honour, will remind you must be solved to me."

The earl replied not, but taking up the letter which Maryanne had thrown on the table with indignant contempt, and comparing its characters with those of the pencilled note, demanded of the countess if she believed it possible, that they could have been written by different hands.—"So possible my lord, that I affirm the poles of the globe are not more opposite, than the hands *distinct*, that formed these characters."

"Incredulous woman," he exclaimed with a new burst of passion, "are you leagued to insult me with your debased sons? Beware madam, of thus breaking through that respect due to me in a proper deference to my judgment in this shameful affair—of opposing my will and measures for the prosperity of your ungrateful sons—and of rashly attempting to infringe upon my paternal authority, by sanctioning their rebellious conduct, and supporting these girls in their intrigues to draw them into marriage—desist I command you, or tremble for my inflexible displeasure."

The wrath of the peer evaporated as he

closed his words, and the letter and its concomitant note, were exhibited to the company from one to another.—"They are amazingly similar—" calmly drew out the general, with a significancy indicative of the much meant in his mental reservation.

"*Amazingly* similar," echoed lady Elizabeth, "wonderful genius! displayed in the production, methinks that only the hand of a demon, could have executed so well."—"They are written by the same hand without the shadow of a doubt; examine the capitals my lord, that is quite sufficient—" cried my lady Walton with an air of stately vulgarity.

"Woe will be theirs whom the *shadow* of *guilt* will darken, and its substance in the punishment pursue!" said lady Elizabeth with fixed eye upon the last speaker.

"The characters are so strikingly the same my lord, that it is impossible for me, to perceive even the most minute difference!" said the heiress with an exulting grin.

"I pay particular attention to *your* voice Miss Walton," observed lady Elizabeth, "as I consider you *particularly qualified* to be a *conscientious* judge." Her dark countenance exhibited a copper-coloured blush

and her scowling eye would have menaced, but it dropped before the overpowering expression of her ladyship's.

"The thing speaks for itself, it is waste of words to contend it, what judge or jury would hesitate to pronounce, when such positive evidence appears before them? the letter and pencilled side of the note, are *decidedly* by the self-same hand." Thus bigly spoke with a mighty effort! sir Christopher Walton.

"Softly sir knight," said lady Elizabeth, "we are not accustomed in *this* island, to submit to hasty and sinister decisions. The laws of the land are in the safety of the legislature, and exercised for the redress and protection of the people. In *your* western world it may be otherwise—punishment, torture! as *his justice* may see fit, may be awarded by the planter-ruler, and without *waste of words.* But in this proud European spot, we must be careful and cautious in the administration of equity and judgment: and in cases such as *this*, we must search diligently, examine nicely, penetrate deeply, and pronounce rightly, ere we can expose to light, to the broad eye of Truth, the dark machinations of the male-

volent—the latent turpitude of those in *ambush*."

"Cease this impertinent interference," cried the peer his patience exhausted and pride enraged, by hearing his opulent and self-consequential visitor thus humbled; and approaching her, appealed next to lady Gertrude.

"I have seen a hand as well counterfeited: surely earl, you cannot believe, that these amiable and religiously educated young ladies, are capable of indecorous conduct?" coldly said her ladyship.—"*You* indeed, are incredulous from the perfection of your own nature lady Gertrude, and total ignorance of such characters as theirs!"

The testimonies so formidable in their evidence against the rectitude of Miss Clinton, now came to Miss Verney who refused to take them from the earl. "I would not pollute my hands my lord, with that production, nor insult my judgment which I should certainly do, were I to attempt to give it credence."—"'Tis well young lady," retorted the peer, "your voice in the business can be easily dispensed with." The important document closed its circulation, in the hands of captain De Courtland. —"It is a delicate point my lord, I would

rather decline being put to a voice, I beg leave to remain neuter, I pretend not to be a judge of counterfeited writings." The eye of lady Elizabeth pierced him through but it wounded not De Courtland.

"As one present at the indispensable investigation of this disgracefully indefensible affair, I require your unreserved opinion, captain De Courtland."—"In compliance then my lord, with your requisition, my opinion must be considered a matter of necessity: and as a matter of conscience—I give it as my verdict that the letter and pencilled note, are to all human appearance and autoptical certainty—executed by the same hand."

Rage foreign to its mild nature, flashed from the eye of Alfred; the fraternal fire that burned sacredly in the bosom of the viscount, lit up into a blaze.—"*Conscience*," he repeated with a threatening aspect, "what have *you* to do with that? beware De Courtland—no dark dealings—remain quiet—*that* only will ensure you my countenance."

The ambiguous words and menacing looks of the viscount, turned the eyes of some upon De Courtland, with an inquiring sus-

picion; but not one symptom appeared on his features to justify it.

"The identity of the writing is fully manifest," cried the peer in an authoritative tone turning to the countess, "and in order madam, to render you more cautious for the future in the selection of your visitants, I am under the imperative necessity of reading the contents of a letter, which cannot fail to establish my assertion, that the female who has thus written, has forfeited for ever her claims to rectitude of conduct."

"How do you know earl, that it *is* the production of a female pen?" asked lady Elizabeth, "perhaps it possesses the extraordinary merit of uniting the talents of *both* sexes: pray indulge us; *I* am all attention; I would even relinquish my favourite amusement of Punch, to be so gratified."

The lord sent from his eyes, a fiery testimony of his regard for the sarcastic speaker; but what may appear irreconcileable with the impetuosity of his character, was, that the sarcasms lavished upon him with so intrepid a grace, seldom failed to deprive him of the power of replying to them. This lady, ever actuated by the most amiable motives and just principles, at the same time that she spared him not, smiled upon

him with a beneficence so sweet, that it seemed to act as antidote against the acrbity of truths, which otherwise, would have rendered infuriate, the irascible lord.

The earl now, in a voice ironically sentimental, read the letter of Miss Clinton, as follows.

"Useless indeed, would be the veil, that should attempt to conceal my ardent affection for Alfred Mountford! Yes my heart in the ecstacy of its tumultuous emotions, fondly flies to thine, and participates in all the transport of its enraptured feelings! Your energetic, soul-breathing epistle, so expressive, so in unison with the overwhelming passion that consumes me, gladdened my longing soul—feasted my impatient eyes. I read it with palpitating delight, bedewed it with tears of joy, kissed it a thousand times, deposited it in my bosom! Its magic influence was instantaneously felt—a thrilling flame glided through my veins—O Mountford! spare me expression by anticipating the devotion of my soul!

"Need I attempt to portray the felicity which I foretasted in our visit at the castle?

e easily designed interviews it would af-
d us; the delightful intercourse which in
e interchange would mingle the passions
th which we are devoured, into one flame!
d which never-dying, like the fire of the
gi, will burn for ever! no, Mountford
n enter into all the excess of my feelings,
e turbulent emotions of hope, the anima-
g joy of certainty. Can you ever forget
ose happy meetings we have had at the
carage? no, idol of my passion—they are
printed never to be erased from the en-
anted memory of my beloved! I love
y father; but were he to refuse his con-
nt to our speedy union, I declare as the
st of my fixed and unbounded love—that
d he require it, I would fly with my Al-
ed, though the accumulated censure of
e world should fall upon me!

"Your own—

"Your soul-devoted

"EUPHEMIA!"

Profound attention reigned during the
ading of the letter, but as the earl finish-
, a peal of laughter burst from lady
lizabeth. "Cease your insulting merri-

ment madam—" thundered his lordship from the opposite side of the saloon, but her ladyship though almost exhausted still continued to laugh, regardless of the threatening aspect of her noble relative. " In honest truth, I cannot help declaring that this is good sport," she cried, " the most laughable truly that I have had for a long time; I would not have lost it for Punch yet; general, you must confess that such a *trial* as *this*, is worth all the courts-martial at which you ever presided. But the query is, what sentence ought to be passed on Miss Clinton for her very candid, modest, chaste, replying epistle to my cousin Mountford? surely its tender overflowings, the proffered proof of her *magi-flame* in the assurance that she is ready to fly with him I conclude, to Gretna Green, demand much in return from the favoured major: and if the debt of gratitude is of such magnitude on his part, how much greater is that due from Miss Clinton, to *that lady* or *gentlemen* or *both united in the task*, who have saved her the mental labour of this *delicately*-elegant epistle? while they have inflicted upon themselves, the still greater labour which they have

performed most admirably, *id est*, the study and *forgery* of her hand."

"Whatever *merit* is exhibited otherwise in this production," said Miss Verney ironically, "there is none due to the bad policy so glaringly manifested in its *style:* had the delicacy and dignity of Miss Clinton's character, been as carefully preserved as certainly some *person* or *persons* have succeeded in forging the characters of her hand, then indeed, it might have been pronounced a masterpiece, from the pandemonium of the traitor Murray himself."

"You have given *your* opinion young lady, and with great consequence too," said the earl, "but you forgot, that in order to give it importance, you should have forborne till requested to do so."—"I wave all ceremony when a duty propels, lord Elssingham, and fearlessly in all matters of conscience, I have ever been accustomed to deliver my opinions."

The peer superciliously glanced upon the fair advocate of sister-excellence, and turning to his aggrieved peeress exclaimed—"Well madam, your incredulity must have sustained a shock. You must be *propelled* to admit that this epistle is proof positive, 'proof as strong as holy writ,' of the inde-

corous and never-to-be-palliated conduct of your speciously adorned favourite. Would not truth and justice, reason and conscience, candidly accede to these papers being written by the same hand?"

"The characters my lord, as I allowed before, are astonishingly alike, but my declared and firm opinion, so far from having undergone any change by hearing the grossly iniquitous contents of this fabricated letter, is, if possible, more confirmed by it; and firm it will remain as that well-known rock, which, in happier times, we have traversed together, and when none were allowed to cross my path of domestic happiness!"

The earl with stately step, evidently to conceal some inward workings, walked to a window: while the countess advanced to lady Walton, and presenting the creditable production, begged to be informed if her ladyship knew aught respecting the singularity of its appearance, graciously apologizing for the necessity that compelled her to make the inquiry.

"*I* madam, *I* know any thing of that most shocking letter," exclaimed her ladyship reddening, "I am surprised lady Elsingham at your question; I never saw it till

now—only to be sure, when it entangled with my dress on the lawn, and stooping to see what was the matter, I picked it up and seeing that it was addressed to major Mountford, I put it into the hands of the earl, who just then advanced towards me, from one of the windings of the labyrinth."

The countess with the urbanity belonging to her, put the like question to the knight. "On the honour of a gentleman, madam, till this investigation took place, I was totally ignorant of its existence." Though integrity was a virtue not *innately* the property of the knight, yet it suffered no diminution in this point, as what he declared was strictly the truth. The countess next in the succession of her inquiry, put the same question to captain De Courtland. "On the honour of a *soldier* madam, I am not entitled to claim any merit in this business, as I solemnly protest, that I have had no share in a style of production, which I own is totally beyond my talents." De Courtland was correct, he had no *head* in the forgery.

"General Molineaux," said her ladyship, "it is hardly necessary to ask what is *your* verdict, in this most malicious, indecent affair?" The general bowed to her and ad-

dressed the earl. "My lord, you have traversed the enlightened globe, and are conversant in that most useful of all sciences, a knowledge of mankind. Your sphere of observation has been varied by different nations and unconfined. Your moral view and estimate of characters, I have ever considered liberal and critically just. Your judgment is sound and hitherto unerring. Would you then suffer it to be deceived now, imposed upon, insulted? would you allow the thin veil of evident artifice, to hoodwink your reason, obscure your penetration, paralize the discerning faculties of your mind, and ultimately, in the consequent success of turpitude, afford the exultation of a triumph, over so illustrious a dupe? It is not my province to detect from what quarter comes the malignant blast—but honour, principle, the suffrage due to incontestible excellence, command me to proclaim my opinion, that if you tolerate this fraud upon your reason, by giving deliberate credence to such a scandalous fabrication, in the eyes of the world, your intellectual superiority must fall! Have a care then my lord, how you proceed: be assured that if you give any belief by lending your ear to this unquestion-

ible calumny, that the world will not hesitate to give *you* the credit of lending also, your illustrious patronage to the infamous intrigue! and the earl of Elssingham, with not a stain hitherto, upon his noble name, will undoubtedly subject himself to the severe animadversion of the respectable of mankind, the good and wise."

"General Molineaux," returned the peer with a lofty crest though internally humbled and visibly piqued, "I highly esteem your character and friendship, but I suffer no man to dictate to me, nor to act as pilot to my judgment in any case whatever, much less to interfere in the affairs of my family, more especially when the honour and dignity of my illustrious house, thus imperatively, call for my intervention and authority, in order to their preservation."

The general bowed respectfully to the friend, who now, in despite of reason pleading allowance for the fallibility and frailty of humanity, sunk in his estimation: while the earl concluded in all the thundering omnipotence of Jupiter, "And now the fiat is past, that forever interdicts the Misses Clinton, from the circles of elevated respectability, and my illustrious family." An *exulting* smile breaking through the

effort to conceal it, played visibly on the dark features of Miss Walton.

"Not so fast my lord," cried lady Elizabeth, "unless indeed, that you are god of the heathens, but as I shrewdly suspect that you are only the giant or genius of this now, *evil*-enchanted castle, I must take the liberty of reminding you, that the fate of earl Elssingham, *can* be recalled, contended, confuted, and contemned too.' Hitherto, this unqualified insult of the peer to the unerring sisters, had called forth only her ladyship's sarcastic powers, provoked her ironical inuendoes, or excited her mirth; but the dignity of her character now broke forth, and the just resentment to which her benevolence gave birth.

"Pardon me," she proceeded, "if I take the freedom of a friend and relative, and of one who from conscience and reposed trust, is deeply interested in this dark transaction, to put a few questions to your lordship, and make a few observations. However easily you may have been wrought upon by *some* persons, to admit any thing derogatory to the exalted characters of the *envied* daughters of doctor Clinton, is it possible that you can doubt the truth of the declarations of your sons? have you forgotten that the

field of battle has been crimsoned with their blood? can you mistrust *their* asseverations, doubt the honour of a *soldier?*"—"Yes, I can doubt every thing when such sirens as these by their blandishments have bound their incantations around those infatuated sons, to their ruin."

"Under the irritable feeling of disappointed wishes, my lord, you have laid yourself open to the machinations of the no less *disappointed*, and feeling sorely thwarted, your reason is perverted; would I could for the *true* honour of your illustrious name, restore your mind to its healthy tones: but however much I may feel on that head, there is one thing which I *must* achieve, I must have it rendered manifest to all present, how rashly you have aspersed—unfoundedly entertained a thought inimical to the exemplary delicacy, of the daughters of doctor Clinton. To the point; how came you earl, by the note which your son placed so securely in his pocket-book, that nothing but a *hand* could have possibly purloined it thence? who forged the writing of Miss Clinton? who conveyed to your *condescendingly* credulous ear, that this incomparable female, sunk so low in

her spotless horizon, as to be in the custom of clandestine meetings, with him too, who never descended to a clandestine act? who was your informer that this was the case?

"Not I," softly stole on the ear from lady Gertrude, "I happened to pass the vicarage accompanied by Miss Walton, the day on which the thunder-storm took place when I saw Miss Clinton and the major at the window; but without having had occasion to mention the circumstance, I should have never thought of it."—"I believe you my dear lady Gertrude: and now you perceive my lord, that this last interrogatory, her ladyship has enabled me to answer myself; it is then, to the vigilance and information of Miss Walton, that we are indebted for the light which we have received in both cases—what a valuable *scout* she would make in a military capacity."

"I beg madam to remind you," cried the indignant heiress blushing scarlet, "that I am not subject to your insulting inuendoes and falsehoods."—"Nay, young lady, you mistake the business, falsehood would not suit my purpose; *truth* is the philosopher's stone of which I am in search and determined to find: to your mother we are indebted for the intelligence, that it was you

who detected lord Bradport on his knee at the feet of Miss Maryanne Clinton; and it is yet to be proved, whether the earl is not still deeper your debtor, in obligations of that kind."

The blush of detection and defeated malice covered the scowling countenance of Miss Walton, and a look of little reverence shot at her mother, plainly reproached her for having so ill acted her part.

"With your permission countess," resumed lady Elizabeth, "I must summon those who are indispensably necessary in the development of this affair." The countess bowed her assent.—"I forbid it; how dare you take the liberty of this impertinent interference in the affairs of my family?" exclaimed the earl in a wrathful tone as he advanced towards the door.

"Nay, good my lord, the honour of your presence is in requisition; the piece is by no means concluded; you yourself opened the drama, and we must be favoured with your company till the curtain is *not dropped*, but *drawn up*, to the unveiling of the plot."

The pride of the peer, roused to a pitch, to be thus opposed, became irrepressible.—

"Insolent woman—" he exclaimed bruising past her intending to make his exit, but her ladyship took her station at the door.—"*You* came here my lord, to impeach the conduct of the Miss Clintons and *I* am determined here you shall remain till the complottings that have been practised against them, are exposed."—"Audacious woman—" he cried as he drew off from the door and paced the room in fury, while her ladyship leaving the pass she had disputed, rung for Betty the chambermaid and her cousin Nanny.

Nanny was an orphan about fifteen, whom the countess had taken into her household, on learning her destitute state. She was neat in her person, handy in the business of the toilet, and an excellent seamstress; but young, simple and ignorant, she was just the creature which cunning would select, as a pliable tool in the work of perfidy: and she had been appointed by the housekeeper to wait upon Miss Walton, from the time that that lady deprived herself of the attendance of Miss Stanley.

"Nanny," cried lady Elizabeth, "bring here your fine pink dress." Nanny grew pale and trembled visibly.—"Nay my poor

girl, keep yourself easy, I engage to procure you the pardon of the countess."

Nanny returned with the dress. Confusion though in silence reigned among the Waltons. Lady Elizabeth stated that a few days past, she was writing in her dressing-room, when her attention was called off by Nanny entering the adjoining chamber the door of which stood ajar, and exclaiming to Betty who was employed there—'See cousin, what a pretty dress Miss Walton has given me, and she says she will give me a great many more things and money too, if I will say if my lord axes me, that I saw Miss Clinton and the major standing together at one of the windows of the vicarage-house, that day it thundered so, as you know Betty I was out in it all and passed close to the house, though to be sure I seed no body.'

'And would you dare tell a lie and to my lord, you wicked girl, for all the fine things in the world?' was stated to her moral credit, to be the reply of Betty.—'Las no, to make mischief; but that could do no harm to the major and that pretty Miss.' I need not paint the dismay which my detecting presence occasioned this simple girl; it is enough for my purpose, to

disclose the fact; thus you see my lord, that Miss Walton not only attempted to aspersse exalted innocence, but to corrupt the feeble principle of integrity in this child of nature, by bribing her to falsehood, in order to aid her in her scheme of calumny."

The lip of the peer somewhat fell.—"It is false madam," exclaimed the heiress with a bronzing confidence in which she felt supported by the auxiliation of her opulent parents, "I gave her the dress from being in the habit of throwing such things to my attendants."

"And pray lady Elizabeth, is it not much more evident, that you have bribed the girl to this fabricated tale, by a promise of pardon from the countess?" bawled out my lady Walton. Lady Elizabeth smiled with inexpressible forbearance.

"Nanny," said the countess, "nothing can procure you my pardon but a strict adherence to truth. I detest a liar, and would not suffer one to remain among the many establishments of your lord."—"O my lady," cried the girl bursting into tears, "if this were my dying hour, it is all true as lady Elizabeth says, and Miss Walton knows it."—"You have not been put to the lie, as your lord never descends to interrogate his

emale domestics, but you engaged to lie, which amounts to the crime. Beware then Nanny, henceforward, of your evincing any disposition to be drawn by promises of any kind, from the paths of truth and trust, else, remember, you will compel me to the necessity of dismissing you from my countenance and protection."

Lady Elizabeth now taking a little silk bag from her work-table, showered upon the couch in a hundred pieces, the poem of Miss Clinton, which had so mysteriously disappeared.—" Betty," said her ladyship, " these torn pieces of writing were brought to me by master Molineaux, who had them from you. The paper is the same about which the servants were interrogated, some time back, when it could not then be found: where then, did *you* find it in this dissevered state?"—" In the grate my lady, when sweeping it out, of Miss Walton's dressing-closet." Betty was told she might quit the room.

" Now my lord Elssingham," said lady Elizabeth, " here is another point gained, as evident as the bright beam of a meridian sun. The pencilled note did its own *peculiar* service, but these many lines of writing were the best autography, from the variety

afforded by the infinity of the characters, for aiding the genius, and ensuring the success of the forger: and I hesitate not to pronounce, that the for ever stigmatizing forgery, and the branding work of calumny, malice and revenge, lie in the Walton family!"

On the aspects of lady Walton and her daughter, sat indeed defeated, these frightful passions. Sir Christopher looked astonished and dismayed. De Courtland sat wrapped up within his shell of self, impenetrably neuter: and the earl with a somewhat fallen crest but determined contumacy to support the bad cause, because the good one had frustrated his negotiations, was about to reply to the indefatigable exposer of insulted rectitude, when little Mary Molineaux bursting open the drawing-room door, cried with tears of anger, "See mamma Elizabeth, how Charles has torn my paper fan, that Miss Walton made me."—"Hush my love," said her ladyship taking the fan and plaiting it together to cover the rent, but what words can convey her surprise, when in the folds she discovered in the masculine handwriting of Miss Walton, the memorable signature of the billet-doux

ascribed to Miss Clinton, "*your soul-devoted Euphemia!*"

Her ladyship taking out the pin unfurled the fan, perused it, then read aloud the prototype of the epistle, and demanded of Miss Walton if it was not written by her. —"Certainly; the letter was open when picked up by my mother, and I confess I read it, and conceived it so full of the fire and loyalty of *love*, that it might rank with the famed effusions of Eloisa: and as a curious production of the like kind, I transcribed it, as well deserving a place in the museum of rarities."

"Its fittest place is *your* museum, where it had birth and will never die! for when you yourself will be no more, the disgrace of it will live imperishably to your memory! But it is below lady Elizabeth Lamont, to hold language with you; it is sufficient for her to expose the guilty, protect the innocent, and proclaim *you* young woman, the base author of this production—and if you had not the talent to counterfeit the handwriting of Miss Clinton yourself, you found a qualified abettor, to perform inimitably for you!"

"*Young woman*—" echoed my lady

Walton, with deep emphasis and a face crimsoned with passion while she attempted to proceed, but the humbling substantive stuck in her throat and denied her utterance, till by a wrathful effort she exclaimed, "and pray *old woman*, what harm was there in Miss Walton's transcribing this letter?"

"Nay, good my lady Walton," with ineffable mildness returned the noble betrayer of truths and detecter of falsehoods, "some little reminiscence of *fact* are absolutely necessary, else you will give us reason to conclude that your daughter is a magician, and that she conjured upon the lawn, chair table and writing desk, with all the implements requisite, and transcribed this epistle, in the selfsame moment in which you disentangled it from your gown, and put it into the hand of the earl."

"Here is evidence of the plot, as positive indeed, as proof of holy writ; one circumstance however, appears to have required more than the agency of human treachery; how came the note conjured out of my pocket-book? this I confess amazes me."—"Why should it major Mountford?" asked Miss Verney, "when you recollect the circumstance of my finding your pocket-book in one of the most sequestered walks

of the plantation, where you had not been that day, as you remarked to me, adding that you had been perusing some of its contents, when supinely indulging on one of the banks of the lawn. But there happens frequently a tide of time and circumstance apparently *fortuitously* favourable, in promoting the deeds of the wicked, that seems often denied to the good: but *why*, the omnipotent Ruler, has not wrapped up so inscrutably in the veil of his eternal wisdom, but that he designed his creatures should see, that the adversity of the latter is given them as earnest of his future reward, while the prosperity of the former, leads more strikingly to their ultimate overthrow!"

"A comment highly worthy of the excellence of Miss Verney;" replied Alfred; then turning towards his father, "my lord it is for you to elucidate, how you obtained the note, lodged for months in the recesses of my pocket-book?"—"The note sir," returned the contumacious earl, "notwithstanding your protest against the possibility of its dropping from its place of security, was found. In the act it was presumed, of taking money notes from your pocket-book, to give your servant, the note in question

fell from it unperceived but by Miss Walton, who happened to be walking in the gardens; and ere she arrived to make you sensible that you had dropped it, you had left the spot: happening to come in her path, she delivered it to me, accompanied by the incident that put it in her possession."

"Just so—" exclaimed lady Elizabeth, "the piece is consistently wound up—and making abatement for the treachery of their *memories*, my lady Walton and her daughter, have supported most admirably, their characters through the plot! It is not my wish earl, to animadvert upon the *motive*, but to express my amazement at the revolution in yourself, which has induced you to receive into your mansion and introduce to your illustrious countess, this family upstarted into consequence and the company of the great, from the notoriety of their wealth amassed how! and who seem to have succeeded in subverting your towering aristocratic principles, feudal-derived, inflexible notions of ancestorial dignity, and avowed abhorrence to any alliance, which should mingle with yours, plebeian blood! Religiously speaking, that blood only is plebeian which is corrupted by vice, and

only truly patrician when ennobled by virtue. The crimson flood that gives life to man, and flows alike in the veins of the civilized monarch of Europe and the savage of Zanguebar, is physically of one quality and equally subject to corruption and decay!

"At the pressing invitation of the countess, doctor Clinton committed his daughters to her care, of course to your protection. How have you acquitted yourself my lord, of the trust? you have outraged every rule of good-breeding, decency and respect, due to the birth, virtues and rectitude, which so eminently distinguish them. You have descended from your lofty character and debased yourself, by lending a ready ear to the artful insinuations, malignant statements, false assertions, and diabolic machinations of this family, whose unprincipled conduct, render them totally unworthy of the honour, of having been inmates of the halls of your progenitors."

The earl cut by truths which he felt were unanswerable, shook with anger; "Insolent woman—" he exclaimed, "how dare you thus address me?" and stopping abruptly in his walk, directed his steps to the door, but lady Elizabeth stepped before

it. "The respect due to me, levies a tax upon the attention of every man whom I honour by addressing, and shall be paid even by you haughty lord, however unwelcome my sentiments may be: and I shall fearlessly close those sentiments in a cause that imperatively calls forth every principle within me, of justice, duty and feeling. You have insulted beyond lenity, the virtuous daughters of doctor Clinton. Think you earl, that he will not call you to account for conduct which admits of no palliation? Think you that his laudably independent spirit, will overlook the shock which you have occasioned the peerless objects of his affections? Think you that the *true nobility* of *his* illustrious descent, will not burst forth in parental indignation, at the gross treatment, the shameful violation of respect, manifested by you towards his most blameless and highly adorned daughters? and how reply to the severe inquisition to which assuredly you will be subject?"

Stung to the soul, the earl could contain no longer, and trembling with mortified pride, defeated project, and fermented passion, he rushed from his invincible adversary and left the room. Lady Elizabeth

ordered her chariot to the portal. The agitated sisters aware of her intention, advanced to the countess, and each taking a hand, pressed it to their lips with irrepressible emotions! The general and the brothers unable to command the feelings excited by the detested authors of the mischief, hastily quitted the scene. Miss Verney took a grateful and affectionate leave of her noble hostess: and lady Elizabeth impatient with indignation while the execrable Waltons annoyed her eye, hurried her charges even from the embraces of the countess. Lady Gertrude gliding after them, saluted all with a cold but amiable kindness; and taking the hand of Maryanne said in a tone of tenderness — " I love you dear Miss Maryanne—promise that you will not forget the name of Gertrude."—" That is not possible while she lives in my heart—" she replied, throwing her arms round the fair neck of her ladyship in a warm embrace. The icy fair one again saluted her, and ascended the stairs with a look of reluctance and interest, never before apparent, on the beautiful but lifeless features of lady Gertrude!

Lady Elizabeth seeing her charges placed, ascended the carriage, and as it drove off—a

deep sigh escaped from the bosom of our sisters, as they cast their eyes upon the lofty towers, and took a long—and they feared too reasonably, an everlasting adieu of the castle!

CHAP. IX.

WITH shocked feelings, arrived at the happy cottage of their father, his daughters found a specific awaiting them, in a tender letter full of every thing pleasing, and informing them that he would be at the vicarage in three days. Determined not to leave them till his arrival, it now became the study of their incomparable friend, to divert their minds from the painful review of the scene, which terminated their visit at the castle. The fair trio listened with admiration to the instructive wisdom, virtuous sentiments, and eccentric beauties that flowed from the mouth of this admirable woman. Every idea indeed, however trite, clothed in the language of lady Elizabeth and accompanied by her look and manner, was rendered irresistible. The late scene furnished them with ample matter for moral and

physical discussion. The characters of the complotters by the unerring judgment of lady Elizabeth, were deeply penetrated and accurately defined. But to her pupils, the hidden evil wrapped up in a De Courtland —the depravity of principle revealed in a lady Walton, and the subtle and politic malice, the revenge—found in the youthful bosom of her daughter, were almost incomprehensible, wholly inexplicable, and would have been incredible, but that at a painful cost, they had had too much reason to doubt the reality of such malignant passions. After going along with general principles, they descended into the vale of their own sober and unbiassed philosophy. The imperfections inseparable from our nature, the perfectability unattainable even by those most strenuous in the cause and undeviating from the paths of virtue, the frightful propensities of the radically bad, and the epidemic vices derived from the powerful example of the vicious great—afforded them wide field for inquiry, called forth the rarely cultivated energies of their mind, and the virtues which so highly adorned them.

The following morning after breakfast, they set out to visit the sick, poor, and infirm of the cottagers; administered to their

wants, and supported the afflicted body and depressed mind, by the assuaging language of kindness. After which, they rambled for some time into the recesses of privacy to indulge in reflection, to ramify upon the various sufferings of humanity, and concluded their commiserating survey of evitable and inevitable evils, as they reached the white cottage of Mrs. Beverley. They sat some time with the amiable widow who was cheered to see them; then taking their little pupils with them returned home. A servant from the castle waited for lady Elizabeth, brought her letters from the post, and a note from the countess, inquiring anxiously after the insulted objects of her maternal affection.

Among the letters, one accompanied by a parcel, attracted the attention of her ladyship.—"Here is something that will amuse, and if I may judge from its introductory accompaniment, will afford us something to admire;" said her benevolent ladyship; "here is an object calculated to excite my deepest interest, most compassionating sympathy: a female sunk in the dark waves of poverty and misfortune, yet rising superior to her adverse fate, in elevation of mind, a starving authoress!"

"And where will such, find so mentally-
lberal and commiserating a benefactress, as
ady Elizabeth Lamont?" asked Miss Ver-
ney.—"I trust for the reputation of our
ex, that in such case, many would feel as I
lo."—"Pooh, dear lady Elizabeth," smi-
ingly rejoined Penelope, "our sex have no
eputation to support or lose but in one
oint—there lies our misfortune."

"O ever beneficent Creator!" ejaculated
er ladyship with a sigh, after an attentive
erusal of the appeal of the authoress, "to
what sufferings are not many of thy most
leserving creatures, victims!"

Tears filled the eyes of Euphemia and
limmed the characters of the affecting let-
er.—"Ah! is such complication of misfor-
une the lot of a superior and virtuous fe-
nale?" questioned the amiable Penelope.
—"Does there exist a being who could be
old her tale of adversity, without relieving
er?" cried Maryanne.—"Thousands—"
esponded lady Elizabeth.—"I cannot be-
ieve it;" returned the incredulous girl.

The pretty Beverleys after practising
heir music, repeating their lessons, receiv-
ng fresh instructions, and spending the re-
nainder of the day as happy as angels, were
ent home, and the ladies took up the little

work so painfully achieved. The enchanting accents of lady Elizabeth gave charm to its language, while the energy of its ideas, purity of its principles, and wisdom of its moral, excited their highest admiration. The finest chords of sensibility, vibrated to its touching narrative. Crystaline drops stole down the vermilion cheeks of the Graces, and fiction in her feigned story, purloined tears from the real sorrows of lady Elizabeth.—"Unfortunate merit!" she exclaimed, "thou shalt ever have from me a sigh—a tear—my deep regret—my veneration! The female who could draw in beautiful colours so fine a moral, so excellent a lesson for our sex as this—deserved a better fate than to be consigned to poverty and oblivion!"

Her ladyship wrote instantly to the forlorn authoress; acknowledged the admiration which her work had excited; and enclosed an order upon her banker for twenty pounds. Our ever charitably disposed sisters begged to add five each.—"No," replied her considerate ladyship, "your father is not so rich as his daughters are benevolent."

"And mine" cried Miss Verney, "is richer than his precious darling is charita-

ble; therefore it is but justice to send this ten pound note to one, who has not had her rightful share of the good things of the earth, designed to all, while I have had more than mine."—" Noble girl," cried her ladyship, " you shall be gratified; with the amiable donor's name, I shall send it to the daughter of chilled genius—of unmerited misfortune."

" Why, dearest lady Elizabeth, would you exclude my sister and I, from this gratification of the soul?" asked Maryanne dissolved in tears: her ladyship caught her to her bosom.—" Take our mite my beloved friend;" said Euphemia; " my father allows us yearly, a certain sum for our personal wants, and we rarely spend the half of it for those purposes. Ah! I would go in rags for months to come, to purchase the felicitous reflection, that I had contributed to the alleviation of the sufferings of genius and talents."—" Then you shall go in rags if you will it," replied her ladyship, " and our poor authoress shall take your money, and buy herself a new gown." The lovely features of the sisters were illumined with pleasure as they gave each, their five pounds.

And now Miss Verney anxious to look into the comforts of all there, proposed a

walk to her father's house. They found the lately maltreated Miss Stanley, sitting with the housekeeper whose manners and intelligent countenance, evinced her a person of no common mind. She was a humane, discerning, philosophic Scotchwoman, and when touched upon closely and opposedly in one point, her features lit up, her soul seemed to take fire, enthusiasm supported and supplied her with language, and in a ratio to the opposition with which she met, she became eloquent, and maintained the rights, the merits, the virtues of the house of S—— with so agreeable a dignity and dogmatism, that the generous mind, however much it militated in sentiments, was more charmed than disposed to vituperate her, for her obsolete but tenaciously upheld opinions.

After replying to the kind inquiries of her young lady, the good superintendent left the room, and Miss Stanley followed with the like intention. "Please to take your seat again Miss Stanley," said Miss Verney, "and don't injure your eyes upon my caps." Miss Stanley blushed. Her benefactresses now viewed the interesting being before them. Her soft blue eyes bespoke a soul of the finest feeling. Her

yellow hair in rich profusion glittered in the sunbeam like threads of gold. A species of sweetness exciting the idea of something ethereal, played round a mouth of consummate beauty. "Is this fair, delicate, celestial-looking creature, the same who for many months was subject to the malignant tyranny of Miss Walton? no wonder that she struck that mouth! ah! 'tis well that she left the castle——" mentally said lady Elizabeth.

"How is your lip Miss Stanley?" asked Miss Clinton. "It is so beautiful that I am astonished any thing in the form of humanity, could have injured it:" said Maryanne. Poor Miss Stanley blushed, and her modesty bound spells round the hearts of the friends, whom a happy revolution in her destiny had brought into her path.

"I cannot think of retaining you, in the capacity of my waiting-woman, Miss Stanley;" said Miss Verney.—"I grieve ma'am, that I should be so unfortunate; may I take the liberty of inquiring what is your objection?"—"You are too pretty—your mind is too much cultivated; I should be jealous, *envious* of you; you are a gentleman's daughter too, that to me is an objection so formidable, that I cannot reconcile myself

to it. I should not be able to consider myself your mistress, because I should feel no superiority; I should be tenaciously conscious then, that you *were* my equal, so sure it is that there exists no real distinction but in that of mind. This being my immutable opinion, I would do without a servant forever, rather than retain for that purpose, the too superior Miss Stanley."

Miss Stanley burst into tears; Miss Verney took her hand. "I have rejected you as my servant, Miss Stanley, but I wish to retain you as my friend. I am persuaded that in you, I shall find a congenial companion. I have no sister, no mother—" her filial bosom heaved a sigh, "my beloved friends cannot always be with me; you will be to me as invaluable, as I believe you deserving of my best opinion." Miss Stanley now again overcome with gratitude, dropped tears upon the hand that she raised to her lips.

"Why should such a female as you Miss Stanley, have thought of service?" asked lady Elizabeth.—"Alas! madam, my education has been too defective to admit of my readily finding situations of a superior kind. I am not competently qualified for

that of an accomplished governess, though I have filled preparatory stations of that nature, and circumstances at home were too circumscribed, to suffer me to be nice where there were no alternative."

Miss Stanley modestly obtruded upon her patronesses, the brief biography which she felt indispensable. Her father a man of family, had offended his parents beyond redemption, by marrying against their consent, the woman of his affections, the daughter of a worthy clergyman. If not *fashionably* she was well educated and virtuous in every sense of the word; but the crime her husband divided with her was, her being penniless. The brave Stanley fought the battles of his country and had his reward the bed of honour! the trophies of valour adorned his grave—his disconsolate partner received the pension of a lieutenant's widow, and with four children sunk into oblivion. Her son the eldest, at length obtained a commission, and Miss Stanley her next in years, for the sole purpose of assisting her mother and enabling her to give her younger daughters a little education, had combated with feelings inherently fine and acutely alive to every thing that

pained them, and took upon her the ill-according office of abigail.

"You shall live with me as a sister Miss Stanley, meet as their equal whoever sits at the table of my respectable father, and be treated by him with paternal kindness. You will receive from me a salary sufficient for all your own personal wants, and I engage that my father will provide for the comfort of your mother, and the education of your sisters."

"Ah! most amiable generous Miss Verney! this is too much—" cried the overpowered girl, gratitude sweeping over the chords of sensibility and putting them all in vibration denied her utterance, but she spoke eloquently in a flood of tears. The party viewed her with those exquisite emotions, which can only be generated in such bosoms as theirs.

"The most fortified minds are not proof against that, which assails the dear objects of the heart—" said lady Elizabeth; "in the delightful treat of your father's converse, let us be happy to-night; in the morning I shall leave you; with the tender caution of filial love, you will then mitigate the parental wound, which nature in spite of reason will acutely feel—the task is pain-

ful my dear girls, but it will be best softened by you."

The vicar arrived. His daughters flew to his arms; and the calm transport of so sacred an affection, was communicated to all. With an ardent feeling of esteem, he thanked lady Elizabeth for her more than maternal attentions, pressed her hand to his lips, and the fair cheek of Penelope, acknowledged with a pleasurable flush, his paternal salute. Shortly after, the supper-tray was brought in by the delighted Robert, and joy inspired by the arrival of its master, glowed in every breast within the mansion. Converse pure, benevolent, sublime, profound, such as that heard among the exaltedly good, flowed in graceful language from the lips of this truly select party—charmed reciprocally and bound them indissolubly, in the most permanent, solid, and delightful of all unions, that of the mind!

The following morning, breakfast over, lady Elizabeth paid her parting compliments to the vicar, and took leave of her beloved Graces: but ere she arrives at the castle, we will precede her, and mark the change of scene that had taken place there.

CHAP. X.

General Molineaux remained a couple of hours with the countess, soothed her anguish by deeply participating in it, and hesitated not to stigmatize lady Walton and her daughter, with the turpitude which their manifest guilt had so deservedly incurred: and his suspicions of De Courtland not to be dissipated, grew stronger than ever. The countess shuddered—and sir Charles cautiously aware how fatal the result might be, were he to impart his suspicions to her sons, confined them to the maternal breast, where, from the same powerful motive, they were carefully concealed. He was eloquent in the praises of the admirable sisters, and zealously hoped for the especial happiness of the parties and the honour of the house of Mountford, that, in the vicissitude of human events, however little reason there existed then, to cherish the expectation, they might yet become the spouses of her sons. "O that I may see that day!" she exclaimed. Maternal emo-

tions prophetic of future sorrow to her beloved sons, rending the bosom of the countess, she sighed deeply and dissolved into tears. General Molineaux would have rather witnessed the ensanguined horrors of an action, than an amiable woman in tears. He bid her adieu, pressed her hand to his lips with ardent esteem, then seeking the earl took rather an abrupt leave—kissed and left his children to mamma Elizabeth, and immediately evacuated the castle.

Their machinations brought to a close, the Walton family speedily set off, without daring to meet their noble hostess. Sir Christopher had a short conference with the earl. De Courtland also about to depart, stated to the viscount, that he had received a summons from his sister to repair to his mother, who was considered dangerously ill. "Beware — no subterfuge for your fiendish schemes," exclaimed his hitherto too easy but now somewhat suspecting patron, "swear that that damnable letter, was not the suggestion of your malignant heart—the execrable work of your hellishly prolific head." De Courtland smiled at his long-experienced, volatile wrath.

"By Heaven Bradport, you do me injustice injurious to my own feelings beyond

expression, and to truth itself. May I perish if I suggested the letter or employed a single idea in its composition. Is it not sufficiently satisfactory, that lady Elizabeth discovered the original in the hand of the child?"—" No—who transcribed it in the counterfeited characters of Miss Clinton's hand? I suspect you—did you or did you not?"—" By a soldier's honour——"

The magic words electrified the viscount. They gave him no time to perceive that the reply was a fragment, and neither affirmatively nor negatively an answer to his interrogatory. De Courtland with the ease and smile of an angel, laid his hand upon his heart! " That will do—" cried the ever generous Edward blushing to think that he had taken advantage of his natural depravity, in suspecting him without apparent cause.

" Lady Walton and her daughter, drew me into civilities; as the visitors of the countess, I was compelled consequently, to pay them attention." Mountford entered —the speaker ceased—the eye of the former fell upon him! De Courtland overpowered by its inquisition, took leave of the viscount, mounted his curricle, and

quitted the castle of Elssingham, never more to enter its ancient walls.

Left to themselves reflecting on the harrowing scene just past, our brothers were distracted. Fate gloomy and foreboding hung over them; hope had withdrawn from their sky her fair beams; difficulty, disappointment, and despair, in all the withering of their desolating forms, combined against their softest affections, and the presage of sorrows to come—invaded even the bosom of the gay and sanguine Edward. Nor did reason forbear to whisper most unwelcomely, that the violent opposition of their father to their dearest wishes, was not the most hopeless and debarring point. Would not doctor Clinton severely feel and strongly resent the insulting treatment of the earl, to his most upright and beloved daughters? could he possibly be brought to pardon it, far less give his consent to their alliance with a family, the head of which, had thus violated the respect due to them? would these filially-devoted daughters, ever be brought to marry even where their affections immutably rested, without the *free* consent of such a father? "no, never!" exclaimed our disconsolate brothers.

Thus mentally indisposed and unwilling

to encounter their enraged father, they left the castle for a few days. Lady Gertrude remained with the countess, who found her silent yet kind, cold yet unceasing in her attentions: but her cousin from the vicarage, now solaced the throbbings of her maternal bosom.

"In your mansion, I breathe again its usually pure atmosphere, my dear Almira," said lady Elizabeth as she saluted the countess, "thanks to the beneficent Author of all good, that the fiends who infected it, spread the contagion of malignity, roused discord, and destroyed its harmony, are I hope, banished from it for ever. Furiously blind, what says your lord now?"

"Nothing; the silent, gloomy, foreboding retirement within himself, is more insupportable to me than the eruptions of his temper. Ah! Elizabeth, my heart is cleft in twain—either way, anguish is its portion: I am distracted for the happiness of my sons, I grieve for their father, he is not happy."

"That lack of happiness which we cause in ourselves, is in reality no want of it, but the consequences of folly bring something like it. Better your lord should be unhappy from choice, than that he should

render his sons so, by compulsion. The language of reason is nature's mother-tongue; babies understand it; did both league to dupe them into the belief, that because another *willed* it, it became their duty to be miserable, a laugh of incredulity from the tiny race, would spread from pole to pole."

"Elizabeth, thou art a creature singularly gifted, peculiarly good."

"What think you Almira of the diabolic letter?"—"That it is diabolically worthy of the head, heart and hand, that suggested and executed the iniquitous counterfeit."

"You mean Miss Walton?"—"Of course; would to the supreme Judge! who must have frowned on the wicked transaction, that this worthless family had never entered these halls, by the invitation of their mistaken but truly honourable lord."

"As the main spring there can be no doubt; but unquestionable as are the talents of this *severely* disappointed young lady, she had able auxiliars."—"Lady Walton certainly played her part; I am shocked to think that such moral depravity is to be found in a mother!"

"In inherent wickedness, I believe the knight's lady to be a very phalanx—" returned lady Elizabeth, "but in point of executive talents, she proved herself so clumsily deficient, that she must have been obliged to have recourse to bribery and premium."—"My dear Elizabeth, she was little under the necessity of bribing her daughter; the latter from revenge was too deeply interested in the plot; *she* doubtless constructed the indecent epistle, and as you discovered, in her own hand."

"Yes, but who forged the hand of Miss Clinton in the transcript? trust to my searching eye, it was De Courtland."—"Is it possible! think you? liable to the scrutiny of my Edward; here upon his invitation; however much I disapprove of him as an associate for my too easy and generous son, yet I can hardly think that he would act so perfidious a part."—"The dark, impenetrable, self-shut-up soul of De Courtland, I am inclined to believe, is fit for aught of evil."

The sagacity of lady Elizabeth was unerring. The plot discovered, we must look behind the scenes and view the actors. The attentions of De Courtland had ingratiated him into the good graces of lady Walton,

and congeniality of disposition and talent, soon found its way to the favour and confidence of her daughter. Kindred spirits are drawn towards one another. A look carries volumes of meaning, and deeds are determined upon without language. Love! in the disappointed Miss Walton, had become hatred inextinguishable toward her innocent rival: and revenge whispered De Courtland, now is the time to strike at the happiness and finally destroy—your long-devoted victim!

De Courtland was a gamester without the smallest twitch of conscience. The young, ignorant, and unwary, were the dupes of his destructive vice. Every idea of honesty and justice, were swallowed up in the vortex of this crime. He would have brought to bankruptcy a thousand tradesmen for aught he cared, to discharge a demand of *honour*. Consequently he was always immerged in debt, and preyed ever upon the easy open Bradport. Having marked him for an apposite and certain auxiliar, the plan of malignity was disclosed by the wife and daughter of sir Christopher, for to do justice to the knight, he was ignorant of the impending plot. His employers *had contrived* to learn from De Courtland,

the entangled state of his finances, and were therefore convinced that he would be a *bought* instrument, and the fittest for their purpose. The compact was mutually advantageous; De Courtland had his eye upon the weighty purse of lady Walton, and her ladyship dependantly confided in the talents of De Courtland.

It happened one day as she sat at her writing-desk, that he amused Miss Walton by shewing her with what facility he could counterfeit any hand.—" You have a wonderful talent!" she exclaimed, and it sunk deep in her mind. Those talents then, so secretly appreciated by this lady and communicated to her mother, were now called into practice. They entered into a confederacy, complotted against the unoffending daughters of Dr. Clinton, and sought to obtain materials for the work. Walking one day on the banks of the lawn, Miss Walton found a pocket-book. Honour not being *strictly* a denizen of her breast, she hesitated not to examine its contents, found it belonged to him who had sorely wounded her pride and roused her vindicative passions, and taking from it the slip of paper so unwelcome to the eyes of Euphemia, dropped the pocket-book in the plan-

tation, where it was found it will be remembered, by Miss Verney. Thus dishonourably obtained she determined the document should be of service, though she feared not sufficient to ensure a successful copy of Miss Clinton's hand, the characters being in pencil. The poem written by her on the death of her friend, occurred. Vigilant as Argus, having observed lady Elizabeth deposit it among some music belonging to her favorites, she watched her opportunity, possessed herself of it, and thus furnished, commenced the work of malice, and wrote the letter detected by her ladyship, in the hand of the general's little girl. At the period of getting up the plot, this bud of beauty, darting into the dressing-room of Miss Walton, and perceiving her at her desk amid mingled letters, demanded one to make a fan—" Because I am so hot with that tiresome sun."—" There take *that*," said the lady pointing to one which she had received from her dress-maker, hastily flying to the window on hearing a shout of exultation in the voice of major Mountford, who it so happened, was wrestling with his brother on the lawn, unconscious that an eye sat upon them. The tall manly graceful form of Mountford in sportive activity,

his fair hair in the sunbeams shining like gold, and his whole person appearing radiantly lovely, fixed her attention.—"O do make me a fan Miss Walton," cried the little girl putting into her hands her own vile forgery. The attention of the lady being completely absorbed in her stolen view, she plaited the fan, pinned it together, and gave it to the child, unknowing that she had betrayed herself beyond redemption, in thus furnishing direct and positive evidence of the criminal malice of her heart. The little Mary with that unaccountableness often found in children of the *large growth*, set a high estimate upon her paper fan, while she neglected and left lying any where, a beautiful ivory one given her by the countess. But the paper fan was destined for a wiser purpose than to fan the lovely face of Mary. A vigilant sprite was delegated to preserve it for the two days that it was in the hands of its possessor, when on the third, the incorporeal agent put it into the hot hand of master Charles Molineaux, who fanning himself in derision, with all his might and main, much to the amusement of his little sister, most *fatedly* rent it: a shriek of regret fled the tender bosom of Mary, when Truth instant-

ly descended from her radiant throne, to sit on tribunal at the trial going on, and though unseen by mortal eye, entered the saloon with the aggrieved Mary, at the critical moment! And now follows the fate of the lost poem. Having successfully answered the purpose for which it was purloined, after tearing it into pieces, it was committed by Miss Walton to her grate and as she believed to everlasting oblivion. But it was doomed to find no grave there. The day proved to be that one appointed by Betty, for a thorough sweeping out, in doing which, she swept into her apron the dissevered pieces of the poem. Shortly after, descending the stairs, Mrs. Betty was impeded in her progress by master Molineaux, who lying on the steps, clasped her limbs crying—" Now Betty, tread on my body I give you leave if you can."—" Let me go master Charles," said Betty impatient to proceed, " else, though it is summer, I shall rain down snow upon you."—" O do Betty I am so hot." No sooner said than done, the contents of the apron bestrewed the sportive chevalier, and Betty made off. Supinely extended, for lack of better sport, Charles examining the pieces, with the *quick eye of* youth, soon discovered the

beautiful characters of Miss Clinton's hand and the poem the subject of which, had drawn tears from him in all the loveliness of juvenile feeling. Collecting every bit, he sprung up and hastening to lady Elizabeth, showered into her lap the lost poem.

Thus, having supplied him with the means and her own composition of the letter, Miss Walton *exhorted* De Courtland to exert all his talent to transcribe it, in counterfeited characters of Miss Clinton's hand. He willingly undertook it; guaranteed that no eye should be able to detect a difference; and presenting it with the documents shortly after, proved how well and expeditiously, he had performed his task. The projectors were overjoyed on beholding the inimitable performance. The performer enlisted in their future service; and lady Walton not deficient in holding out bounty, presented him with a bond for a thousand pounds: but ere he put his hand upon it and gave up his masterpiece, he required that the utmost secrecy and circumspection, should be observed respecting his name, and that they should even in *appearance*, slacken in their attentions to him. To these points of stipulation, his employers readily agreed.

The wily De Courtland now hugged himself in the consciousness that he had made a good bargain, and he looked beyond it to far more extensive and permanent advantage. This inexplicable being, seemed one of the outcasts of Nature, formed and afterwards abandoned by her, as her work in one of her most unaccountable and misanthropic humours. He had none of the natural love of man for woman, nay, he disliked all the sex, but he could pay homage, court and courtesy, to those females, who were in any way instrumental to his subtle views. His object was the hand of Miss Walton; all he cared for, her West Indian property and immense wealth!

CHAP. XI.

How a being whose dearth of every amiable quality and manly virtue, and whose evil propensities were notorious in boyhood, could have warped himself round the generous soul of Bradport, may appear inexplicable. But that generous feeling paved the way, and laid him open to the machinations *of this physically* debased being. Notwith-

standing the obliquity of his own conduct, the heart of Bradport rejected De Courtland; and his judgment perspicacious and sound, consequently led him to despise the man, who degraded himself by administering to his vices. This intimacy began at Eton school, that juvenile republic where inherent qualities good and bad, are assimilated in the mass, and associated familiarly together. A circumstance frequently occurring and unavoidably existing in such a numerous establishment, introduced De Courtland to the notice of the young viscount. He caught him one day, beating unmercifully, a little, delicate boy. "Coward," exclaimed the youthful lord, "I will knock thy dastardly soul out of thee:" with one blow he felled him to the ground. De Courtland rose but did not return it. "He called me a liar and would not retract," he said, "and you are the only boy in the school whose blow to me would not be attended with vengeance."

"Vengeance is the weapon of the assassin thou spiteful rascal," cried a mild voice behind him, "why not return the blow now? no, thou wilt beat this boy so much less able than thyself, but thou hast no soul to cope with thy match or resent an insult,

but by vengeance in the dark!" The accusing spirit was Alfred Mountford. From that moment the seeds of implacable hatred and revenge, took deep root in the genial soil of the youthful De Courtland.

Edward sat in judgment upon himself. *He* gave the blow, De Courtland did not return it. The imbecility of body and disparity of years in the maltreated boy, he considered, demanded his interference and protection. Yet, notwithstanding the cowardly conduct of the oppressor, he had received provocation. To be called a liar was no light matter: what boy of spirit could possibly pass over the defamatory epithet? moreover De Courtland in his called-forth resentments, had avowedly made him an exception. Having no idea of the flattery of self-love, *that* to the noble conception of the viscount, particularly entitled him to his fullest equity. He was hated too, this to the philanthropic soul of the reasoner, was the climax of human misfortune! he pitied him accordingly. His evil propensities were so generally known and often felt, that he was suspected when he had no hand in the work of malice. Where a malevolent act could not be traced to its author, it was concurrently ascribed to De

Courtland. If a sly deed of vengeance had been consummated by some of the boys, with unusual circumspection and dexterity, the policy of the actor was deemed worthy of entitling him to contest the palm, with De Courtland. These reflections revolving in the feeling breast of Bradport, he felt in all the glowing warmth of youthful charity, that he was thrown upon his compassion. From that hour the serpent fastened on his noble prey; was ever ready to comply with all his wishes; support him in his innoxious enterprizes, second him in his boyish vagaries, and servilely shift and shape himself, to the impetuous sallies of his ardent temper. Herein, the subtle politician found his account. When his malice drew upon him the resentment of the injured, and the united contempt and exposure of the school, he sculked behind their favourite the viscount, and sought shelter in his influence and generosity. And who were inclined to oppose when he pleaded? none: the Quintilian brothers, for so they were generally denominated, were admired, copied, feared and loved. In such cases, Bradport never failed to bring off the culprit. The noble qualities of the youthful lord, his soul open as day, the fire of his vivid temper, and his

fine natural talents and juvenile oratory, fell upon the hearts that loved him and silenced those who could not contend with the like advantages, the cause in question. "I plead not my schoolfellows," he would harangue, "for any abatement of the aversion which the malice of De Courtland has drawn upon him; my own feelings remind me that I cannot expect it; but for a mitigation of punishment. Let us not drive him beyond the probability of reform, by harsh judgment and exclusion, nor unchristian-like, leave him to his own musings. Be ours the duty to divert him from the dark fosterings of his malign disposition. So evil a nature demands the benefit of being contrasted and if possible subdued, by the example of your good qualities. This is what we owe him, and depend upon it boys, your noble souls will never appear more elevated, than when with a merciful compassionate feeling, you lend your aid to save from falling—the ill-disposed De Courtland.

"May we not ask whether this unfortunate boy, is not by nature, radically disposed to evil? if so, we ought to commiserate him. He incurs no animadversion for the propensities innately given him, nor is the

any merit due to you, for the good qualities, with which you are favourably gifted. But let me start a question better calculated for our boyish understandings. De Courtland when an infant, lost his father: might not then, his moral education have been defective? Consigned to them, his early teachers might have been rigid, ill calculated to conciliate his affection or discern the properties belonging to him. The good might have been perverted, and the bad confirmed by the means taken to eradicate it. My beloved brother and all of you are at a loss to account for my sufferance of a being, so dissimilar to myself and obnoxious to the school. I protest my heart acknowledges him not—my soul recoils at his serpent-like venom and implacability; nor have I given him any encouragement to attach himself to me: on the contrary I have assumed the power vested only in his masters, in beating him frequently for his malignant acts to the junior classes. But I grieve for him—the malevolent must ever be unhappy, consequently De Courtland is miserable! He stands singly opposed to the many, ready to crush him with the severe but self-earned contumely which he merits.

"It has ever been my folly whatever the xtent of the demerit, to be inclined to the upport of the weak side. Whether calamity r misconduct has been the cause, is less vith me a matter of consideration, than the lepressed condition of the object. This is ufficient to engage me. I confess that this lisposition savours more of the gratification f my own feelings, than a commendable upport of the principles of public or pri-vate justice. He has thrown himself upon ne, can I then, eject him? no, I cannot vith common charity, with *honour*, leave im to the brunt of that warfare, to the ig-iominy, which I readily admit he has pre-pared for himself: nor will I abandon him vhile a hope remains, that he may yet bring orth or acquire even but a single virtue, if not turned over to the solitary working of his ingenious malice. Join with me then, ny generous school-mates in affording him countenance, when guiltless of misdemea-nour. Shall we not be amply repaid in fu-ure for present forbearance, in the rich re-flection, that by our example and associa-tion with him, we have rescued from ruin, a boy educated under the same roof with ourselves, and claiming our interest in his fate through life? Necessity, maturity of

intellect, reason may effect a change. Many of us are destined for the army, so is he: can we then, doomed as we may be to mingle our blood on the same plain with him, divest ourselves of an interest in his future welfare? no. Perhaps then, my gallant compeers, by our united means we may yet preserve and send into the field, a man of honour! who shall approve himself there a brave soldier! honourably fight, gloriously conquer, or nobly fall—in defence of his king and country!"

Such were the language and sentiments of a boy of fourteen, and so great were the powers of his eloquence and influence, over the hearts and passions of his juvenile audience, that De Courtland's act of disgrace, whatever it was at the time, was forgotten in the pity, which his counsel excited for him. Thus, it will appear, that if he dared not hope to find his way to the noble heart of Bradport! he lingered at its many inlets, watched its generous overflowings, marked its wants, its wishes—and insidiously managed to make him feel, that he was an indispensable agent, or as his facetious employer himself styled him, his 'evil genius.' Evil indeed! a malign satellite that threw its baneful shadow over

the bright planet, which shed upon it its protecting beams.

De Courtland was incorrigible! because he possessed intellectual strength and capacity equal to the work of reformation, but these advantages were only employed to conceal the natural depravity of his character, and promote the accomplishment of the meditated deed. Revenge! was his ruling passion; but it was not wasted in the ebullitions of anger, nor expended in the act of violence, nor heard in denunciation, nor seen in manifest hatred and open hostility. No, De Courtland could dissemble well! he studied the means of gratifying this master-passion, and possessed every talent requisite. His revenge was systematical, the process of a sagacious, digested policy. He was calm, and apparently heedless when most at work, but ever watchful, never lost sight of his object. He could wait patiently, suspend his vengeance for weeks, months, years—it must be complete! No incautious politician, he was slow that he might strike effectually, his long devoted victim! Rosy Peggy ill-fated maid! can the dark records of revenge exemplify a deed so consummately monstrous,

as that which blighted thee early and laid thee low? Smiling amidst thy simple joys, blooming in all thy native innocence, does not conscience place thee before him now, and strike terror to his guilty soul?

Near the college of Eton lived the father of this unfortunate girl. He was a gardener, had an excellent orchard, and at his neat white cot, would meet the young, gay, sons of learning, to eat his apples, and listen with all that interest natural to youth, to the unlettered philosophy of Ambrose Philips. He had a sick wife and six children to maintain, and Peggy the eldest only thirteen, was the blessing of her afflicted mother, tenderly attended to the wants of her little brothers and sisters, shared the toils of her father, carried his fruit to market, and managed their concerns with an economy and judgment, that might have served as example to maturity of years. Her dutiful conduct and sweet disposition, had gained her the goodwill of all the village, and the approbation of the high families around. Nature had no less favoured this innocent girl. Her sparkling black eyes, ruby lips, clustering chesnut locks, and smiling looks, prepossessed every one in her favour, and the deep die of her dim-

pled cheek, had procured her the appellation of "Rosy Peggy."

A neighbour of her father's had sent his son to market, with the best fruits of his garden. The lad was met by a party of the juvenile members of the school. "What have you got in your panniers, *ass* greater than the one you drive?" cried the malignant De Courtland.—"Nowght for you master;" replied the boy well acquainted with his evil disposition.—"*Nowght* for any one else then," cried the ringleader of mischief; so saying he pushed the boy from the path into the ditch, and giving the word of command to his adherents, who from fear were subservient to him, they tore the panniers from the sides of the unresisting animal, and sent their excellent contents after the owner, who blinded with gravel and mud, could make no effort to defend his fruit, nor resent the outrage committed upon him. The work of malice accomplished, the heart of De Courtland was the lighter for it; and with jibes, laughter, and bitter sarcasms, he exulted in the pitiable plight to which he had reduced the unoffending boy. But measure for measure, is a sound text in justice, and the in-

jured father availing himself of it, watched his opportunity, seized upon the young delinquent, and inflicted upon him the corporal punishment, which he would have bestowed upon his son, had he so disgraced him.

The degraded De Courtland in the merited chastisement, found abundant fuel for his predominant vice. Revenge determined upon, he laid up his hour of freedom for that purpose. His plan concerted, the good man absent, he stole forth like another Fawkes, for the work of destruction: set fire to a quantity of straw by sending squibs amongst it, and damaged otherwise, the humble premises of this industrious son of labour. Certain of the quarter whence came the mischief, the sufferer laid his complaint before the masters. The offender was unknown, but from character and circumstance, suspicion fell upon De Courtland. A diligent investigation took place, to discover the perpetrator. The terrified De Courtland now hopeless of escaping detection, threw himself as usual, upon the generous compassion of the viscount.—"Curse thy black soul," exclaimed his noble protector, "I blush for my honour that I should have so often defended a wretch, capable of maltreating the un-

offending child of industry, and hellishly destroying the property of his father. I abandon thee now thou serpent! henceforward, for ever."

The cringing supplicant threw himself at his feet. The disgusted Bradport spurned him from him, but his feeling heart prompting him, he sought the head masters, affirmed that though suspicion fell upon one whose notoriety in malicious deeds justly subjected him to be suspected, yet, the act of outrage in question, was not his.—"Whose then?"—"Mine—*I* did the deed—"—"We believe it not," was the unanimous voice: they asserted that he was incapable of such black malice.—"Deceive not yourselves my respected teachers; we know not what we are capable of, till the passion urges to perpetration."—"Bradport away—you are not the friend of this wicked boy in attempting to screen him from punishment. The generous falsehood we pardon, but it is insult to our judgment to expect credence, and to do justice to the injured, it is our duty to punish the guilty."—"Have a care then, that you fall not short of discernment, and sear your conscience with having punished one boy, for *the misdemeanour* of another."

The masters internally convinced from his amiable disposition, that the young lord was not the offender, and well acquainted with the noble but unsubduable spirit he possessed, looked significantly at one another, and the mode of procedure was understood.—" You are guilty then, of the offence?"—" Yes;" firmly answered the viscount.—" Then you know your fate; corporal chastisement is adjudged you, in the presence of the school." Every manly, indignant feeling, rose on the noble soul of Bradport, and rushing into his face, rendered it radiantly lovely.

" I will pay fifty times the loss sustained; submit to be denied the light of heaven, and immured in a dungeon as dank and horrible as those of the inquisition; by bread and water keep soul and body together; but by the blood of the brave—by that of the valiant soldier flowing in these veins, I vow that cord, strap nor rod, shall not come in contact with my body. Think not that I shrink from pain, no, tortures racks and wheels I could endure; but by the soul that governs me, I will never suffer the ignominy of a flogging—no, disgrace shall never brand its mark upon Edward Mountford!"

"*That* you cannot possibly prevent, as by your own confession you are already branded;" returned the head master; "punishment is only the consequence, the disgrace lies in the guilty act, how then young viscount, with all your nobility, and aspiration to arrive at the renown of a brave soldier, will you be able to efface the brand which proclaims you to the world, the premeditated, malicious destroyer, of a poor man's hard-earned property?"

The question was unanswerable! A blush crimsoned the cheeks of the viscount. His judges looked at each other. A buzz was heard in the passage; when one of the ushers entering said, that gardener Philips's daughter declared that she must see the principal. The young man had hardly concluded, when Rosy Peggy rushed into the room. Her cheeks were flushed deep with agitation, tears stood in her bright eyes, and the attention of the learned inquisitors, was turned upon the lovely girl.

"O gentlemen, pray don't punish the Quintilian brothers; it was neither of *them* did the mischief; they never do a wicked thing but all the good they can; every body loves them; many a time they have helped *my poor dear* mother, to walk about the

garden; they maintained Gregory Green, all the time he was lying ill with his broken leg; and old Jenkins is to have twenty pounds a-year from them, as long as he lives; surely then gentlemen, two such dear good youths, could have never injured a poor man who has to work hard for his family."

"Who then, my girl, is the guilty boy?" interrogated the superior. — "Ah! sir, I don't like to tell tales—it isn't right."— "When it assists the inquiries of justice, leads to the discovery of the guilty, and exculpates the innocent, it is strictly right, and your duty my good girl, to give all the information of which you seem possessed."

"Have I not declared sir, that *I* am the culprit?" — "O my lord," cried Peggy, "why do you say so? you wish to screen him—honoured gentlemen, this is his goodness, don't believe him." — "He pleads guilty—ushers do your duty."—"O blessed Redeemer!" exclaimed the terrified Peggy, "as I hope to be saved, it was not him, it was—O dear me must I bring him to punishment—it was master De Courtland—I saw him with my own eyes. Wicked thing as it is gentlemen, I should not have informed against him, but I was told just now when I came with fruit, that one of

the Quintilian brothers had confessed that *he* had done the mischief, and I should have never forgiven myself if lord Bradport or his brother had suffered, who never harmed a soul living."

Peggy was admired and commended by the masters, for her gratitude, her love of truth, her just feeling that the innocent should not be suffered to stigmatize himself in his generous endeavour to cover the guilty, and for her well-known exemplary conduct. The viscount received the applause which such excess of generosity naturally excited, and the admiration due to the noble attributes that distinguished him; but was admonished against the almost inevitable evils which at a future period awaited him, in a continued intimacy with his ill-disposed adherent; and that even his virtues would be tarnished by it, as proof of which, they bid him remember that however admirable his conduct was, on the present occasion for generosity and humanity, these virtues in the bad cause, had to find their way through the degrading channel of falsehood—and that however generous, amiable or harmless, the motive may be, that no person can deviate from truth,

without sinking and that for ever—a certain portion of the fund of his integrity! De Courtland suffered the debasing stripes, to which sooner than have submitted, his noble protector would have been broken on the wheel! and when left to his dark meditations, to himself exclaimed—"Rosy Peggy, I will remember thee!"

An orphan boy taken from the widowed breast, that had for six months nourished him till the hand of death chilled the maternal spring, was left destitute and found in a lowly, hard-working couple, the tenderness which he had lost in his natural parents. William was beautiful as the early morn, gilded by the opening beams of the eastern sun. Eyes of heaven's bright azure, languished with angelic sweetness; clustering curls of golden hair, hung over his snowy temples; and Flora might have been proud to boast, that she had died his cheeks with her fairest roses. This charming boy was as amiable in soul as beautiful in person. Every endearing quality of the heart, dawned with his earliest morn. Truth and honour were stamped upon his open countenance. In the artless language of unsophisticated nature, he expressed his feelings or told his tale. Melody was in his

voice, premature wisdom fell from his rosy lips, and he needed but to be seen and heard, to gain an interest in the heart of the beholder. He loved with filial affection, the worthy pair who had cherished his tender years, and that he might be enabled to refund them, was the petition of his orisons. All the village loved him. The schoolmaster taught him reading, writing, arithmetic and French, and sought no better recompence than the uncommon progress made by his interesting and grateful pupil. The good dame Russell and gardener Philips's wife, had been inseparable in youth and in their married state, lived in close neighbourhood. William was three years older than Peggy. At that infantile period he shewed signs of the embryo attachment, which afterwards mingled with his being and carried him to the grave! An early daisy, the largest cherry, a red-cheeked apple, a bit of mamy Russell's sweet cake, was carried immediately to the cradle of the baby Peggy. In the simplicity and happiness of their humble lives, years unvaried passed away, and brought only in their revolutions increase of affection, and the closer union of their juvenile hearts. The powerful stimulant to their minds, to the inde-

fatigable performance of labour, was, when all was done, the meeting in the evening with each other. Virtue will ever find friends among the good. The schoolmaster marked the diligent application of the blooming boy, the solidity of his understanding, the quickness of his comprehension. To the clergyman of the parish, he represented the amiable disposition of his pupil, his natural talents, his competence in recommendatory qualifications, and the necessity of putting him in a way of getting bread. The constant attendance of William at church, his orphan state, and remarkable beauty which could hardly fail to interest the beholder, had drawn upon him the observation of the reverend pastor, and the attestation of his good conduct and abilities from his benevolent teacher, procured him immediately this good friend. Dr. Glenn had a brother who commanded an East Indiaman. He wanted a clerk. William was strongly recommended. Captain Glenn saw him, required no more! and engaged him immediately. He was then sixteen years of age, and had sailed for India about a month previous to the malicious act of De Courtland, in which his being detected and necessarily convicted

by Peggy, rooted his vengeance against and marked her for destruction!

William made three voyages to India, and at the age of twenty-two, was restored to his native island with a heart overflowing with affection, gratitude, every good feeling, and with unimpaired integrity and virtue: blooming in health and beauty, loaded with the favours of his generous captain, and possessed of one thousand pounds. Happiness equal to his most ardent wishes, seemed in store. It was now he determined to unite himself to his beloved Peggy. Consulting his worthy friends Dr. Glenn and the author of all his good fortune his kind schoolmaster, they took a warm interest in his welfare, and a small farm was procured him. After having traversed oceans, it was now his happiness to be settled beside, to watch the wants, and repay the kindness of those who had laboured for his support and cherished his infant helplessness. His faithful Peggy richly lovely in virtue and all the luxuriant beauty of nineteen, was to be the dearly-prized reward of his devoted love. Felicity they trusted, approached to crown them with her sweetest flowers: and through a vista of many years, presented scenes of conjugal

harmony and love, and of domestic enjoyment, though in the lowly vale of humble life. De Courtland came—entered the honest gardener's, and his first inquiry on seeing him, was after his old friend "Rosy Peggy." Pleased to see him but more anxious to learn intelligence of her dear Quintilian brothers, she appeared immediately. He beheld her blooming in smiling innocence and native beauty; gratified all her inquiries respecting her favourite Quintilian brothers; in his turn inquired after William, and learning that he meant to settle at home, concluded laughingly, that he would now make a match of it.—"With the will and blessing of God! as we have those of our parents;" confirmed the pious Peggy. — "When then my blooming friend?" asked De Courtland.—"A month hence;" replied the blushing girl. William entered. De Courtland was struck with his manly figure and the maturity of that beauty, which when a boy, had created an interest in all who beheld him. Proffered to him on his entrance, William cordially shook the hand which, though it meant not to raise the assassin's dagger, was about to strike the death-blow! to his devoted heart. The blooming lover presented a

nosegay of chosen flowers, to his blushing mistress, and paid himself by applying his rosy lips to her damask check. De Courtland writhed within himself, not with the warm and natural feelings of the masculine heart, but with the agonizing envy of the serpent, that sickened at the felicity of the pair of paradise, before their fall.

Ten days before that one, fixed to crown their faithful loves and unite their destinies, Peggy went about three miles off, to invite to her wedding, her friends and relatives. On her return, to shorten the way, she turned out of the public road, and sought a path through an umbrageous wood, well known to her. Through the veil of futurity, tracing scenes of felicity with her beloved William in the years to come—she fleeted lightly amidst the foliage of the overshadowed paths, thoughtless of evil because unacquainted with it. A rustling amongst the underwood created a feeling unknown to her before. "This must be fear," she thought, but she knew not what she dreaded. She looked towards the spot whence came the sound, when dividing the concealing bushes, De Courtland sprung into sight; she felt relieved—it was an old *friend!*—"Peggy," he exclaimed, "sin

years ago I said, that I should remember thee! *now*, I will prove the fidelity of my memory and the integrity of my intention. Think you my joyful blooming maid, I have forgotten that to save your favourite lordling the punishment he voluntarily sought, to the tutors you revealed me? no, it was *too memorable* an act of *justice*, and trust me it shall have its return—" so saying, with an exulting grin he rushed upon the horror-struck Peggy, and grappled her in his demoniac embrace. His long-devoted, overpowered victim, shrieked and struggled, till life suspended—could struggle no longer!

In a state of insensibility, with her lovely face pale as the cheek of death, her luxuriant tresses in disorder, she was found by her worthy friends John Russell and John Roberts. With tears in their eyes, as they stood over the ruins of the lovely maid, conviction struck the shrewd-minded Roberts. "As I hope for salvation," he said, "I believe this to be the wicked work of that young villain De Courtland. He was a vindictive boy, and I predicted that he would turn out a bad man. He has been seen here, for some time, loitering in our neighbourhood." The fatal circumstance

in all its horrors, revived with her returning senses. Distraction seized her brain. The sight of William increased her agonies.—" Let him not touch me," she cried, " he will become like a blasted tree—my dishonoured breath will wither him up—his lovely cheeks will bloom no more if pressed to mine—O wicked De Courtland —I see you are digging my William's grave — look! look! he comes — hide my William dear father, from the malicious youth—" Such, were the heart-rending ravings of this ill-starred, virtuous maid. Let feeling if it possibly can, paint the anguish of her distracted lover. Nature at length exhausted, the frenzy and fever subsided.—" My beloved William we must part—" she said, " our faithful hearts are ill-prepared—in the cradle they were joined and the grave shall not divide them! Ah! to be the wife of William! was my earliest wish, fondest hope, sweetest joy! a few days and I should have been your happy bride—O my Heavenly Father! teach me to be resigned — weep not my William, death is now my kindest friend!" Her faithful lover in all the agony of sorrow, pressed her to his lacerated heart. " O live *my beloved* Peggy, for my sad sake! sure

a villain's crime can leave no stain on thee! thy pure soul incapable of a foul impression, can receive no taint of guilt. Ah! dearer still for all thy sufferings, art thou to my devoted heart. O treasure of my soul! live to bless the arms of thy betrothed husband!"—"Never my beloved William—it is past! I am dying—should you ever see lord Bradport and his brother, say, Rosy Peggy blessed them with her dying breath—I grow faint my beloved—O my sweet William weep not thus—we shall meet in those happy mansions, where the wicked cannot come to part us more! For your Peggy's sake, live to comfort my dear disconsolate parents—to cherish your own. Visit my mouldering remains—and when the sigh of sorrow heaves your faithful breast, take comfort there! Drop the precious tear of love upon my grave—and as the grass grows over it, remember underneath sleeps your Peggy—who loved you all her life and in death—O how dearly! my William, one fond last embrace—" Death now making hasty strides towards his victim, she sunk upon her pillow, and the slumbers of her last sleep—shortly after closed those brilliant eyes, that so lately sparkled with health and joy.

A death-bell tolled—it struck mournfully on the ear of Alfred as he rode at a slow pace, musing with a pensive feeling on the past scenes, the well remembered circumstances, the exuberant hilarity, and the harmless frolics of his school-boy days. "Hear you that solemn knell James? some poor old soul perhaps, worn down with the cares and struggles of a calamitous destiny; sunk under his number of years and accumulation of infirmities; consigned at length to his long-wished-for bed, the peaceful grave! where none can molest him."—"There go the mourners sir, and if we may judge from the number of weeping girls arrayed in white, I should say that it is some lately new-made wife or blooming maid."

"That is a cruel idea James, why obtrude it on my mind? the fancy of the old man's bones being laid at rest, is a soothing reflection; but the image of the new-made wife or blooming maid torn from the arms of her lover, harrows my soul."—"We must all die sir, the old must and the young may;" composedly replied James who had not only the advantage of his master by twenty years, but possessed the enviable

property of not being liable like him, to painfully-fine and acute affections.

The train of death wound slowly on toward the church. Alfred turning his horse that way, on foot, entered the burying ground. Something irresistible drew him to the spot of interment. Dust to dust—and the covering earth closed over the newly deposited tenant of the grave! "Whose remains be they just laid in this lowly bed?" inquired Alfred of an old woman, who after the mourners departed, made up to the grave, and stood smiting her breast and exhibiting tokens of the deepest woe. "One! who often brought me food when I had none; who helped me to rise when these aching hands could do nothing for me; who clothed me when I had nothing to keep me warm; ah! good young sir, you are surely a stranger here, else you would not need to be told, nor would your sweet eyes be dry, at the untimely grave of Rosy Peggy."

"Rosy Peggy—my God!" a quick heaving agitated his feeling breast; a friendly flood came to his relief; and with his tears he watered the newly-formed earthy bed—of his juvenile favourite, Rosy Peggy! Emptying his purse into the trembling

hand of the old woman, he mounted his horse absorbed in feelings too exquisite, for description. Our amiable sentimentalist, on a visit to a friend in the vicinity of Eton, rode the following morning to the once happy cottage of Ambrose Philips, but the silence of sorrow reigned there! He met mourning parents whose prop in age and dearest source of happiness, had just been consigned to an early grave! and sad and desolating to the domestic scene, was the blank left behind. From the disconsolate father he learned the particulars of the horrid tale! The young and virtuous Alfred was confounded in the contemplation of a deed so monstrous! "Accursed be the fiend in human shape who could act thus! may detestation pursue him—" exclaimed the noble youth in all the effervescence of his feeling heart. The grief-struck father pressed the hand which in juvenile frolic, had oft come in contact with that of his Peggy's; prayed the God of battles the Father of all, to shield him and his brother in the hour of danger; to preserve and send them home to their parents and country; to keep them in the path of righteousness, and from the wicked!

One consequent event remains to be add-

ed to wind up the sad tale. William daily sunk from the hour that severed him from his Peggy. In vain he had recourse to employment and the discharge of his duties to divert his mind. The form of his Peggy blooming in all its native loveliness, appeared to him in every path, which they had both so early and gaily trod: shared his labours, smiled upon him, and to his morbid imagination, presented all the happiness which he had so fondly anticipated and nearly attained. But reality, cruelly undeceiving with her stubborn pencil of fact, traced in characters of agony, the destruction—the sufferings, of the beloved of his heart! The rising and setting sun witnessed him watering with his tears her untimely grave! For many an hour it was his bed of rest, when weary from his own that denied him repose, he stole by break of day to stretch him there! in the mourning voice of woe to repeat her name, his everlasting vows—his endless love! Melancholy admitting of no diversion, his health daily declined and he rejoiced in the prospect of death. He lingered six months and on his deathbed, thanked the Almighty for having blessed him with the means of leaving a provision for the worthy couple

who had so tenderly cherished his infantile years. He willed them his little farm and all it contained with two hundred pounds. To the parents of his beloved Peggy, he left one hundred and fifty pounds, and fifty to the kind schoolmaster, who had been the means of his good fortune. The last request of the dying lover was, that he might be laid in the same grave with her whom he had so fatedly loved! Thus, the same last bed, contained the pair, who in the cradle side by side, had often slumbered in infantile peace. Their hearts could not be divided and their kindred dust mingled together!

The crime in all its enormity, was related by Alfred to his brother, with the subsequent consequences of suffering and sorrow. "Perdition seize the monster who could blast thy happiness Rosy Peggy, innocent maid!" exclaimed the young lord, "cursed be my criminal weakness in having so long countenanced this serpent, incorrigibly evil as he is."

"Lament rather my dear Edward, that your benevolence and easy nature, have laid you open to the influence of this perfidious, inexplicable wretch."—"By Heaven!" exclaimed Bradport, "I renounce him for ever!

from this hour we exchange words no more—nor shall he fail to hear from me in language suited to my indignation, with what horror and detestation I view the deed! that will for ever blacken his execrable name."

Shortly after, under the auspices of their general, sir John Moore, our brothers embarked for Spain, and at the same time, the guilty perpetrator of this inhuman act. Though attached to the same division the fraternal friends knew him not; no recognition of early acquaintance was suffered to pass their lips; and the disgust-inspired Edward and Alfred, consigned him to their contemptuous oblivion. In the progress of this eventful war, the siege of Badajos arrived. It was then in that dreadful work the storming of the castle, when the valiant leaders of the British troops were wounded and hardly a commanding officer escaped, that our gallant brothers in the desperate action, were doomed to witness each other's blood; and the hand of Alfred that had saved and supported his wounded brother—received a ball that mingled its crimson stream with his: and while the loud shouts of victory rung its animating sounds on their fainting ears, they were

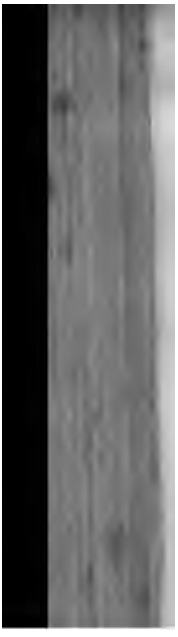
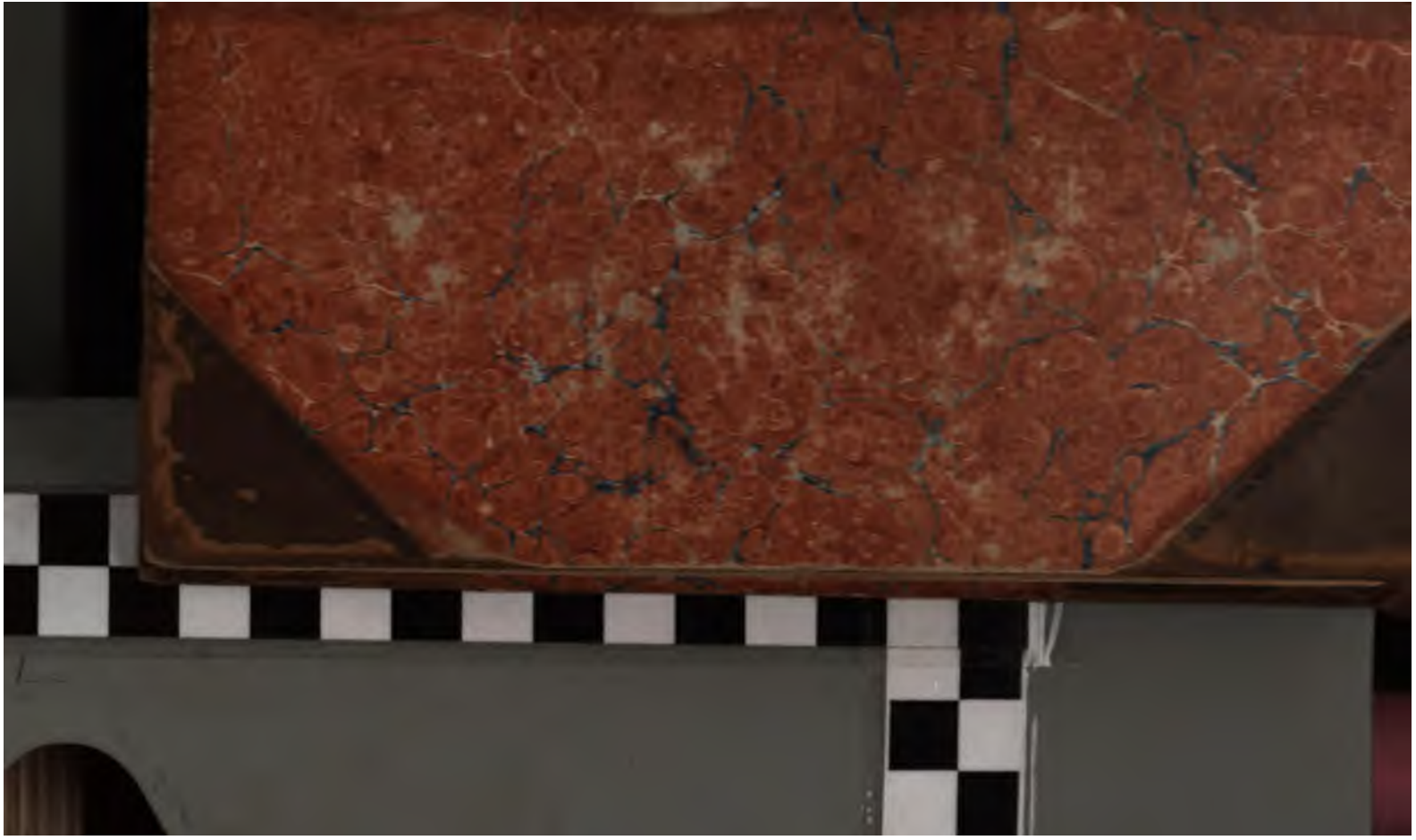
carried from the scene of horror, death and triumph, alive only to anxiety for each other's existence.

It was then that the subtle De Courtland watched his hour and availed himself of it. While the good, the honourable fell—De Courtland without a virtue, amidst the carnage fought uninjured. The wounds of Edward proved to be of a more dangerous nature than those of Alfred, but high fever and delirium had seized the latter, and were greatly augmented by the pertinacious idea, that his beloved brother existed no more! Every spare moment from duty, with worse than selfish motives, De Courtland took his post at the pillow of his early protector, and hung over him with unwearied attention. "O give me something to drink—" cried the viscount in his first lucid moment; De Courtland helped him to the longed-for cup. "What a sweet draught—surely it was the hand of my brother——O God! no—I saw him wounded—bleeding—fainting—dying——" De Courtland drawing aside the curtain shewed himself. The viscount looked disappointed and his pale features formed into a frown. "Your brother is better, pro-

nounced out of danger, and by endeavouring to keep yourself easy, you will soon be enabled to meet."

"Beautiful is the feet of the messenger that bringeth good news," and sweet consequently, the voice that proclaims it. The welcome intelligence gave a momentary vigour to the enfeebled frame of the viscount. The voice of De Courtland naturally soft, sounded with seraphic sweetness. Nay, in the eyes of the fraternally relieved Bradport, a sunbeam seemed to fall upon the light and fair figure of De Courtland, and give it celestial beauty: and well it was indeed, for the quietude of the sufferer, that the injured form of Rosy Peggy! passed not through his weakened mind and scarcely awakened memory. Gratitude ever found an easy entrance to the heart of Bradport. The humane, and as his generous nature dressed them up, the *disinterested* attentions of his expelled school-mate, pressed upon his feelings and claimed acknowledgment. He considered that he was indebted to him in a great measure, for his comfort and recovery, when by the like destiny in battle, he was deprived of the attendance of an affectionate brother. From that hour De Courtland again received his countenance.

and though the blackening crime, could never be palliated by the faintest shade, or be possibly forgotten by the feeling lord, yet he weighed with himself that he had no right to arraign him for crimes, which, was the awful prerogative of the Eternal Judge, and as they had escaped human laws, was *His* only to rightly punish. Thus, again commenced an intimacy repugnant to his virtues, and fatal to his future honour and repose.

END OF VOL. II.

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